

Raptile f/ Beloved, Keon Bryce, The Game

"Get Outta My Face"

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[Intro]

Grown man music motherfucker, no lil kids shit...

[Hook: Keon Bryce]

You know just how do it

Monsterblokaz blokaz music

Gettin' money while we make this music

Takin' money while you outthere losin'

You know just how we do it

In the fresh new whips I'm cruisin' 100 deep in the club
we movin'

No love in the game so get outta my face

[Verse 1: The Game]

Gangsta yeah I move like that

6 tre impala fuck a maybach

Bottom line, yeah the gold d's spinnin'

hollow points in the middle console if I'm in it

It's compton bitch

who gon stop the nigga witta attitude

when below that at 4 5th

I'm used to this shit

If I say it I mean it

And empty out lips likel do my old english

Fuck the police like Dre said

If I had money on a nigga head then they dead

Street is talkin'

He had always been a gangsta

As soon as my brother died it was me and a stainless

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Raptile]

Mc's come and go like the G on my sidekick

Everybody tryin' to get beatz like I did

It's grown music

Read from my lips

Ya'll rappers sound like desperate housewives

They all think they got game on lock

Cuz they made a few G's and got a chain on top

If you ain't on my level

I won't fight you nah
I just treat you like taxes write you off
Iff you buzzin' I might write a song
Or just throw one line and wipe you dawg
If you stackin' plaques and you callin' me out
Trust me bitch
We bring the war to your house
And that's just the way it is
Son your crew run, run, run
Your crew run, run
I just copped a property on "top ten ave"
and I'll keep it locked till the day that I pass

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Beloved]

Look haters I ain't forget you punks
You could hop in the maybach if you fit in the trunk
Brooklyn's back chill dawg hov did that
The name beloved nigga ain't no hoes in that
Been a G since '78 throw me back
No matter how I famished I was never ate with a rat
OK OK OK that'll get you bent
Have you eatin' baby food for weeks like (/&%\$Â\$)
Niggaz is pompus
That's why fans is gone
How you gonna brag when your biggest hit was a
Barney Song
Man he' hot he's warm
I belong at the top
You niggaz scared you should get a dawg and call it
pop...

[Hook]

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