

## Game "I'm On"

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[Chorus - Mars:]

From the east to the west coast  
You show me love wherever I go  
One thing I know is  
I'm getting dough, i'm on  
Got them hoes coming let's go  
Shawty say i'm a pimp well I guess so  
One thing I know is  
I'm getting dough, i'm on

[Verse 1 - Game:]

You niggas know who I is, what kind of car I drive  
Kill a California, the door's committing suicide  
Bitches ain't fucking with you unless you in the newest  
ride  
You know me, 5 star nigga do or die  
I'm from the home of the...  
East west north south, niggas getting lost in Los  
Angeles  
We got the baddest bitches on the north campus  
Nigga hopping off the Transit, straight off inside a  
Phantom  
Stop at the liquor store, get a swisher hit the dough  
Then hit the hood, ay blood what they hitting for  
Whole hood tatted up, bandana white side jeans  
coming out  
Busters leave when it's nighttime  
15s in the trunk hit me 'fore they see me come  
Wear 24s no need to ask where i'm from  
Westside home of the perk even 12 year olds put in  
work  
West coast got 'em bang

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2 - Game:]

31 still banged out shots let 'em rank out  
Walk through any crib or blood hood with his chain out  
Grandmomma stay on the shore in the same house  
Be on the porch Dre beats on with my thang out  
That ain't a threat but little do you forget  
I was 20 years old rolling up on nigga's sets  
Coming straight up out the Jets, Impala sitting wet

Try me in 'em high lows coming up out the Tech  
Now i'm getting money big Snoop on the techs  
Andre Young on the bottom of my chest  
Fresh from the fade to the bottom of my cheques  
Matter of fact... Cadillac trucks  
... peanut butter guts...  
Shit hit the block and post up  
Then gather the crew hit child's to toast up  
Hoes breaking their neck tryna see me close up

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3 - Game:]

10 million albums sold I ain't gotta brag  
Disrespect my girl or my kids and get a bodybag  
AK47 with the sawdy rag, niggas better duck cause it  
ain't a paparazzi flash

2011 Game banging, y'all copycats  
How you throwing a stocking cap and they ain't never  
cocked it back  
Nigga copy that, capiche nigga  
Extended clip got 1 bullet for each nigga  
Ask nice and I might let you eat nigga  
Let you smoke, I keep Kush in the swisher  
Keep the blunts rolled up, Phantom 24'ed up  
Hop out knockout hoe chest froze up  
I be in the back of the club looking like so what  
20 bottles 40 grand pro'ly why chose up  
Now she in the... with her nose up  
Pockets 1 0 0 0 0 hold up

[Chorus:]

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