

## Airija

### "Gameless Mortals"

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Oh yeah, y'know Kev (whassup boy?)  
We was out ridin the other day  
Rollin a livin room on 20's y'know (right)  
Just just ridin, tryin to fuckin with a bitch or sum'n  
y'knowwhatI mean?  
(That's right, that's right) And this bitch starin me up  
and down  
Had the nerve enough to say to me (what's that?)  
I see you peekin but you ain't speakin (what?)

[Verse One]

Damn a nigga can't talk I thought my, game was fine  
Feel like I can't walk and chew gum at the same time  
Take aim and train, nigga mold a girl  
Unfold the game, and then control her world  
But niggaz they be ass-kissin, givin them ends  
Lettin broke-ass bitches even live in the Benz  
But that's a no-no, nigga what you tryin to do?  
Homey those hoes 'sposed to be supplyin you  
Got the game all crossed up (uhh) no doubt  
Gave your change to a toss-up (damn) and sold out  
Nigga you could buy pussy but you can't buy love  
I don't, know what you squares be thinkin of  
Savin hoes like "Braveheart"  
Eatin pussy must be your fuckin trademark, ha ha!  
Let your superhater powers just activate  
Cause I'm the playa y'all niggaz just love to hate

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Is it love or what? Straight pimpin  
Niggaz be fuckin up - they simpin  
Take a bitch all the way home y'all (all the way home  
y'all)  
'Sposed to make 'em catch the bus (got 'em into the  
bus)

[Verse Two]

I'm talkin garlic, crab with the noodles  
What happened to 7/11 for some Doritos and red hot  
burritos?  
Now niggaz is straight flossin for the tossin

No more hot wing and nuggets with the sweet and sour  
sauce'n  
it's all about the cheddar, who got the cheese  
Can I have some more ice for my Cristal please?  
Used to take 'em to Reno now it's all the way to Vegas  
No more Motel 6, dumb bitch think she struck it rich  
They say that game is to be sold and not told  
But game has been financed with a lapdance  
Bringin 'em back stage all up in the studio sessions  
(hehehe)  
I guess niggaz ain't learned they lesson  
about the game cause it's all bad with corruption  
Nigga finger fuckin lickin without the dick in  
Well if you don't know, now you know  
It's time to let a ho be a ho

[Chorus]

{\*phone rings\*}  
Hello? (Hey somebody paged?)  
Nigga this me! (Oh whassup baby?)  
I got a flat tire, could you come get me?  
(Sheeit you betta get yo' ass on the bus!)  
{\*dial tone\*}

[Verse Three: Grip]

Catch the bus? Shit, what the hell you mean?  
I just call the next pimp to pick me up from the scene  
It ain't no thang homeboy you know that's a fact  
Cause when I swang, I have a nigga on his back  
Sittin on his face, we at his place  
By the way trick, how that taste? You know with game I  
stay laced  
He keep my neck and wrists shinin with diamonds  
And I laugh at a bitch, claimin that's her men pervin  
Bizznitches be havin they homies thinkin they pimpin  
Get 'em all alone they start simpin, big trickin, ass  
lickin  
Tongue all in the clit  
Can't even get hard and steady braggin about his dick,  
sheeit  
You ain't heard? Quit tryin to shotcall, you a nerd  
homey  
Get shot to the curb homey off that herb homey  
and it got you runnin your mouth  
But I'm Grip and like bowlin pins I'm knockin 'em out

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Whassup baby? Oh you got a flat tire?  
Don't trip, I got a can of Fix-a-Flat in the trunk

Matter fact you can take my spare  
Hehe, I still got you

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