

The Game f/ Andrea Martin

"One Night"

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[Chorus: Andrea Martin]

I only fuck wit'chu, on two occasions
When I'm drunk, when I'm high
I would be broke, if I would be wit'chu
That is why it's fo' one night

[The Game]

I'm a motherfuckin gangbangin nightmare, wake up
motherfuckers
I traded in my white Nike Airs
For a rare pair of Converse, back to the hood
My own niggaz actin like I turned my back on the hood
I used my rap money to put crack in the hood
Even brought the nigga Dr. Dre back to the hood
I showed niggaz the Bentley then let you drive it
Gone for two days and I ain't even check the mileage
When we was fightin with Crips it wasn't about no
dollars
It was about sellin dope to put our kids through college
I'm sittin on the block, reminiscin for hours
Wipin my tears cause now half of my niggaz is cowards
And I was still fuckin with niggaz, after I got shot
and didn't get one hospital visit
My homey Snoop told me it'd be days like this
It hurt my heart, to say this shit

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[The Game]

Red bandana in my back pocket, I'm for real
This ain't a pastel color khaki suit, and I ain't Pharrell
I don't front about shit I pull my gun up outta shit
And let everything fly to keep my son up outta this
I thought you loved me nigga, talk is cheap
Remember, the bulletholes in my son's car seat
My baby momma found four shells, I ain't get
one keep your head up, all I got was keep it real
Keep it real my niggaz?
Last year alone I spent one point five mill' on my niggaz
After the bullshit, I stayed right there
Took you to award shows, there go J right there

Where? Right there! I had all you niggaz in suits
Cleaner than a pair of fresh Nike Airs
I'm supposed to enjoy this shit but it's quite clear
The last twelve months been a fuckin nightmare

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[The Game]

This shit worse than arguin with my bitch
I done been through mo' ups and downs, than the
Impala switch
Get yo' hand out my pocket nigga, go fish
I was born by myself so I don't owe y'all shit
Nigga you tell me, what'chu want me to do
Drop my son off at home and come bang wit'chu?
Oh now it's fuck Game, nah nigga fuck you
I put that on my life, matter fact, that's on Piru
And the reality is, I could die too
And end up in the cemetery, right beside you
We can both ride, angels flyin over my head
Stoned but the devils inside yo' box
You wanted my shine so I gave you ice
Then I gave you a second chance and you played me
twice
Couldn't be a real homeboy to save yo' life
I shoulda took Dr. Dre's advice

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Outro - Andrea Martin]

Black Wall Street fo' life
Only fuck with you on two occasions
When I'm out of my mind, or when I'm high
I only, fuck with you...

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