

## Game "400 Bars"

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Heeyo drama  
We bout to burn the muthafucking streets up with this  
shit  
Breakfast club  
I want to welcome everybody to the muthafuckin rap  
room  
This aint a mixtape  
This is life!

Its been a long time get me accuainted with the world  
famous  
You know how 0 point my aim is  
Long range snipers, clash of the titans chrome python  
In this 300 like lee knightis  
Snob in the bulbllegoose, riding down the interstate  
Where fiend put them needles in they arm and let them  
penetrate  
Leaning sideways with my fitted straight  
With 27's on point, the paintjob are new york minute  
made

Check my armor no clouds in my stones

Projects ringin standing by the cornerstore  
Two glock on me, bang bang its the wanted war  
That was so fly, now we bought anotha store  
Screaming out thug life pouring belve on ya heart  
Money I'm involved with it, wake up and ball with it  
Kobe can song with it, uncut raw with it  
Chop bricks take trips ot,  
We before I had a goatee, I used to bag the OC

Yeah, fish scale nigga, what up ghost this

Stashin by the old tree, moving by coke leaf  
Drama let the lama lick niggas like Charles Oaklee  
Nigga dont assult me, I banana boat b r c k esses  
And stuck em in a lexis  
Im sitting fat like Precieuse, Christ up on the necklace  
And I keep them clipse on a dresser  
Yes sir, I'm bout bar, Louis bag and fuck em all  
Bitches money and fast car, nigga I want it all

Yeah, word to my kids nigga, I want it all

Nascar game, why the fuck will I starr  
Im the franchise nigga, Chris fucking Paul  
Empty out the caNNON hit ya bitch you the truck and AR  
With drop twohundred thousand and then fuck it off  
King of the hell got em done bitch cut raw  
She begged the last nigga, on as if she suckin soft

Black Superman, yeah I'm a butter law  
I put this hollowtip on quarter inch you broken jaw  
ER be fucking strong

Blindfold your bitch toss her in the trunk  
After the first 48 that bitch smelling like a skunk  
Its a rap, I rap, when I rap the punk  
Dont be any game mind you on tellin rap the bunks  
The breakfast club nigga no capitain crunch,  
This for my dog niggas that eat cats for lunch  
Im hungry like I aint trapped in months  
So nigga actin stunt my glock packed a punch

Or have em catch em when send the pinebox

Leave your head wrapped up months, while I passed  
the blunt  
To my niggas, we all rocked out whats up jiggas  
Sometimes I be in B K, with Fab on the freeway  
Lincoln continental and I copped it off on ebay  
I pop champ like its my b day, force power  
Under my hood like its an olympic relay  
My Flow Rida on time, no delay  
I rais a million dollars send it off to CHILE

Word to my red cross, I dont fuck with redcross

Im all mad nigga EA, I'm in VA  
Money talks with Dre and Pharrell on threeway  
Them 28's thats my dj they spinning shit  
When I took trips OT, I never winning shit  
I just drop then cop, and then I tennis shit  
Diddy and mike, yes, I'm All About The Benjamins  
In there for the benefits I be down in ten on six  
Tell em get me a porterhouse, and some ass to bind it  
in

Dam that was good, but I'm still hungry

And I'm living it, I be out in venice shit  
They say weezy jobbed, nigga I'm on my bidness shit

They say Drake Lebron, I'm on my Moe Williams shit  
If T.I.P is kobe then fuck it, I'm Derek Fissccher shit  
Long as I'm on the starting five I'ma get it in  
Cause I promised the city of Compton I would get it in  
I was outcasted andre, benjamin  
Now I slide through in my dominican woman friend

She like putting on sinners in, yeah

You sip me hills, expensive whines perril sell  
It aint tricking, I just spend money on cheap thrills  
Big phantoms, sweet wheels  
Back see like a club make them bitches eat pills  
Take patrone shots to the purse with chrome glock  
Jay Electronica, this a dome shot  
So I had to steal it, nigga I had the killin  
I was the turtle when the waist I make the rabbit feelin

Yea keep wantin nigga

Houseing by the subway, fillin through the projects  
Come to the mucialago or for an object  
Number one prospect, the day that I was drafted  
Aftermath matic unkeashed the fucking bastard  
Dont respect none of you niggas get in the castket  
Talking ratchets, never touched a fucking automatic  
Drama this is tragic, put it in the plastic  
88 bars an running, throw it whith my other classics

