

Game

"Fresh '83"

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[50 Cent]

This is how we do

We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club

This is how we do

Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

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[Game]

Fresh like, unhh; Impala, unnh

Crome hydrolics, 808 drums

You don't want, none

Nigga betta, run

When beef is on, I'll pop that, drum

Come get, some

Pistol grip, pump

If a nigga step on my white Air, Ones

Since red, rum

Ready here I, come

Compton, unh

Dre found me in the, slums
Sellin that skunk, one hand on my gun
I was sellin rocks when Master P was sayin Unnh
Buck pass the blunt
These G-Unit girls just wanna have, fun
Coke and rum
Got weed on the tongue
I'm bangin with my hand up her dress like, unh
I'll make her cum, purple haze in my lungs
Whole gang in the front in case a nigga wanna, stunt
[50 Cent]
I put Lamborghini doors on that Es-co-lade
Lo-pro so look like I'm riding on blades
In one year mang, a nigga's so paid
I have a straight bitch in the telly goin both ways (Ah!)
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl
You know I'm rockin with the best tre pound on my hip
Teflon on my chest
They say I'm no good
Cuz I'm so hood
Rich folks do not want me around
Cuz shit might pop off, and if shit pop off
Somebody gon' get laid the fuck out
They call me new money, say I have no class

I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast

The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash

Bougie ass bitches, you can kiss my ass

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[Game]

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four

White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin on bulbs

Hit one switch mang, that ass so low

Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl

You know I'm rockin with the best four pound on my hip

Gold chain on my chest

[50 Cent]

50, unh

Bentley, unh

Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum

Automatic, gun

Fuck 'em one-on-one

We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt 'n ya done

Homie, it's Game time

[Game]

You ready? Here I come

Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherfucker, crunk

It took two, months

But Fifty got it done

Signed with G-unit

Had niggaz like, huh?

Don't try to front

I'll leave yo' ass, slumped

Thinkin I'm a punk

Get your fuckin head, lumped

Fifty got a, gun

[50 Cent]

Ready here he come

Gotta sick, vendetta

To get this, chedda

Meet my Ba, Retta

The dra-ma, setta

Sip Am-a, retta

My flow sounds, betta

Than average

On tracks I'm a savage

I damage

Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique, G-UNIT!

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