

## Game

# "God Speed"

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When you hear that sound, you already know what time  
it is

I Only Drop classics and we back again with another  
one

The duo you love to hate, live from Los Angeles The  
Game, I am DJ SKEE

I just want y'all to understand what I'm about to do  
Keep it gangsta in this Luis Vuitton designer suit  
In front of club Liv stunnin' in that Masi coupe  
Then we're gonna check China see what King of  
Diamonds do  
Pass the kush to A.R. when I recline the roof  
That nigga get down for me like I'm about to shoot  
Tell em' its Money Gang my nigga Sonic real, and Kid  
Red be running trains like a monorail  
Introduce you to my team niggas you need to know, we  
popping spades the bottles look like CP30  
Blowing that loud security telling us to keep it low  
But when you pay me for a walk through this is what  
you need to know  
We smoking all night Kev got a handle for me and tell  
the owner that 12 bottles is mandatory  
And we gon' need a few Cirocs and them Gooses too  
Same go for Green house and Dream down in Huston  
too  
Watching Malaya eating shrimp while I throw these  
ones  
Jazz drunk as fuck cause every time I look he show his  
gun  
Every time we at the strip club he got the coldest one  
Surrounded by killas cause J-Prince knows his son  
And I'm aight with that cause Rap-A-Lot my fam and  
every time J ask me can I dot dot? Yeah I can  
Cause he been looking out for me before the Drake co-  
sign, and I was there when him and Tune heard that  
Drake was gon' sign  
But look at Drake now every time that I need something  
he do it and say [Drake] "Game holla if you need

something"

And that's loyalty in an industry that's full of snakes  
where niggas send a bottle to your table just to show  
their face

And bitches standing looking pretty just to get a glass  
of Ace, most of these hoes dumb it ain't nothing but an  
ass and face

But if you are the ones that's lucky enough to stand up  
on this couch make sure as soon as we hop in that  
Phantom you got them titties out

I hate you fake hoes I swear I hate you fake hoes, your  
fake ass your fake nose you never gon' be J-Lo

Nicki put you on that Mike Kors got you thinking that  
you on the right course to fuck the nigga in that white  
Porsche

But I got news for you, got a wifey and three kids at  
home and I can't even start to count how many times  
we've been to Rome

My oldest kid is 10 and some my youngest got his  
tennis on and you ain't never seen a 4 year old  
swaggin in his Foams

Now they wanna be him cause he rocking colosseums  
used to rock it for the fiends now he rock with  
Europeans

All out in Dublin with them green bottles bubbling, twins  
I call double men they calling me by my government  
I swear to god that I'm loving it I'm on the beach with  
Miss Dominican Republic even she surprised that she  
sucking it

But don't be surprised that I'm fucking never cuffing  
always puffin' these bitches know who they fucking with  
I'm the fucking shit, handsome ass nigga fuck with me  
I'll fuck with her you gonna need ransom cash nigga  
Now cancel that nigga like my Black Berry service don't  
believe none of you niggas till them plaques start  
servicing

Niggas get nervous when we hop out them Suberbans  
get to tying red rags around our head like they turbans  
After niggas murk em' I'm behind the Phantoms  
curtains headed to Greystone my alibi is this Persian  
her alibi is this Asian I call that a persuasion from  
Hollywood lock up to yelling out bring the spades in  
Dumb bitch right here wanna know why the bottle  
green, I'm something like them golf niggas I done seen  
alot of green

640 Mill bout to play the lottery a rich nigga can't win  
twice? don't lie to me

Cause I'm Donald Trumppin Feds trying to eye on me  
ain't no limit in spending this money I'm bout it bout it B  
I'm who these new rappers trying to be every new  
nigga that says 'five' becomes a prodigy

And you should honor me. Hang my jersey up? Sure!  
we got a situation nigga Jersey shore  
Know I'm bout my occupation know I'm bout fucking  
these hoes know I rock them Louboutins and smoke till  
its stuck on my clothes  
And I got your girl in her comfortable clothes I'm bout  
to take her lower whats right under the point of my  
nose  
Its money gang bitch now watch my company blow, and  
go from a hot logo to something you know  
I'm in the Maserati Jordans punching the floor and you  
can act like you don't nigga...but....

Either I'm going too fast or doing too much, shut it  
down all the time when I'm in the club  
OoOoOoOo, oOooOoOo  
Yeah I'm always in the zone chilling with a bad bitch  
and she got nothing on yeah I'm gonna do it, shut it  
down  
Yeah I'm going too fast, so fast....

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