

Game "Celebration"

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

Game's verse:

Step out the door and i'm rollin slow motion
I'm finna get down with my G's
Look 'round the crib and then pick up my keys
Hop in the Fo', then go so niggas don't know
I'm puffin on that...REEFER,
That chronic that grow from the trees,
And now we smokin, throwin' up B's,
And i got bone thugs on my team,
You know we steadily drinkin' that liquor,
Walk off in the club say wussup to my niggas and,
I'm stumbilin' into that hydro,
Look-at-me eyes low...with a pyro,
Smokin the same in Indonesia, and Cairo,
I'm back to back in them blunts,
Now where-did-me light go
Before I get psycho, lets get high bro,
Sitting and choppin' with Krayzie,
Stuffin that haze inside-a-me swisha man,
Layzie, Flesh, Wish,.
And never forgetting my nigga Bizzy and,
Aimin' slow on Mr. Ouija,
Better know who the boss,
You don't wanna get tossed in the river man,
East 99, on the grind, it's feel the same,

Wish verse:

Got a call from Compton,
Celebratin' real niggas so you know that I'm comin,
Laced up,
Little bit of sun, little bit of fun,
They got love in Compton for Bone...
Little Hennessy
A little Cali green,
I'm floatin', chokin'
I'm gone,
Look for something to poke on,
I'm so high, got my Loc on,
But I'm so real
Life is so chill,
I'm a grown man,

Nigga, fo' real,
It's mine (mine),
Cuz I'm spendin',
Keep my hustle on so Ima get it,
I'm in my own lane,
Nigga pay tolls,
Nigga no change, if anythang,
Betta have mine,
Before the party stops,
Nigga gun range...
BOP BOP!!

Krayzie Bone Verse:

Well I'm in the back with a blunt,
Steady get it in
First to the last of the month,
Have 'em coming,
Niggas think i don't smoke weed no mo'
Smell it, then I say pass the bong,
We having a celebration,
So gone I don't even know what the occasion is,
Can't even remember my name and shit,
Man look at what this nigga game done did,
This nigga done made me relapse on a weed track,
Put some purp in the blunt cuz I need that.,
Drink a 40 on my own in the zone,
Still I won't get feedback,
Know the haters wanna see me,
For the love, a nigga bustin,
So I'm feelin' like I'm runnin' with the devil,
Everybody got the level when a nigga got me ready to
roll,
And Hydro got me ready to blow....
Split that swisha,
Roll some mo',
If yall niggas ain't know Bone can smoke,
Highly, Highly, High,
But on the lowly, lowly, low!
Tell me what they want,
A little bit of Bone,
With a little bit of Game,
Still the same,
Thugs swang,
Haters can hate if they want,
For me, It's still a wonderful day!!

Flesh Verse:

Hit 'em off the top like on the block,
It look like he just seen a ghost,
Got a 100 kids floating around in my hood,
And we going for broke,

Hit the weed and the blunts, lil bro,
And roll up some smoke,
Get 36 of that OG,
If it's potent, tell 'em run the whole key,
All my niggas down in the land getting that GWAP,
Hustlin', eatin', getting no sleep,
From Cleveland to Cali,
We runnin' man,
Wit' Game man,
We Chiefin' man,
It's the 1st of tha month and we yawnin',
That's my everyday agenda,
Red Strings,
Bigger heaters,
Five Thugs-N-Harmony members.

Layzie Verse:

My life is a movie,
It's just like a party,
I wake up and roll up and blow on that Maui,
Wow-eee,
Early in the morning, the room is still cloudy,
All night long,
My thugs is just rowdy,
All we do it for a celebration,
We celebrate life in the fast lane,
And never we hesitate,
Only we demonstrate,
Original cash game,
Mix it up with the hash, man,
I might let you hit it,
But never do ask, man,
That miracle, lyrical, Mary-jay-wanna my sponser,
That's why I don't have pain,
L-Burna gon' have thangs,
My mission is music,
Foe tha love of tha money,
Always reppin' that Eazy-E,
What he gave me,
You can't take that from me,
B-O-N-E, to the T-H-U-G,
To the G-A-M-E,
Got the game on lock,
Lock, lock, lock, lock,
But rock it, don't stop,
Party over here,
Better call the cops, (Cuz it's hot),
The buddah keep penetratin',
We celebratin',
Real niggas made it,
No longer me-need-a-me hair braided,

Just chiefin' in my Wahoo,
Faded, Faded!

Bizzy Verse:

We havin' a celebration,
Love to stay high,
Out of my Khakis,
Out of my Gucci,
And I'm gonna roll something, when I roll,
When I roll that "OOOO-WEEE," Hey,
Let me put it back,
Gotta love that,
Put it out?
Fuck that!
Little Henny on the side in the ride,
Better make it alright,
Not much time lookin' back,
Better handle my business here,
Puff-Puff, Pass,
And my last,
Gotta leave a little baggy in the air,
Gotta put a little love in the glass,
My legendary, level-headed peers,
Grab a buckle when I buck 'em with a beer,
Sell the doe from the back of the stairs,
That's when it was Clair, (Clair, clair....)
But thanks to Game and this life,
To keep HipHop alive for the ones alive,
And even my niggas that's dead and gone,
Everytime in smoke,
And it's like them niggas still live on,
Hustlin', I still do it,
Celebrate and elevate your mind,
Little Bizzy gotta keep it movin',
Everybody on the 1st still high (high, high, high....)

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.