

## Game "Dope Boys"

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Yeah, can't stop, can't stop, yeah  
What's up? What's up?  
What's up? What's up?  
Yeah

Yeah, comin' fresh out that Pyrex pot  
Black Air Force 2's and the White Sox  
Fitted on my forehead, try me, go head  
I'll bring out the polka dots, put Guame on your  
forehead

Yeah, it's the new king of everything  
And bitches don't say no to me, I'm like a wedding ring  
Maybe it's how I pour that Patron  
Maybe it's how I smell a pair of Silver Cologne

Maybe it's how I write shit when I'm in the zone  
And I'm sick of blow jobs, bitch, leave me alone  
And tell Dr. Dre to pick up a phone  
Before I climb through his window like 'Nigga, I'm  
Home'

Runnin' the rock like OJ, nigga it's a throwback  
Fuck a Aston Martin, show me where the stove at  
Get a jar, some baking soda, nigga hold that  
The world is my grandma's kitchen, time to cook crack

The dope boys in the building  
What's up? The dope boys  
What's up? The dope boys

What's up? The dope boys in the building  
Yeah, what's up? The dope boys  
What's up? The dope boys

What's up? The dope boys in the building  
Yeah, what's up? The dope boys  
What's up? The dope boys

What's up? The dope boys in the building  
What's up? The dope boys  
What's up? The dope boys

Yeah, the dope boys in the building

You couldn't smell that crack  
Comin' out that motherfucking Porsche truck  
I stop traffic with them rims that I'm sittin' on  
Them ain't high beams, bitch, my wrist is on  
The same shit that Ludacris is on  
Disturbing the peace if my stash missing stones

Yeah, count that work like a paycheck  
Niggas couldn't play The Game in a tape-deck  
A boss never touch work if it ain't taped yet  
That's how you get fucked, I practice safe sex

And I take ya boy Curtis bitch, with my tongue  
Lick, lick, lick like Shawna and have her sprung  
Show her my inner-condom and have her sprung  
And put it all in her stomach and just, uh

What's up? The dope boys in the building  
What's up? The dope boys  
What's up? The dope boys

What's up? The dope boys in the building  
Yeah, what's up? The dope boys  
What's up? The dope boys

What's up? The dope boys in the building  
(New York, what's up?)  
The dope boys  
(LA, what's up?)  
The dope boys  
(Chi-Town, what's up?)

The dope boys in the building  
Detroit, What's up?  
(ATL, what's up?)  
The dope boys  
(MIA, what's up?)  
The dope boys in the building  
Yeah, what's up?

So roll that coke, white carpet to the hood  
It's the dope boys reunion, the dress code's strictly  
White tee, Air Force 1's and some Dickies  
I'm from the city where the skinny niggas die  
Only birds and Nextels chirp in the sky

And we ride for the letters on our fitted cap  
Niggas, hit the stash, get a strap, and go get it back  
That's for the gangstas, the hustlas, the ballas

From Downtown LA to Uptown Harlem

And D-Boy money ain't rain and it's stormin'  
So stop the music when the Champagne pouring  
And hold them glasses high, yeah  
And when a nigga ask you, why? You tell 'em

The dope boys in the building  
What's up? The dope boys  
What's up? The dope boys

What's up? The dope boys in the building  
Yeah, what's up? The dope boys  
I'm back, The dope boys

I'm back, the dope boys in the building  
Yeah, what's up? The dope boys  
Nigga, what's up? The dope boys  
Motherfucker, what's up?

The dope boys in the building  
Tell 'em I'm back, the dope boys  
'Cause I'm back, the dope boys  
It's a wrap, The dope boys in the building

The dope boys  
The dope boys  
The dope boys in the building

The dope boys  
The dope boys  
Yeah, what's up? What's up?  
Hahaha, yeah, the king is back

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