

## Game "Judas Closet"

Visit "[Judas Closet](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook:]

[The Game]

Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil  
for these palm trees and these six fours, Nip

[Nipsey]

Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil  
for these palm trees and these six fours

[The Game]

Cedar

[Nipsey]

6 0

[The Game]

Wife beater

[Nipsey]

Wrist froze, platinum jesus piece

[The Game]

Nigga, mine all gold

[Nipsey]

Chuck

[The Game]

Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil for these  
palm trees and six fours

[Verse 1: Nipsey]

When you come from depression, to the lust for  
possessions

Gotta make an impression, but you can't wait for  
your blessing

Model bitches stip naked, while I sip on this Texas  
I'm pushing this German, jesus piece on my  
neclace

These niggas gon' test ya, and these bitches is  
reckless

And that money go fast, I hope you paying yo' taxes

All the questions they askin', all the cameras  
that's flashin'

All the stress that come with it, it's like you hustling  
backwards

If you ain't breaking the bank, so we go hard  
everyday  
And the sacrificial lamb is just the part that you play  
When you the first one in yo' fam to have the heart  
to get paid  
Had the smarts to switch lanes, had the guts to be  
brave

Now, and now you a star on the stage  
And once they cut on them lights, no turning 'em  
off, that's part if the game  
Wow, people caught up in your fame  
And never will it be the same, this shit is expensive, the  
price that we pay, that's why I..

[Hook:]

[The Game]

Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil  
for these palm trees and these six fours, Nip

[Nipsey]

Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil  
for these palm trees and these six fours

[The Game]

Cedar

[Nipsey]

6 0

[The Game]

Wife beater

[Nipsey]

Wrist froze, platinum jesus piece

[The Game]

Nigga, mine all gold

[Nipsey]

Chuck

[The Game]

Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil for these  
palm trees and six fours

[Verse 2: The Game]

Clip tossin', since niggas is brick flossin'  
Now the bloods wit' Slauson so niggas go get  
coffins

Comptons like NFL, niggas get hit often

Heavy but I green, make niggas forget Boston

Red bone bitch, she high on blue dolphins

Head game sick, she bi and switch often

It's kush, bitch quit coughin', my six got streets  
talkin'

Timbo, this shit scorchin', got Bloods and Crips  
walkin'

It's Nip, so get up off him, we like Biggie and Jigga  
mayne  
And Nickerson's Marcy, Bed-Stuy is Slauson  
My flow somethin' like Nassir, I should put a pause  
here  
...Run and tell them niggas the God's here

This California kush got me in God's ear  
We got them Ace of Spades, but ain't no cards here  
Just a Crip, a Blood, a couple exotic cars here  
And these extra long clips like Lamars here, Nip

[Hook:]

[The Game]  
Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil  
for these palm trees and these six fours, Nip  
[Nipsey]  
Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil  
for these palm trees and these six fours  
[The Game]  
Cedar  
[Nipsey]  
6 0  
[The Game]  
Wife beater  
[Nipsey]  
Wrist froze, platinum Jesus piece  
[The Game]  
Nigga, mine all gold  
[Nipsey]  
Chuck  
[The Game]  
Feel like I sold my fucking soul to the devil for these  
palm trees and six four

Visit [Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.