

Game

"Red Bottom Boss"

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(Ft. Rick Ross)

[Verse 1: Game]

I'm about to tear this fuckin' track out
Pretend it's Keri Hilson and blow a fuckin' back
out
22nd mixtape, half of em diss tapes
But fuck who I was dissin' because I never made a
mistake
Bleek got what he deserved, Jay, I might have been
trippin'
I was fallin', I was slippin'
He was Jordan, I thought I was Pippen
He was winnin', I was losin'
He threw a jab, I started bruisin'
So I threw in the towel just to separate all confusion
Ivy Blue is beautiful, me sayin' that's unusual
That's the father in me, don't think I'm
tryin' to be cool with you
Thug life, Rihanna knuckles, Gucci shirt, designer
buckles
Louis Vuitton billboard, the nigga's boy just
tryin' to hustle
Poster boy for them drug dealers
I just want you all to love me
But I ain't handsome, I ain't trying to bug
niggas
Y'all all the Verizon man, I'm just gon' stand
behind y'all
But every now and then, I gotta remind y'all

[Verse 2: Game]

It's that red bottom boss, nigga
Burgundy Bentley truck, fuck what it cost nigga
That V12 start up like Ross nigga
That's why them hoes call me the boss nigga
Catch me in the Maybach, where them seats recline
way back
Remember, I had a Rocky for ya, and I ain't
talkin' ASAP
You know I got that K strap, chopper with the base hat

If you see tip drillinâ€™™, King of Diamonds, tell I got
like eight stacks
Ace of Spades by the crates, biatch
Never lose, like Alexander the Great, biatch
I only win like Baylor, I run the city like mayors
Donâ€™™ t make me go dig up them old Chuck
Taylorâ€™™ s
Back when me and Snoop was the only ones
throwinâ€™™ up gang signs
Ya niggas wasnâ€™™ t bloods until I cosigned yâ€™™ all
But yâ€™™ all that Verizon man, lâ€™™ m just gonâ€™™
stand behind yâ€™™ all
And sometimes I gotta remind yâ€™™ all

[Verse 3: Game]

Taylor Gang nigga, I ainâ€™™ t Wiz doe
I got that yellow brick road inside my ear lobes
Playinâ€™™ ice hockey, feelinâ€™™ like Gretzky
Los Angeles King, and lâ€™™ m who the whole city cheer
for
Niggas throwinâ€™™ subliminals, act like I donâ€™™ t
hear those
I could give yâ€™™ all 100 bars, but you all know yâ€™™ all
fear those
And plus, lâ€™™ m too attached to my lifestyle
Fuck them Air 1? s, lâ€™™ m too attached to these spikes
now
Louis Vuittonâ€™™ s, hard as croutons
They comfortable like futons
They suede, grey poupon
The yellow like Luke on
The Lakers, he was traded
But they should have moved that nigga Marion, Gloria
move on
Damn, was that too strong?
These niggas gettinâ€™™ pooped on
While I get my Duke on, and crossover like Duhon
Luke warm, lâ€™™ m too hot, youâ€™™ re too cold
lâ€™™ m 2Pac, youâ€™™ re too old for hip hop
Stop. Recognizeâ€™™!

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