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The Game f/ Cyssero "Lyrical Exercise"

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[Chorus] dis a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 [Verse 1] I'ma flip right on the block till I get life in the box or till I get ice from a shot but till den, itz chill jims Ice and a watch and yes nigga, we the bess nigga like it or not cuz ya'll be writin dead weight like you got a red cape when the 8 blast, ya fake xxx be scared straight I'll rush on ya set, then cut you to death get it right, knife stuck in ya neck man you got two options cut me a check, or stuff on the vest before you get bucked in the chest I squeeze till nuffin is left You'll get banged in the head wit revolvers like russian roulette ya'll doin a lotta talkin, I'm tired of talkin ya bout to hear tires screeching and iron sparkin when the heata pop look who totin a sig and it'll open ya lid like a sneaker box If I creep you ock, I'ma spray ya way In all black, like agent jay look this pay me day I need dat, get ya spleen clapped I'll make you bleed where you breathe at [Chorus] dis a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 dis a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 dis a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 [Verse 2] my name is v I to the r you s and a new s glock, and a new vest and a tre pound bout to lay down a new set, cooperate or I'm poppn 8 leave his crew wet shit I'ma true vet You don't want trouble see cuz ma name got buzz like a bumble bee I hustle see pounds of the white lady Institution flow everything I write crazy I like gravy nigga so I'm seein checks ma dough mean I grow green, like chia pets see the ress say ma name out they fuckn lips like I ain't word in the streets like I ain't fuckn cyss dese fuckn pricks gonna learn to respect me or the burna leave em burned whea ya chest be burned in a nestlee green urble nigga ma green purple when I zone dat chrome wit the beam murk you You need a oh, see me I get em cheap ma feens be missin teeth like ODB but see this ain't bite dis a oz from C-Y smoke it and see why ya might O.D. yo see I'm survin in the jungle spittin shottis so a nigga gettn bodied ain't suprisin In the jungle but, I'ma dam rida I'm bout a dam dolla You need suttn to smoke give me a dam holla dat tam

product (game - you know what it is muthafucka) smoke so good have the fiends knockin at the door cockin back the 4, pop out noise I play the block but watch out for the hop out boys shit, 5 0 drive by slow da sig pomet cant fuck wit pigs suttn like islamics all I know is skeamin 4 cash heatas and mags all dat xxxx I learned they ain't teachin in class It started from wit an ounce in a house I was runnin shop make sure they had it in and make sure they come an' cop I'm wanted ock fight guyz wild when I'm the 1 with the gun with the cyclops eye bet suttn ock If you bet nuttn pop beef like sex b strapped, and catch suttn hot I'm dat wise, that's why I wear the mask F-Y-I, I'm too deep to get compared to Cass [Chorus] jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 [Verse 3] If ya homie don't come wit half ma cheese cuz this 3-5-7 be the mag I squeeze For the chips I got chicks to come bag ma weed no joke I smoke till I look half chinese nigga and ma eyes is about to shut bent off a dub of haze and a choclate dutch I'll pop ya guts leave ya bent ova bleedin Ima boss, the dawgs dat I sent ova squeezin I can get ya house clapped up get ya spouse snatched up so pop, fly and get ya mouth smacked up act tuff In ma pants whea I'm tuckin the torches still big kill kids like fuckn abortions ock, I'm on the block servin dat wet fever o you smoke ? 1 tote, we makin em catch seizures old heads kno I'm the truth they bet visa's I'm gettn bread fuck chicken heads I sex divas and ma camp see ya got an extra extra large magazine but ya can't read it [Chorus] jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

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