

Game "The Drill"

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Ace Hood, Game what up ni**a?

Yeah

[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

Thank god momma son made it
at twenty three

Still remembering a struggle
hidden deep in me

Momma gone, ain't no single
daddy memory

I became my own man the age
of seventeen

Trying make this money flip like
it's a trampoline

I was hard headed, grandfather
diabetic

I was trying do it big, like I was
Faith Evans

Praying to the heavens, I can see
my daughter smile

Know she watching now that
daddy rip this record down

Know I love you baby, tell my
god I said whatup'

And know I seen em' just
meeting ends, so my family up
I should pray harder, instead I
tote a pistol

Speed dollar killers running if I
ever whistle

Real nigga, that's just my
genetics

Hustle hard got my money doing
calisthenics

I stretch paper, every dollar bill
[Hook: Ace Hood] X2

Niggas cry tears, when I see my
first meal (First Meal)

Bad bitch wit' me bet she know
the drill

Bad bitch wit' me bet she know
the drill

Bad bad bitch wit' me bet she

know the drill
[Verse 2: Game]
I gotta' bad bitch wit' me, and
she know the drill
And she know my ex, X pill
She only listen to me, Ace, and
Meek Mill
I told her tat my name on it, so I
know it's real
She know the value of a dollar
bill
She know how real or fake them
counterfeit hundred's feel
She know the difference
between Derrick Rose and D-
Wade
She know the difference
between being broke and
stayin', paid
She know the difference
between vuve and spades
She know the difference
between warrants and raves
Never confuse when talkin'
Glocks and dem' K's
Show her the shoe, she put a
number on dem' J's
Like, it dem' is cool grays
I'm like, dem' is cool shades
I'm like, dem' is Spike Lee's
She like, yeah schooldays
And she bang the documentary
still
Said that motherfucka' cold,
yeah, Buffalo Bill
[Hook]
[Verse 3: Meek Mill]
I ain't never ran from nobody,
and I never will
Lunch time on these niggas, cuz'
I'm on my second meal
I just dropped a mixtape, lookin'
like my second deal
Club live thirty bottles, and I'm
on my second bill
And I be gettin' high as my
electric bill
Ask bout' me in the hood, they
say I'm extra real
Cuz' ain't nobody never rob me, I
ain't never squeal

And ain't nobody never try, my
niggas love to kill
Ridin' round wit' chuck, but it
ain't a game though
My black wall niggas, told me
you a lame though
The block got a beam on it, like
Kano
But man it took some lemon
squeeze's, just to split your
mango
My down bitch, never count to
counterfeit
Cuz' you know the real from
fake, I had to learn some shit
Before I ever thought of rap, I
had a pound to get
And the piece is steel, I never
thought I see a mill

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