

## Game "Su Woo"

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[Lil Wayne]

Pardon my gang affil,  
But you're stepping on a rod in the danger field  
Weezy Baby, how do the Manger feel?  
Respect my aim because I aim to kill  
Hahaha, Old bitch ass nigga,  
Abercrombie and Fitch ass nigga,  
I talk rich shit because I'm a rich ass nigga,  
I hope you in the zone because I pitch fast nigga,  
Ha, I smoke something bitch,  
My money comes faster than the roadrunner bitch  
I keep it on the side just in case you might wonder  
Tech 9 Four 5 just in case you like numbers  
Haha, bitch nigga we might jump ya  
2 Step all in yo face, we might Unk ya  
Hahaha, bandana on the right side  
East side until I die

You better change like it's Mardi Gras,  
And we pull guns like Quick Draw McGraw  
See I'm from New Orleans, Louisiana  
And he's from Compton, baby, bandana  
We carry them caskets, we tote them hammers  
Su to the Woop, yeah, that's our grammar  
Lemme hear you say Su Woo  
Su Woo, Su Woo

[The Game]

Young Money  
And that's perfect cause perfect is to me  
What's perfect as Hallie or a jab from Ali  
So capitalise the P cause perfect is Godly  
Black Wall Street, the perfect family, The Cosby  
All I need is a perfect bitch  
How's B, I passed the baton on Solange  
I'm sure like Al B but a boujy B would never give me the  
perfect PIRU  
Hello Brooklyn I can't see, cause if I did I would SNOOP  
DOGG  
Cut it in half and you will see that this Philadelphia  
piece on my head  
Like a low Ceaser, wear it to the hood and get me

street cred like Four Visa's  
niggas fucking with Weezy, I will slow leak em  
Hang em from a telephone pole like my old sneakers  
Red bandana for no reason  
Put Weezy on and the NO bleedin', yeah

[Lil Wayne - Chorus]

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[The Game]

Can't stop the red bandana, even if you put me in a  
cage full of orangurtan's  
I'll show you how bangers bang  
Four five cocked back, move the crowd like Dana Dane  
Switch plates, paint the Range  
Leave so much blood on the wall look like the fucking  
painters came  
Dead wrong ain't it man  
I told niggas I ain't a Game  
All black gold chain, looking like the saint is playin'  
He sold a milli, I'm vanilli  
So it ain't a thing to make it rain in a hundred dollar  
bills  
We throwing paper planes  
Riding through the N.O.  
Red Marc Jacob frames  
We disappear like David Blaine  
And pop up at the Lakers game  
They playing the seeds with Paul ? in the B's  
That make the ref affiliated, everytime he hit a three  
Ken Griffy lost all his fans, taking off his red top  
Bloods in New York like Manhattan took a head shot  
I'm one blood, he's the Carter with the dread locks  
My whole team run base, we the fucking Red Sox.

[Lil Wayne - Chorus x2]

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