

## Game

### "The Ocean"

Visit "[The Ocean](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Tryna' find the ocean) It's over here  
(Tryna' find the ocean) Yeah, it's to the left  
(Tryna' find the ocean)  
Cause we ain't hard to find, follow the sunshine  
(Fuckin' everywhere  
Do you know where to find me, right under that palm  
tree island)

I'm goin', goin'  
Take a flight like a motherfuckin' Boeing  
Aftermath, and faggot like you ain't knowin'  
We stack Bentleys, drive fast cars  
And fuck with multiple minages  
Livin' the largest, nigga we heartless  
How could you blame us?  
Crooked cops, they frame us  
They mad cause I'm more famous than Amos, right?  
Taking cookies from these rookies could be  
dangerous, right?  
Salute your motherfucking city of them Angels, right!  
That entertain the life, that ain't the life that we livin'  
Most of my niggas is better off in prison  
Wishin', missing  
They fuckin' kids, man, they fuckin' wife, man  
The double meaning only caught up with that white  
man  
Turn off the lights, man, put up the lights, man  
Let 'em know we still got it for the right price, man  
And you could disappear for the right price, man  
This the left culture, best know everybody get lost just...

(Tryna' find the ocean) It's over here  
(Tryna' find the ocean) Yeah, it's to the left  
(Tryna' find the ocean)  
Cause we ain't hard to find, follow the sunshine  
(Fuckin' everywhere)  
Where the beaches? Where the bitches?  
You know, right here, so come on in

Well, I'm gone man  
They out of Goose, get Patron then

Can't sell it, move it by the zone and  
The money talk, only conversate with grown men  
The paper real basic, like the birds that get flown in  
California hotties, like furniture in my lobby  
Where I'm from, don't you know? Nigga, drinkin' ain't a  
hobby  
I'm bi-coastal, nigga don't make me go postal  
You know I keep the Glock 9 comfy in my holster  
I'm supposed to ride roasters  
Sip bottles on Louis coasters  
Feed bitch niggas to the vultures  
What, you mad cause I'm back with the doc?  
Money, alongside the yacht  
Diamonds inside of my watch, ballin'  
We all live playin' poker with this rap shit  
Game time chips on the table, you know how I get  
Hundred thousand Benz  
Million dollar checks  
Lookin' on my city, kinda hard when you standin'  
through the clouds and...

(Tryna' find the ocean) It's over here  
(Tryna' find the ocean) Yeah, it's to the left  
(Tryna' find the ocean)  
Cause we ain't hard to find, follow the sunshine  
(Fuckin' everywhere  
Do you know where to find me, right under that palm  
tree island)

Whenever you touchdown in Cali, be prepared  
Cause niggas there, might put your life on the line  
Put your life on the line  
Put your life on the line  
Put your life on the line  
If you wonderin' where I be  
You know where to find me  
I'll be right by that ocean  
Don't get it twisted  
It's the fuckin' pacific  
Come and see, I be right by that ocean

From comin' to follow that order  
Understood? We comin' from the water  
From comin' to follow that order  
Understood? We comin' from the water  
(?)  
(Tryna' find the ocean  
Tryna' find the ocean  
Tryna' find the ocean)

