

Game "InfraRED"

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[Verse 1]

Red Rose, white cellar

No body, no casket, just blood spillin'

I aint a dead President but I love millions

They like "Game, where ya been?"

Yeh Blood chillin'

But not on no islands or no villa's

I've been lost in Compton with some drug dealers

I bought the Relapse loved it, hit the block hugged it

Em still spit crack the Aftermath oven is a muthaf-cker

But I aint seen it in years

Still survive like niggas threw me off the first tier

Still the most gutta, spit the most butta

My album's got more game than niggas at the Rucker

Who said I'll never go Platinum, never drop a Phantom

I park my shit at every strip club in Atlanta

Peace to my nigga T.I. for keeping a level head

Niggas I know flip after doing bids in the feds

So peace to C-Murder, come to my hood see murder

Aint a street in my city that you aint heard of

Bought up on the block, no love, black glocks, chrome slugs

and we all fit OJ's glove

And I'ma keep name droppin' long as my name poppin'

I mean long as the 'cane poppin'

All white knights, white Range, white pipes, crack in the

concrete

Living the?

I switch cars like superhead switch stars

You know why, cause I'm a crook bitch

F-ck ya book bitch

I live life like aint no money on my books bitch

I write the 16, you sing on the hook bitch

Dickin' em out, foreign cars I'm whippin' em out

Been gang bangin' since the first Pippen's was out

[Hook]

Me and my infra-red-red

Yeah thats right, my infra-red-red

All I need is my inferared-red

So f-ck the gun as long as its infrared-red

[Verse 2]

Same colour as the big apple
Its for my New York niggas thats in the hood clappin'
I done been through Brooklyn, Queens, BX and Harlem
Only chase money, never chase the stardom
Back to the law, thats how I became a target
Respected in every hood, bullet proof regardless
My glock got no feelings, hollows leave you heartless
Retaliation like tryna swim in the shark pit
Will I ever go at Nas, hell no
Will I ever go at Jay, I don't know
Stay hittin em with pot shots

Ridin' round tryna figure out who got Pac shot

Cause that got BIG shot, nigga's try to take out LA like big shot Thats Chauncey Billups, for you niggas who don't understand it You rap niggas like bitches, pitching underhanded It's like throwin soft balls at Derek Jeter I keep it hood, never put money in parking meters like the f-ck the US government I be on some over shit 28 inch rims rubber shit Roll down the window f-ck with this Roll up the endo, f-ck with this Get it backward, yeah my shit that good No more medical weed, back to chronic No more Belvedere, Grey Goose and tonic Keep a nigga f-cked up with a mind state like Dont get ya nigga f-cked up, you know the crime rate up

[Hook]

I hit a nigga with the infra-red-red Yeah thats right, the infra-red-red All I need is the inferared-red F-ck the gun as long as its infrared-red

[Verse 3]

And I can pop a nigga from a rooftop
Or hit 'em up close, let 'em know that I'm a f-cking killer
like Ghost-face, no trace for the jakes
When it come to the base in the kitchen I'm a chef like
Rae
Nas was like U-God, I'm like "nah you God", right next
to Bza as I'm lighting up the swisha

to Rza as I'm lighting up the swisha
Pourin' out this liquor for my niggas that was bigger
than the ditches that they living
That was put in by the triggers, they some niggas with
some cold hearts

And you wonder why I walk around like my soul long, black hoody on Writin' music like Mozart, Denzel, John Travolta, I play both parts Drive this raggedy ass Bentely like its a go-kart

Drive this raggedy ass Bentely like its a go-kart
Aint been crazy since I learned how to throw dart
Run up on his muthaf-cking car, you a dead man
Nah, don't sweat it like Lebron James headband
Empty out the clip on anybody but Redman
I Blackout and you can Blackout 2
But I got night vision on this muthaf-ckin infra-red-red

[Hook]

Yeah thats right, the infra-red-red
All I need is the inferared-red
F-ck the gun as long as its infrared-red

[Outro]

Niggas know what the f-ck it is everytime we do this shit

We do this shit right, nigga Yeah, shout out to Redman for no reason at all Cool n Dre them my niggas, my brothers Thats my family for life nigga's

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