

Game

"They Don't Want None"

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[Featuring: Shyne & Pharrell]

Far as dough, I'm stuffed with cash, popping like fuckle tags
Rappin' in Belize, Louis Vuitton duffle bags
Guess who home, my nigga Shyne
Straight out the brick house to a brick house
Money flowin' like it's Chris Dale
Shine on it swiss styles, I'm hood as Kid Styles
My Clair Bomber jacket perfect for the pit stop, it is now
You boys don't want none, release on the blood Glock
They here by, they go numb
Goin' plan no. 1 with the gang no. 2
Start track no. 3 back to ypee MV
(Gots the chill) While I stack a mill to the ceiling
Ten gangstas outside, meeting gangstas in the building
One nigga can't stop this motherfuckin' killin'
Hell on earth of repercussion, the blood is spelt on my children
Cowboys and Indians, motherfuck the pilgrims
Infiltrate my squad near every cat buildin'

(They don't want none)
Don't make a nigga pull Glocks in the shots
Spin that black ghost around the block
(They don't need none)
We got pills for days
Give a bitch chills and thrills for days
Know I mean?
(Let 'em have some)
Ace of Spades by the fountains
Cush by the ounces, mill on the mountains
(In a week I'm)
We bringin' the fuck
Yo B, let 'em know
Money Gang uh

Fish out the cooker, bein' busy for the pussy
In the kitchen with the cook of blood yea, then you rough us

You fuckin' hookers, y'all a bunch of Ashton Kutcher's
With the finger tag backs, you ain't jackin' that
Yo Game, I'm laughin' at these cop who turned shote
us

Imagine that, you're mad a fuckin' life happen at
You's the only one there, I swear
Stuck the blood clot cryin'
I'm in Belize with Game when these shots fired in this
silence
Y'all motherfuckaz singin'
I've see the paperwork, you a fuckin' pigeon, no kisses
Count cloud to the ceilin'
George Jackson shit, Vic, Vag, Vellin
Hopin' every cell they creepin'
County fuckin' with me, I'm the best livin'

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Check it, what the blood clot?
Nigga blood got Ferrari's and Lambo's parked outside
the drug spot
Survived five shots, you know that
When bitch niggas died, they cried
Cause they had to pay for that
Payers took it, where the blow at?
I just won a hundred racks on blackjack and you know
I'm 'bout to blow that
They don't make real niggas where you from
Sick 45, I'm 'bout to finger fuck the trigga till them
hollows come
Talk shit? Swallow one
You fuckin' move me
I disrespect niggas like in old Italian movies
I'm sayin', I live, you ready
I come in the restaurant with my shirt off and spit in
your fuckin' spaghetti sauce
Boss, my pocket's fatter than my nigga Ross
Wipe this milkatrone off my mouth with my Louis glove

Understand?
I'm a California felon
Bust your cerebellum, skateboard go and tell 'em

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