

# Put You On the Game

## The Game

[Intro]

Electro-convulsive therapy, part one

[Intro: Timbaland]

Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the Crip with me  
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the Stank with me  
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head, do the Wop with me  
Go 'head, go 'head, go 'head Game

[Verse 1]

First things first (Aftermath) The Chronic is back  
This is indo, produced by Timbo  
Game over; nah the N.W.A. chain choker  
Is burnin rubber inside the Range Rover  
Chain smokin, purple haze  
This ain't another one of those, this the rebirth of Dre  
The rebirth of L.A., the rebirth of hip-hop  
Another memorial for Makaveli and Big Pop'  
Hold up, Timb stop - I said  
This another memorial for Makaveli and Big Pop'  
G-G-G-G-G - young homey got shit locked  
Public Enemy #1, Flavor Flav with a wristwatch  
All black G-Units, all black Impala  
I'm a schitzo, three-wheelin the six-fo'  
50 Cent know  
I'm Compton's most wanted when I'm ridin with Timbo

[Chorus]

Girl if you got a big back let me bend that  
Show me where your friends at, we can flip that  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game)  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game)  
I'll show you where the Bloods at, where the Crips at  
Show you where they flip crack, where they pitch at  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game)  
Let me put you on the Game (let me put you on the Game)

[Verse 2]

I ain't got the West on my shoulder, got the West in the backseat  
Of the Rover, ridin on dubs, nigga I'm West coastin

The next Hova, from the home of the best doja  
Making all that racket, I got the U.S. Open  
Stunt on me, I'll leave you wit'cha chest open  
Vest broken, hop in the lo-lo with the tec smokin  
G-G-G-G-G - I done paid my dues  
N.W.A. is back, this is front page news  
I got Dre in the back, ridin on 22's  
Bitches screamin let me ride, it must be the shoes  
Red and black G6's, red dot on the Glock  
I'm goin three times platinum dawg, how do I stop? I'm hot

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

My Unit is Guerrilla  
Fuck with my La Familia, I will kill ya  
G-G-G-G-G-Unit - I know that boy, not familiar  
But you got to feel him if the Doctor sealed him  
(Is Compton in the house?) Without a doubt  
I'm the rapper with clout other niggas yap about  
You know the one that introduce New York to the beach cruiser  
Got 'em puttin red and blue strings in they G-Units  
Get "Groupie Love," tell 'em to keep movin  
If I got a problem with a bitch I let Eve do it  
Unless she got on LePearla and I can see through it  
I don't just let her ride, I give her the keys to it  
Me and my bitch lay back in the Coupe  
I'm movin in the neighborhood, I ain't passin through  
I woulda been here after Snoop, but I slowed down  
To show Timbaland how to iron a khaki suit

[Chorus]

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>