

Game

"Mr West, Money & The Power"

Visit "[Mr West, Money & The Power](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

Today Jimmy Hendrix is motivation
I guess it's time for me to put them 808s in
Middle finger to them faggot niggas hating
And Sak Pase to all my f-cking Haitians
Give me a pimp cup to pour my Rose in
I'm in the same car that Ricky Rozay in
Tell Satan that it's a celebration
So get your hands up, nigga get your hands up
Now, which one of us is really Mr. West?
Probably the one of us that really needs to wear his
vest
And I'm just shooting my niggas some subliminals
'Cuz he got all the bitches and I be with the criminals
Beat sound like some crazy shit that Tim would do
Now when you see me, I'm the brown Eminem to you
Show you what I'm finna do, but you don't know it's me
though
Magic when I shoot, get to boxing like Hedo
Turkoglu, niggas, get to murking you niggas
Hit your block in the Caprice and just circle you niggas
Know what I mean? Think you pheens how I'm serving
you niggas
Know what I mean? Think I'm beans how I'm serving
you niggas
And it ain't rice and beans when I'm serving you niggas
Punk you in front of your crew, Steve Urkel you niggas
Putting bull shit out, I hope it works for you niggas
And when it don't, come and see me, I got that work for
you niggas

[Hook X2]

Like uh (Mr. West, Mr. West!)
Uh (Mr. West, Mr. West!)
Uh (Mr. West, Mr. West!)
Now, which one of us is really Mr. West?

[Verse 2]

He had a Rolls, I had a Rolls too
Eat your money up, you know how them hoes do
Burn rubber, swear to God they gon' love ya
Like rookie cops, can't wait to be undercovers

I'm 6'5"³, nigga basketball size
You act like I can't f-ck one of them basketball wives
I be a basketball Game, with my basketball dame
Feeling like, Hov, call back, I'm watching basketball
dang
Damn, but I ain't talking 'bout dames
I ain't talking bout Hov, I'm just talking bout Game
Ask Ray Allen, they boy got game
Jesus Shuttlesworth, yeah the boy got range-s
In the parking lot, niggas talk a lot
They way they gossiping hip-hop should be a barber
shop
Getting cash money baby, why you tryna baller block?
Mad chick, her's, man somebody gotta call the shots

[Hook]

[Bridge]

I guess it's me y'all, the highest on the see saw
Get so much money, why the f-ck would I wann be y'all?
Shit, I be everywhere, but I don't ever see y'all
So for the next 12 songs, I'mma fucking R.I.P. y'all

[Verse 3]

Sometimes I hear anger talking, asking how I'm feeling
I'm just happy to be alive, Lord willing
Four albums later, two more children
Feeling like 'Ye, "Mr. West is in the building"

What happened to the competition? Nigga I killed 'em
Can't drink Crystal, the nigga Hov chilled 'em
I'm on this patent rhyme like I know them niggas
Them haters say I fell off? I'm 'bout to show them
niggas
Drake and J. Cole them niggas
I sold nine mill, made nine mill, and kept it hood nigga
Just like Drake told a nigga
I made it rain in hundreds like I was Big Meech
I made it rain in hundreds when I was with Meech
Went from a Cutlass with the old front end
To a, um, Benz, stop light jumping
Now I'mma take you back to where I got jumped in
West side Compton, just east of the one ten

[Hook Number 2]

I just roll weed on your last album
And after that I'm 'bout to f-ck your girl for 'bout an
hour
Look around the club, uh, all I see is cowards
Mad 'cuz I got respect, the money, and the power
I just roll weed on your last album

And after that I'm 'bout to f-ck your girl for 'bout an
hour
Look around the club and all I see is cowards
Mad 'cuz I got respect, the money, and all the power

[Verse 4]

"No one man should have.." 'Ye said that
"Can't knock theâ€¦!" Naw, Jay said that
"You can thank meâ€¦!" Naw, Drake said that
"Mind playing tricks on me" Scarface said that
But I'm about to roll this paper plane
Hit the barber shop, get cut before this Laker game
Niggas hate The Game, sometimes I hate the fame
They hate my bitch, they hate my chain
I'm so hood, I might fly to New York and just take the
train
On some John Travolta shit, just take the train
So if you in New York at two o'clock, don't take the train
I make niggas dissappear, no David Blaine
I split your whole team up, no Jay and Dame
Fresher than Will Smith was before Jada came
Four albums, twelve cars, but the flow stay the same
Every nigga I dap turn blood, it's like I'm made of
flames
Dipping this red flag, like the one I gave to Wayne

[Hook Number 2]

[Verse 5]

Go Dwight Howard, now watch them hoes run
Soon as the Game over, they back stripping for ones
Had your bitch all in my crib, stripping for fun
Getting head, thinking 'bout cars when I strip 'em for
fun
Walk in my closet, throw on my J's, pick up my gun
Spin the block with some some shit that spit quicker
than Pun
I respect two East Coast niggas, Biggie was one
If he was living, he'd say that no one is sicker then son,
uh
Young gun, bar none, the tightest where I'm from
Roll some much kush, got the leaves sticking to my
thumb
As I break it down , bring that six tray around
Banging Nas album, yeah, you can hate me now
Treat beef like haircuts, gotta fade it down
Ran out bars, guess I name-drop Slim and Baby
How can niggas hate on me? 'cuz I get Cash Money
Six bricks in the Aston Martin, that's fast money

[Hook Number 2]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.