

Game

"Blues"

Visit "[Blues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[The Game]

I give n-ggas the blues
like an LA county jump suit
hop inside the phantom like the n-gga Donald Trump
do
and just cruise control until I lose control
these rubberband tires sitting on two's and four's
I pick and choose my foes
and with abusive flows I set traps so no rat can climb
through his hole
touch my cheddar bring out baretta's
trying to floss be a boss
we do 6 hundreds or better
chopping up raw lettuce
my b-tch got a coke fetish
still a fan cause she running through lines like Jerome
(?)
Iced out Coogi sweater, air ones, Louie checker belt
got me swimming through these b-tches like Mike
Phelps
drop top phantom so the World know I'm hazing
catch contact high while I listen to Miles Davis
lay my head back and just cruise
Tommy turn down the muthaf-cking bass and give n-
ggas the blues

Yeah I give n-ggas the blues
drumma boy adjust the bass and give n-ggas the blues
I give n-ggas the blues
I give n-ggas the blues

[Young Buck]

been through it
the picture you see now I drew it
service myself change the oil and transmission fluid
Mel Gibson on these hoes on these 24â€²s
I'm still the truth in this game full of Pinnocchio's
filed bankrupt like what you gon take next from me
then I bought a jet for me, call it IRS money
its money, power, respect
buddy you wrong

respect power and money
now what the f-ck is you on
this a dessert storm I get my Clue on
standing in a room full of bloods with my blue on
revolver on my waist but the barrell on it too long
can't even f-cking move, I aint used to having no suit
on

I'm doing what I do, ya'll don't think I moved on
with or without a crew
my bills is still due on the first like you
pull up in anything b-tch I'm BB King
and I break the rules
I will give n-ggas the blues

I give n-ggas the blues
take drumma boy beat and give n-ggas the blues
yeah

Visit [Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.