

## Game "F\*cked Up"

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[Hook: Game]

These niggas got me fucked up [X4]

These niggas got me, I think

These niggas got me fucked up

[Verse 1: Game]

I be on the block with that chrome boy, Postin' up with  
my home boy

Leanin' on the 2 tone boy, What you want for them  
zones boy

10-5, 10-4, put it on the scale, add a little more

Take a shot of that 'tron boy, bag it up and then gone  
boy

They givin' (?) out, watch yourself on that phone boy

They gave me seven (?), mama singing that song boy

We gettin' money baby, we gettin' cash money

Stuntin' like im Birdman, sittin' on my cash

120 on the dash, 4 (?) on the wheeeeels

Paper stacking too long boy, blowing cheech and that  
chong boy

Better watch that tone boy, headshots to that dome boy

[Hook X 2]

[Verse 2 - Menace]

Think a nigga trip the way I walk around

Gotta keep that pistol on my hip to lay them haters  
down

Gotta keep them bitches on my dick then I bring (?)  
around

Paper stash gon' break em down, fuck 'em hard don't  
make a sound

I'm all about that trap boy, ride around with that pistol

Gotta keep the bitch in my lap boy, hater niggas, come  
get ya

Made my niggas (?), my niggas clean, we do it (?), try  
to intervene

Thats suicide fuckin' with my team, I'm blowing clouds  
and I'm 'bout the cream

Yeah, and I'm bout that shit, we full of chips, and I'm (?)  
hoes

Y'all full of shit, not suckin' the O's, I'm too legit and I'm  
tippin' 4's

Niggas really want it, bitches lookin' silly for it

Really kill the niggas for it, niggas lookin' real

important  
[Hook X 2]  
[Verse 3 - Game]  
Say boy, ever had a bitch all up in your crib  
Stickin' that dick all up in the ribs  
Then she tell fuck niggas where you live  
And now they all up in your shit  
Flippin' mattresses over, turnin' couches sideways  
They thinkin' crime pays  
Got a choppa  
For the niggas that don't understand how the fuck we  
ope-  
-rate and anyway get back on top of my paper chase  
Kush burnin', smell the dragon, 29's, been had 'em  
Niggas take shots, then runnin' high  
We'll find their ass, Bin Ladin  
Me and Mike in the Benz wagon, better watch your  
block boy  
Purple clouds of that Pepe Lepue, I'm gone of that Ciroc  
boy  
Clipped up to that pop boy, holdin' on to that knot boy  
Palms grippin' that Glock boy, we comin' back for them  
yachts boy  
[Hook X 2]

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