

Game "Out Of Towner"

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Yeah blood, let's take these niggas back to 96, 11th grade when a nigga was walking the Compton High School.

Cincinnati Red fitted snug on my motherfucking forehead.

Nike backpack on, you know like Durant be wearing

. Nike straps tighter than a virgin pussy

Illmatic in the Walkman,

Sitting on the subway they looking like "who is that?"

The boy gutter all hood New York sewer rat
mace

They love me out in Harlem like a ten dollar buddha
sack

I spit that Ill Street Blues, yeah Kool G Rap

big, where the Coogis at

Big now light a L

As I skip to the next track on Supreme Clientele

Ghost to Manhattan

seat reclined in the Aston

Time for glasses cause NY is into fashion

Madison. Square. Garden.

Feeling like Spike Lee's squares

You squares ain't important

Fresh to death my gear's in a coffin

cough cough Why that nigga coughin'?

Blowing that sour diesel I ain't be here that often

Riding on the A train, listening to Ghostface

I'm just ridin on the A train, listenin to Ghostface

Riding on the A train, listening to Ghostface

I'm just riding on the A train, listening to Ghostface

Pull up in that Derrick Rose

nines or elevens

You niggas is copycats, my style is patent leather

South side of the Chi nigga I ain't packing never

I ain't shy of the Chi, Jay Cutler in cold weather

And all I do is win,

72 and 10

Ball like Mike, Scottie, Dennis Rodman and them

7-4 Chevelle, niggas riding in them

Cabrini-Green

I was riding with them

Pelle jackets niggas

out here robbing in them
And even getting coat-jacked ain't
Common
Keep thinking you Larry Hoover that line'll have you
shook
That's that Crack Music nigga forgot I was on the hook
G.D.s, Vice Lords, Four Corner Hustlers
Latin Kings, MCs,
all em will fuck with us
Blowing trees like the windy city
Nigga I blow trees in the Windy City
Riding on the L train
I'm just riding on the L train, listening to Kanye
I'm just riding in on the L train, listening to Kanye
Said I'm riding on the L train, listening to Kanye
I be in Lil Haiti
Ain't nothing bout to go down nigga my fam's Zoe
Pound
And ever since they locked my nigga Zo down
Everything slow down, but my nigga Ross is on
The homie Khaled put the Boss's on
We blowing orange like the Dolphins home
And we don't floss the chrome
We turn that Wildcat offense on
That New Era fly off ya dome
I'm about to take my talents to South Beach
I don't even go to the games, but got Heat
Ain't no Trickin Daddy, I take a bitch to get some Cuban
food
Have a couple mojitos then fuck her like a Cuban do
Riding down Collins in the newest coup
Flo-Rida on the place
they think I'm Uncle Luke
Nigga Tony Montana, who the fuck is you?
I'm the all-red side of the Rubik's Cube
Riding in the fast lane, listening to Rozay
I'm just ridin in the fast lane, listening to Rozay
Riding in the fast lane, listening to Rozay
I'm just riding in the fast lane, listening to Rozay

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