Drama you should have warned these niggas, I'm bout  
to killem

Yeah trash baggin, this is crack  
And I know you been feenin for this, come get your  
packs  
I do it for the music nigga, fuck them placks  
Aint on no beef shit, but its still fuck the rats  
And when I'm in New York, I set a bunch of traps  
Put the g's where they can see it, and if you stunt, you  
clap  
Catch em in the club, thats when I stomp em flat  
Nigga get up after that, go get a fucking bat

I tell you bout this fucking rats

They even snitch and bend over to catch  
No matter how you look at it I hate fucking rats  
Get my bottle of Ciroc and I twist the cat  
Sit back watch the nba play or some rolla back  
Real fat, yeah, all I do is stack bread  
In the hood on the war like a fucking fathead

Two nines on your back one sack, yeah  
This my block and you niggas cant trap here

Unless you wanna get clapped here, head wrapped  
yeah

Im killing niggas, I should have a hundret tattes  
Celebrate your death, toast bottles and clap beers  
Its gon be a cold summer, come through like burr  
The red phantom bullshittin, the 25 steeb curbes  
The B S H just blaze in this muthafucka  
The cars outside, the caves in this muthafucka  
I should let off a couple straighs in this muthafuck  
Fuck that. kinda get laid in this muthafuck

Yo, tell your friends to get wit my friends

Yeah, meet me in the parking lot, license plate  
aftermath  
Between me now and fuck 50, wouldnt snitch for halve  
his cash  
If he wastn such a bitch, nobody woulde have to blast  
Still his down in jacksonville, dont make me have to rap  
your jack  
Cause I rather be in Saint Tropez and packin bag  
With bitches dat speak French, how you say, catch a  
cab  
I dont trip Euros, I dont trip Pounds  
Im balling ball bitches, till I knock em all down

Like the 93 Pac, I Get Aroud

Cuffles by the staircase, crack bottle backdoor  
Navigate my way down to the south, I used to trap hoe  
Harlem way to Queensbidge moving packs yo  
Might have lost a couple friend, but I got my gat though  
Blast foes, my rap goes can never stop my cash flow  
Had a Nike box of hundreds, when I was in that RAV4  
But now I pull up in the truck with the crash board  
With the mag low, get you antyhing you ask for

Sometimes I can be a fucking asshole

In the bake with my mask on, look at this nigga ayyon  
Dont take your fucking mask off, bitch empty out the  
cah draw  
We on a suicide mission, but we dont give fuck  
Cause if we make it out, bigger house bigger truck  
Im in a strip club with a glock, nigga what  
Give me your bitch, she got a cuter face and bigger  
butt

I aint gon do shit but pour champagne on her  
Hit her from the back and watch half of the laker game  
on her

Dont put the back on, too many cunt stains on it

When to train on her, call carl toon  
Have em tatoos my name on her, Star Trek 2  
You know what, fuck it aftermath too  
Put a little smoke around it then take it home and  
pound it  
Helicopter outside, nigga I'm surrounded  
Have spot in the jungles till the fuckin feds found  
Mama your son got a public announcement  
I got 5 million in the walls and the couches

Dont make me think about we got camels dogs and  
guns

Aks pompey, he was there he can vouch it  
Throw it in the trashcan on some oscar the grouch shit  
A bunch of green popped out is, tiime to revouse shit  
Settle down the Mississippi got her down south click  
And my niggas like, we aint know all about this  
And any nigga ever snitch, got his fuckin mouth fixed  
You get 25, he get his fucking throat slid  
Cut em like filet mignon and throw em off the boat  
bitch

Feed em to the shark then dock the yacht

Oil in the water, damn the ocean so thick  
Time to finish off this niggas on some trench coat shit  
Its a drug war, real life, Grand Theft  
Catch you in the streets fuck you up and hit your man  
next  
Come through off some retarded shit, just grand text  
Where my dogs at, tellem I crazier then DMX  
Lazier then chinese eyes, when I'm puffin that  
Blueberry, I aint talking with a muffun sack

Roll up the sauer d's well if you want em nigga

I split open the dutch, then I'm stuffin that  
You should get a fight with California, come fuck with  
that  
Thats all you, go ahead, hop in the truck with that  
Take it down in Cashville and hit Young Buck with that  
Dont bring nuthin' back boarder patrol cuffin that  
I aint trying see the pen, and have to get my knuckles  
wrapped

I wake up real owly, keep lunchin fags  
Its real easy, you rap niggas my punchin bag

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