

Game "Bulletproof Diaries"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Sit in the chair, yeah, yeah
Uh-huh, yeah
Sit my alligator jacket on the flo'
Let that shit crawl around, what up Game?
How are you my nigga?
Let's get this money, you heard?

[The Game (Raekwon) - Verse 1]

Money in zip duffle bags, shotgun shells
My killas gorillas, niggaz couldn't see 'em with gazelles
Frontin' ass niggaz, go hang wit' Pharrell
Tryin' to be a Cowboy, you catch bullets like Terrell
Owens, call it T.O., he leakin' like a project sink
Busted open like a hot dog link
Bing, it gave me time to think yeah, I did my fuckin'
prison thing
Came out still on point, like the RZA rings
I'm from Compton but my inkpen live in Queens
Rep the dub like Wu-Tang, and I got Killa Bees
(Respect)
Black Wall Mafia, new millennium Genevieves
Got a million dollars say LeBron don't win a ring
(Word?)
I know Kobe, I be on the floor, Kobe!
You know a nigga that can score 81? Show me
I got a Cuban Link to a fuckin' O.G.
And nigga you're too close, what the fuck, you tryna
blow me? (Back up)
This the face off (Respect the don) diamonds all in the
charm
(Iced out) Where you be? (The strip club throwin' ones)
Where you from? (New York, where you from?)
Californ'
(Big sharks) Me too (Swimmin' in a pile of ones)

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Yeah nigga, tomorrow man
Goin to take you to go buy some 18-karat gold golf
clubs nigga
In the Bronx

[Raekwon (The Game) - Verse 2]

This the face off (Respect the dons, hundred thousand
on the arms)

Son where you be? (Under palm trees stayin' warm)

(Who you be?) Raekwon, who is you? (Amaz-on)

I'ma keep it (Compton) Staten (Till the day's done)

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Geah, frontin' on us nigga, it's like

It's like racin' a nigga in Afghanistan to go get some oil
nigga

You gon' fuck around and get your head burnt

[Raekwon - Verse 3]

I'm a New York dinosaur, Staten Island artifact

Hip hop's never dead, the Cuban gave 'em heart
attacks

Sleep in the woods, target cats come from under the
V's

Sneeze wrong, course I'm clappin'

Keep it movin' homeboy, the macs always actin'

Spit in your face, go 'head lil' baby rappers

Can't fuck with us convicts, Stat-lands

It's like actions, cliques'll die right with traction

It's Wall Street money and two gunnys

Slammers is extra chunky, yeah, me and my Red
Monkeys

Silverback sales are few donkeys, all of us live comfy

Blow your head off like lunch meat

Chef in the game run the country

Take over the world little girl, better stay out our brunch
meetin'

Fuck wit' they paper their gun squeezin'

Off top, leak from the cop, them nigga jumped, this is
front season

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Yo, man yo Game man

Let these niggaz know man f'real man

We official man

They wan' be readin our autobiographies in a minute,
ya heard?

[The Game (Raekwon) - Verse 4]

(Yo what if I was from Compton?) What if I was from
Staten?

I'd be King Kong knockin down the buildings in
Manhattan

(Gorilla warfare) Shootouts, real block shit

Westcoast assassin on some real 2Pac shit

My style's smokin' like, after a Glock spit
Game get the Blood money, fuck bitches and pop Cris'
Style like it's New Year's, cause this a new year
Look at the tracks, either Bigfoot or The Game been
through here
The Benjamins won't stop, and neither would a chrome
Glock
I kill a fire-breathin' dragon with a dome shot
Come through your hood in a Chevy Malibu, on stocks
We had a meetin' before we got here, and shit gon'
pop
Heads gon' roll, Patron gon' spill
Fitted caps gettin' peeled like the chrome on the
wheels
Got a half a mill', say your wounds won't heal
I declare war, nigga who gon' deal?

[Outro: Raekwon]

Yeah, y'all know what time it is man
"Bulletproof Diary" nigga, for real
Many may read this man
A lot of niggaz might not make it home, you heard?
We speak for the real ones man, for the churchmen
man
All them real general niggaz man
All them niggaz that's out there man
Don't get no rest or none of that man, for real
The Chef nigga, Game whattup baby?
I love you, ya heard? Superman lover over here for you
baby
You know how we do it, we go all over the fuckin world
man
Get a lot of bread man, word up, hun'ned my nigga
We take you to Boca Chica or some'n man,
knaahmsayin?
Sip on some motherfuckin, Don Julio or some'n,
y'knaahmsayin?
With two foul rings on, y'knaahmsayin?
Couple of mean Guatemalians wit us
Half Guatemala, half Somalian nigga
Niggaz ain't seen them colors man [fades out]

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