

Game "Fuck Wit Me"

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Yo, it's the nigga with the nasty flow and the clean rag
six-four

With the D's spinnin' I can bag a hoe
Top down, so my rag can show, whatever in the dutch
Purple or orange, haze, it's just a bag of 'dro

Hit snatch with my khakis on, Aladdin Lounge
In Mark Jacobs denim and Don Magli's on
I'm a gangsta and the birds they love it
20 with a babyface and sit on base like Kirby Puckett

You can't buy a Ferrari, fuck it, cop lle' from J
The bricks come with Louis Vuitton luggage
He order rock and cover it, the dimes is free
The quarters is 75, the ball is live

Ain't nobody fumblin' on my block
We in the field like Biggs or Marshall Faulk, we runnin'
the rock
Nothin' less than a hundred a pop, anything less you a
cop
Shoot you and take your vest and your glock,
motherfuckers

What'chu know about stackin' G's, you got to come fuck
wit me
Puffin' on sticky green, you got to come fuck wit me
My team is just oh, so clean, you got to come fuck wit
me
What'chu know about stackin' G's, you got to come fuck
wit me

I'm in the streets like the place is mine, told to cover my
tracks
I push paper to increase my shine
I'm on my chief, jumpin' out the wagon like Tyco
And get the kind of paper that these niggaz'll die fo'

Bossed out, camouflage under my vest B
Motorbike, fast cars, broads and jetskis
Rule number 1, keep your eye on your cash flow
'Cause rule number 2, will get rid of your best so

None of 'em best show, ridin' in stress mode
'Less they got petrol, pushin' that Benz slow
Pick up the Game, let's count some cash
Then we, get to the do', then you put on your mask

On some other shit, ridin' wit'cha boy now
We on the West coast, seek and destroy now
It's like when Cal-Berkeley whooped on that
Georgetown
We had a riot in the streets, fin' to blow now fo'sho' now

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The underboss, ill too fast
Buildin' my stocks off the blocks and the wears will sag
Not Gil but tryin' to top, the nerd Bill Gates
From the city of project buildings and them Mossberg
K's

San Francisco, West coast, Northern Bay, California
Man, it's Get Low so best to toast or torch'll spray on ya
Uhh, makin' mafia moves, skate from the cops
Yeah, they tried stoppin' ya dude

But nah, the ball, it don't stop
A shot callin', if I fall then my thoughts gon' flock
Yeah, underboss with Game and Doc Figgaro
Clear [Incomprehensible] and I'm the individual

Holdin' weight in the dope state
Token' the 8-8, oh, fold [Incomprehensible]
Watch our bread and our team skyrocket
Visualize I can rip beam on the cash and not 8 guys
can't stop it

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