

## Game

# "Cats And Dogs"

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### Verse 1

Uhuh, I need a gangster bitch  
N\*gga I ain't lyin, Im talkin when I fuck  
She scream you need silence  
No domestic violence (violence)  
Just domestic diamonds  
So lemme ice you out  
So when you slidin down the pole  
Doin your Magic City thing  
Yo neck and wrist glow  
Im dreamin, she ain't a stripper, she a classy girl  
Goin off that Patron, she my nasty girl  
First name, Rachael, last name Jones  
You related to Nas, girls, Queens my second home  
You know... we can tear it up  
Weekend in Cannes, then we comin to America  
...She love that Gucci, never been to ATL  
But she love that Gucci  
Brrr! She taught me how to cook cage  
And I taught her how to cook crack  
And I chopped it on her back  
Now tell me where they do that

### Verse 2

I put her on a Greyham  
She know she better stay down  
Ride and die like my Bentley  
Man this bitch will never break down  
She my bustin baby, you should see her bust a tre  
pound  
Love Roc-A-Fella so much, she won't even call me Jay  
now  
She roll my weedman, like she my wingman  
Then we get high, play Tiger Woods on that weed  
damn  
Love is for a season, haters 365  
And the game Cats and Dogs, keep your bitch by your  
side  
Got a hardtop Lambo, when the rain start to pour  
Not the rain outside, talkin the rain indoors  
Her girlfriend told her, that I was creepin with a stripper

Told her I was courtside, watchin the wack ass Clippers  
Bitch please! Im a Laker fan and Kobe thats my n\*gga  
Keep my grass cut so I can see when the snake slith her  
Shit, came out of no where like Khloe and Lamar  
Kinda got a n\*gga thinkin maybe Im.

### Verse 3

I let her drive the Range on our first date  
She the first one to put me on that Drake mixtape  
"I just wanna be successful baby"  
Take you out the Hudson jeans and redress you baby  
We can walk down Rodaeo, turn around, you on  
Melrose  
Fly to New York in the winter and try on some Timbos  
Or we can hit South Beach, fuck with Ross and Timbo  
The world is cherry pond, and we can slice it up like  
Kimbo  
You cook the rock, I break it down  
I wrap it up, you weigh them pounds  
I make the car, you start the car  
We can drive it out of town  
Im your nigga right? And you my bitch (Yea.)  
Even if they lock me up, she gon get them brakes there  
And when we get tired, we hit the truck stop and sit  
there  
And zip my 501's and she gon put her lips there  
The memoirs of a perfect bitch  
You gotta hold them down even if its.

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