

10,000 Cadillacs "We Got Game"

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We've got the game that they want to claim
Such a shame to see the jealousy and envy they display.
Panic's automatic and strategy is tragic
Got game like a no look pass from Magic
Now we're poundin' down the parkay
Cadillacs parlay and angels surround me as if my name were Charlie
10K action opponents in traction
I march to Armageddon with my Cadillac faction
My team's a regime and I'm all about that C.R.E.A.M.
Got money in the backcourt centered like Hakeem crossover
Motherfucker like you never even seen
The answers runnin' point Skinny's Runnin' triple beams
We got ups and we'll be rockin' the mic till the eruption stops
Each tick of the clock the sweat starts to bead
We'll give you the freethrow then we'll steal the lead
White wait stampede behind the back
Feed got funk in the trunk 'bout to dunk on the team
Got game motherfucker mad game mad game
Insane motherfucker insane insane
Rollin' first class in my Coupe de Ville
Gonna quench my thirst fast then I'll flex my skills
Gonna turn this bitch out like I'm runnin' a train
Even without a limp this pimp still carries a cane
I got game motherfucker mad game mad game
Insane motherfucker insane insane
The name is Saltine AKA Dimebag
Hittin' like a ballpen rollin' with a zigzag big bag of endo
Known as the chronic Skinny's got some shit to make you bitches jump
On it so we flaunt a little heaven cause we're rollin' with Devon
Let her blow on the dice you know they're comin' up sevens

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Bring the boom boom boom and a thump thump thump
When I jump to the forefront you're gonna get stomped
And I peep and I creep and I get with takin' no shorts
Not going out in a shit fit so I step from the waste of
time
I'm on to your game yeah you won't waste mine
I got it to go so I'm rollin' wit the 40 malt
Jumpin' the ride lay some rubber on the asphalt
Skinny says to me I think you're movin' too fast Jay
Hunt for the blunt so we could front on the ashtray
Bring that 2 4 6 8 we will annihilate
You're trippin' on my game
I could see your eyes dilate
We've got the game they want to claim
Such a shame to see the jealousy and envy they
display.
I call this microphone the throne I own
I been callin' it home since the rock was a stone
So what ya gonna do to me rhyme is nothing new to me
Been rockin' this motherfucker way before puberty
Quite a long time by now you know my rhyme is like a
guillotine
Decapitating those who take what's rightfully mine
I'm insane the name of the game
Factual thoughts obtain that outta slaughter
Your brain now I'm gonna attack in fact I'm on a jack
Tip grip the mic in the ring and let the rhyme rip
And tear beware no bandwagons in the dragon's lair
I came here seeking new frontier
Got game motherfucker mad game mad game
Insane motherfucker insane insane

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