

Game

"Bottles And Rockin J's"

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[Intro - DJ Khaled]

Ayo Game, what they do boy?

It's DJ Khaled

I got my black and red Jordan Retro 6's on

I'm all about getting money

I love glorifying my hard work

Popping bottles

Shit, them hoes love it too

This DJ Khaled, We the Best

Ayo Game

Red Nation

[Chorus - The Game]

All I know is bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

[Verse 1 - Busta Rhymes]

All I know is how to smash on everybody record and do
what I do

And make somebody have to go and get a hearse

Yo, Game I don't really give a fuck if it's your record

And you my brother my nigga look I got to rhyme fresh

See the way I coming, how I do the game, church

Ask somebody, you got to know you need to get a

nurse

Let me bang them with another killer, then we put a
couple bottles on the chiller
Kill them with another verse
Everybody see the way I be going and going
How I do it
Niggas the only way we know it, but then again, yes we
do
We knowing how I be banging
And every sheet that I get
All the heat I be packing
And I show it off
With all this money you know where I'm heading
And I'm going to get the Jordans the patent 11 leathers
They really banging all the way down to the feathers
And I get a couple pair with all this money I be getting
And I kill them with the bounce, you see the way a
nigga stepping
And we pop bottles and we rock J's, see me repping
Let me show you way I do it before I hit you with the
weapon
Don't be spilling liquor all over my shit, give me a
second
Shit, anyway, see we got to get it up
Probably feeling models up
Let me wrap a bottle up
Let me see everybody put your liquors bottle up

[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]

Bitches, I'm getting money, bottles and rocking chains
Money like I'm LeBron, my whip collection insane
Suicidal thoughts, highway to heaven riding like a boss
Condominium in the clouds, sixty G's a month

Fifty floors, marble walls, pictures of Boston Georgia
Bitches snorting blow, fucking fast, and cooking dope
Sanctify, Bally shoes, Audemars, Franck Muller, that
Chopard
My new bitches must menage, I'm a G

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Game]

Bottles and rocking J's
Smoking and sipping Spades
Pistol tucked in my Louis
Heat it up like I'm Wade
Nigga don't do LeBrons, Kobe up on the weekends
Jordans Monday through Friday, especially when I'm
freaking
Them cool greys, that's Monday
Them Space Jams, that's Tuesday

Them Spike Lee's, on Wednesday
23 in my Benz, aye
You know I love them sixes, especially on my bitches
13's and them spandex on Thursday, it's your
birthday
And Friday I ain't lying, King of Diamonds, I'm in
heaven
Red bone, pussy popping on my black and red 11's
Patent leather when I step in
You know what I'm repping
It's S-double-O, W-Double-O
Black number 4's I aint get it from the store, Bus
know
That all I know is

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Fabolous]

I put footprints in them couches
I put so much in my two step
Put on for my city, I ain't got no choice but to rep
I put straight shots in they hair
Make pretty girls, do the ugly face
And they just my song on
Move back I need dougie space like aye, aye
Then its right back to my mugging face
Niggas saying put the weed out
BBM, you bugging face
We walked in, want something, bottles pop like we won
something
Raise a glass for everybody that's done something
from nothing
No grind, no shine, dress code, we pay no mind
Cargos and J's on, they let sun in, no blinds
All I drink is my shit
Stop playing, YouTube
But tonight we on that red berry and cranberry,
SooWoo

[Verse 5 - Lil Wayne]

And I'm smoking on that purp
Sipping on that purp
I came in this bitch with some niggas that will murk
And we ain't about all that talking, you a dead man
walking
Stomp a nigga ass out, in these number 4 Jordans
Got a scope on the barrel, that's a hammer with a
camera
Hollow tips nigga, tip a nigga like a dancer
I don't know nothing but bitches and getting money
Blood gang, kill a nigga in public

Young Tunechi
Shoot a nigga ass up then it's deuces
Head shots, that fucking vest is so useless
Yeah, yo Chuck, fuck these niggas
You know who P-I-ru?
Killer B's nigga

[Chorus]

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