

## Game "Money Over Bitches"

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Huh, niggaz think they got the game sewed, yeah right  
I'm air tight, fresh in them Air Nikes  
If the Navi outside, I might be there  
Black hoodie, black 9, black wifey airs

Rock guns like Caddy trunks, keep a spare  
You see the lump under the Iceberg fleece and gear  
And when the beef cook, I'ma put the piece to your  
head  
And if you see a white truck that mean yo' sheets is  
dead

Then I'm goin', goin', back, back  
To the block to dump the bucket and jump in the drop  
Niggaz know I'm good with the glock, they call me  
Chick Hearn  
'Cause if the game on knot, I'm callin the shots

I'll wear a shiny suit for a minute like I'm The L.O.X.  
Then get gangster with a swap meet bag and a Jordan  
box  
And when I die, bury me with the glock and a bucket of  
shells  
In case niggaz want drama in hell

Yeah, so when Compton niggaz  
And Fillmoe niggaz get together  
Shit happens mayne, real talk from ya nigga Fig'  
Doin' it big and don't wanna split yo' wig

I'll give you anything you ask fo', money over bitches  
Tell me what'chu blast fo'? Fuck around with snitches  
What you had to smash fo' ? Niggaz tried to play me,  
man  
Anything you ask fo', all about this Bay game

I'll give you anything you ask fo', money over bitches  
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What you had to smash fo' ? Niggaz tried to play me  
man  
Anything you ask fo', representin' Bay game

I be the boy with the most cabbage, pluck strings like  
I'm Lenny Kravitz  
I'm in the streets where they goin' savage  
One, two, so we dance on the rooftop  
Let the Coupe ghost ride then we come to two stops

Figga eight an' by the corner sto'  
Niggarali from killer Cali, you gotta let 'em know  
Yeah, ya hit me on my Sidekick  
Inventory pilin' up, niggaz tryin' to buy shit

They got me diggin' in my files  
Pro Tools, ADAT tapes and big sounds  
Jumpin' on a plane, jumpin' out a taxi cab  
Stackin' up this fettucini now these niggaz hella mad

Fuck that nigga, he got another album on the board?  
Damn right, another album on the board  
Fuck the bullshit, the Figgarali don't play  
I represent the whole Bay every motherfuckin' day

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Count rubber band grands  
I'm out big on the under with my fam bam  
And I hover the lands  
To expand, I'm from the gutter grime and the sand

No jams the flam's all busted  
The dames want the bucks when they see you stuffed  
in  
Your pockets, 'til they get them some  
But testin' my pocket, only gets you none

'Cause I got a pimp mentality  
The scrubs wanna eat shrimp and get my salary  
They ain't knowin' I'm tight laced in my shoestrings  
Hate the way I'm flowin' on the mic 'cause I do gleam

All types of baguettes and bezels  
We shine like life's [Incomprehensible] rebels

2005, me and my crew just pile the pots  
Move like the ice loose, pimp these thangs to watch

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