

## Game "Red Nation"

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[Game - Verse 1]

Throw your muthaf-cking Cincinnati hats in the sky  
N-gga don't ask why  
Red laces in and out of them Air Max '95's  
I, walk on the moon, flow hotter than June  
Any n-gga want drama I kick up a sand dune  
Peace to my man 'Tune for giving his man room  
Now we hittin' switches to the Spring Break, Cancun  
Get it, nah forget it, SuWoo I live it  
Made the letter B more famous than a Red Sox fitted  
But that was suicide, I don't live in Judah's eyes  
Half of these rappers weren't trappin' when I was  
choppin' the do or die  
Suge had me in, I went Puffy like Zab Judah eye  
Dre called, told my baby momma "won't you decide"  
She chose Doc, first day I poured ? like its Aftermath  
for life  
And all I do is ride  
Before I turn on 'em I kill Satan and stick my red flag in  
the ground  
It's Red Nation!!!

[Lil Wayne]

Now Blood the f-ck up  
Everyday's a gamble muthaf-cker, tough luck  
And we gon f-ck the World til that bitch bust nuts  
I can't tell ya whats good, but I can tell ya whats, what  
And that's, B's up, hoes down  
Lookin' in the mirror, I'm no where to be found  
Blood, I'm a dog, call me a blood hound  
Throwin' blood in the air, leave blood on the ground

[Game - Verse 2]

N-ggas'll trade they soul to be Drake or J. Cole  
Live and die for this shit, word to Tupac Shakur's halo  
One blood, plural, n-gga I'm spendin' Euro's  
Ferrari got an ice cream paint job, Dorrrough  
I'm up out the hood, where they pull guns on you like  
Come up out ya hood, it aint never all good  
We roll up in backwoods, n-gga get to actin' stupid  
Get thrown in the back woods  
Los Angeles, home of the scandalous

Pimp, hoes and gamblers  
98 degree's on Christmas  
N-gga we rollin' cannibus  
Swisha sweet aint it, I told her I'm Charles Louboutin  
The bitch fainted, pulled her panites down, stain it  
That's my Chi-lingo, yeah I'm bi-lingual

Ball by myself, Ochocinco  
Dancing with the stars, bullets and fast cars  
And everybody bleed out here, word to God

[Lil Wayne]  
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[Game - Verse 3]  
Russia got a Red Flag  
US got Red Stripes  
Last train to Paris, round the World in these red Nikes  
Che Guevara of the New Era, test me  
Louieville slugger, you'll get buried in my era  
Got that natty on, tighter than a magnum  
Walk in the club saggin' with a 38 magnum  
Red Ralph Laurens, the double R sittin' on a hill like  
Lauren  
Her and the car foreign  
Got my red Dre Beats on, tryna put my peeps on  
And I keep it hood like this Phantom is a Nissan  
Where my n-gga Jim Jones at?  
Roll up the weed son, so many bloods in Compton had  
to get a NYC song  
And while I'm out here, I might as well go shopping  
And put this new bad b-tch I got her some red bottoms  
And all these hatin' ass n-ggas want me dead  
Cause I'm Malcolm X before he turned Muslim, RED

[Lil Wayne]  
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