

Children of the Corn

"Giving Up the Game"

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(Bloodshed) Under passing the bridge In my Yacht
under looks my Mahogany crib Models from Germany
is serving me ribs And shrimp scampi, give up this life,
nah she can't be Serious, she must be delirious Weed
in pals, rippin' aisles, sippin' Cristal The kid is rich now,
treating every girl like a sleaze Puffin trees,
overlooking the waves of the seas Visualizing Gs, and
M3s, and so much ice I could (Freeze) Wait hold up
(High), I gotta blow up (No doubt) And get my dough
up, the life of the stallions Dining with Italians,
discussing hundreds of thousands Miles of poison
that'll have zombies roaming your housing Complex,
my own mob sending me bomb threats When I retaliate
with convicts they set be all 'pet Stress, I'm feeling
depressed, puffing the sess' Hoping success doesn't
lead to an early rest Feds knock down my door like it's
a robbery Subjecting me to give into bribery Preaching
it's no survive for me Spies putting bombs in my whip
And it makes me wanna flip But nah I ain't going legit
(Chorus) Give up the game Give up the game You gotta
come legit You gotta come legit, baby Giving up the
game Giving up the game You gotta come legit, no
doubt, no douuuubt, no doubt (Cam'ron) Yo, I'm a run
hysterically Until they bury me, count numerically Hills
of Beverly, with more Grands then Cherokee Presidents
like Eric B, and Rakim This drug game, I'm top ten,
locked in Right now it's not an option Cause I live fast
and trife (The shit don't last for life!) But right now, all
this cash is nice I know the tactics kid, you see what
kinda mac this is I ran through mattresses, hittin'
models down to actresses And other places blown my
brain I went from shooting that dope, to snorting that
'caine The caviar, where they pourin' Champagne With
a dame, no shame, see I'm bouncing to my mountain
Front of my fountain, looking astounding Stacking all
these G's I'm counting That's living lavish, am I right or
wrong Killa's like the Father Don, eating meals like Veal
Parmesan With linguini, fettuccini, chauffeured in my
Lamborghini Bitches see me, looking creamy in my
Sergio Tacchini (Chorus) Give up the game Give up the
game You gotta come legit You gotta come legit, baby

Giving up the game Giving up the game You gotta
come legit, no doubt, no douuuubt, no doubt
(Cam'Ron) So any beef kid here's the remedy No
Diggity, and if you ain't no kin to me I tell you now, I
bust off like Yosemite Girls I got the knife game, I'm
trife, lame I slice brains, drinking Night Train Cutie pie
with the iced chain I'm caught up in the succession Of
getting bucks in, and pulling ducketts My times are
harder than construction (Bloodshed) Well it's the
Willie with the bucks in the game I think back to the
days when my gang used to ride the trains Snatching
pocketbooks and chains That's what played in my mind
frame To turn into the crazy scuffling and hustling type
All though I'm living the life It seems like times is
getting more trife Yo, it must be the money Rolling up a
twenty, sniffin' coke Thinking what it's like to be broke
Nah, I just couldn't see it I can't choose a route that's
scenic Having cash is too convenient Cars, gold bars,
the whole nine yards (Chorus) Give up the game Give
up the game You gotta come legit You gotta come
legit, baby Giving up the game Giving up the game You
gotta come legit, no doubt, no douuuubt, no doubt

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