

Game "Ecstasy"

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[Intro:]

Yo where the fuck else you think you'll hear this
exclusive
From start from scratch. (Hold me down Skee)
To umm... (chuckles)
There go that sample again
I feel like the rap shit is following me man
Cool and Dre! Y'all my niggas man, for life man
I tell y'all niggas like I tell Busta man
I love you nigga
Real recognize real, I mean, game recognize game
(Hiccups)
You know what it is
Goddamn you Don Julio

[Verse 1:]

That bitch fine. What you think?
Get that hoe drunk drop a blue pill in her drink
Or should I give her a green one like Em gave me
Shit had me in Detroit feeling like Jay-Z
Looked in the mirror, my lips and my nose was big
And my girl walked by wit a gold wig dancing like
Beyonce
I must be dreaming
Spot on my sweatsuit, it must be semen
Cuz I jack off, every time I think of Beyonce
She took the wig off now she look like Kanye's...ex chick
I swear nigga when I get sober I ain't fucking wit this X
shit
It makes me wanna sing like T-Pain
Make me wanna pierce my lip like Lil' Wayne
Make me wanna fuck yo bitch, like LUDA
Don't worry about me man

[Chorus:]

I'm off this ecstasy
And this Hennessy's got me going (Going)
I'm so high
I'm off this ecstasy
And this Hennessy's got me going (Going)
Going to the sky, (sky) Sky, (sky) Sky, (sky)
Going to the sky, (sky) Sky, (sky) Sky, (sky)

Going to the Sky

[Verse 2:]

Lemme tell you why I'm fucked up
My moms and my pops had dumb luck
See she was 18, wanted to fuck wit that nigga
Pops sold heroin so he was that nigga
Carry the .45, and he bust that trigger
Ain't nobody in Compton touch that nigga
But that was back then, so fuck that nigga
My childhood weren't shit, so fuck that nigga

I been shot, been to jail. Rode around Compton on
spreewells
Moved to the 'hood and still choke yo ass out like
Sprewell
Still crack distribute, what you want nigga?
Wholesale, retail.
I know you faggot ass cops on detail
Look at 'em tryna hack into my geemail
All they found was old Dr. Dre beats, well

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

Like the vodka
But when I'm fucking wit Diddy, I'm Ciroc'ing
I take a back wood, gut it out
See a picture of Halle Berry I cut it out
Yeah nigga she fine! But not like she was in
Boomerang
Now she (OK) like OJ and Gucci Mane
And like them I was rapping and trapping
Kept half a brick in the back of my momma Acura
Gimme a test. Hit the question
How many O's in a brick I ace that shit
Brick come through the door, taste that shit
Chop it, bag it, let 'em free base that shit
She ain't tryna fuck I Ma\$e that bitch
Take her cosmo, and lace that shit
I get pussy for free I aint take that shit
I don't know if I rate that bitch

[Chorus:]
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