

Teddy And The Frat Girls

"Out the Game"

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[*man talking*]

You know what I'm sayin'? He came in
He made music sound different, you know?
Makin', uh, good beats and shit
You know what I'm sayin'?
He be doin' shit motherfuckers wasn't doin'
Like the soul shit, I grew up on soul
I was eatin' Saturday and soul food at a young age
You know what I'm sayin'? Collard greens and all that
shit
So I can really appreciate what Kanye West do
He done made shit I can step to
I'm a old motherfucker who like to step
This nigga make beats I can step to
So I like that shit

[Kanye West]

yo I'm really thinkin' about gettin' out the game dog
Look, there's only one girl on my agenda
(You talkin' 'bout Brenda?)
Nah I'm talkin' 'bout Linda from last September
And Linda love lace like Linda love lace LaFaces
She like lace but she love face
And I know that Linda was a hip hop head
And I know that Linda gave hip hop head
But I feel I could convert her
Cuz I ain't here to hurt her man
And she was messin' with me when I was still at Burger
King
She ain't hop in my bed cuz of the whips and cream
Cuz when I had her in bed I had whipped cream
Shakespearean "Midsummer Night Dream"
I unzip things and pull out big things
They was flashin' gr-green, she was like ch-ching, got
'em
But she know a real nigga when she spot 'em
So now she thinkin' dresses and Veera Wayne
Scratchin' out her maiden and here's my name
Now I'm sittin' at the bar with all my guys
They sayin' "Cheers to you for your future years of
pain"

Like "Dog, you ready to give all this shit up?"
The summer's on its way and these hoes doin' sit ups
And when they see the way the G5 lights lit up
You gonna wanna have two like John Ritter
But nah home, I bought her a brand new BM
He said "Dog, slow down like brand new bien now"
I just feel the need to purge my soul
From the word 'Go' couldn't watch another nigga get
burnt slow
She said her man was good to you, always brought a
new workload
Never takes it out and falls asleep in his work clothes
She needs some excitement which leads to this
indictment
Believe what you like kid, accordin' to her
When we recorded with her Linda changed her name to
Nicky
Sang along to "Darlin' Nicky", co-star of my quickie
That foot is so pretty
But I'm sure you recognize that bra, those titties
Those are her titties, so Laura so pretty
But not to rub it in
But them White Russians did make her lowly like the
wind
So the overwrite that's in of that overnight depends
If you take heed to game and please keep ya name,
word

{*Kanye West singing*}
But she's just a playa playa
That's playin' games with me

[*man singing*]
I can't see myself gettin' out the game no time soon
ooh ooh
As I continue, as I continue, ooh ooh
As I continue, as I continue, ooh ooh ooohh
Can't see myself gettin' out the game no time soon ooh
ooh
As I continue, as I continue, ooh ooh
As I continue, as I continue, ooh ooh ooohh

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