

Game "Too Much"

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I'm from the old hood, somethin' like your hood
Where *** don't know good
Or know Suge, but the *** good
So we rock it like Tracy McGrady
Send it to Houston in a gray Mercedes

I'm a product of my environment, grew up in the '80s
So that mean, me, Kanyezy and Young Jeezy, all ***
babies
And it's evident my flow is heaven sent
First LP on the same shelf as the veterans

I can't be *** like a ***
I'm to hip hop what Cartoon is to Mexicans
I'm a artist, never claimed to be the hardest
Just number one since B.I.G. and 'Pac departed

Nate ridin' with me, Snoop ridin' with me
All you other *** used to be good like Ken Griffey
I'm on fire like the tip of a ***
On fire like a *** that let it drip for a month

I'm a *** you can *** if you want, just let it bump
Like you got Scott Storch tied up in the trunk
I'm the ice cream truck man, *** in the trunk man
*** in the trunk man, call me the front man

Too much Cris' in the club not to get drunk
Too many *** in the world not to ***
Too much *** in the studio not to roll it up
And too much bass in the trunk, so let it bump

You look like you mad as *** but who cares?
Grabbin' her by the arm 'cause she stare
Don't know how much attention you pay
You better be ready to die in this game

I thought I told y'all I'm done with the beef, clown
My son three now
And I've been watchin' Dre so long, I'm makin' beats
now
Game on the rebound like Ben Wallace in the D-Town

I mean Chi-Town, *** it, it can go down

*** I spit the whole round, fo' plus fo' pounds
*** this the Wild Wild West, call it a showdown
And I'm Billy the Kid 'til they split my wig
I come back from the dead, tell 'em *** me again

Put my head on the ***, dare a ****
I'm gangsta, took more *** than Tookie
I'm alive, so I'ma take a Patron shot for Tookie
Roll a California *** and keep watchin' the movie

Inspired by this *** since I was two
I brought the West Coast back, what the *** you do?
I'm the ice cream truck man, *** in the trunk man
*** in the trunk man, call me the front man

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Drive fast, both hands on the dash
Close both of your eyes and hope that you don't crash
It's lyrical homicide, both airbags out
Roll the *** windows down, let the bass out

*** drop the top on whatever in
*** let your ponytail blow in the wind
Inhale the *** blow out dollar signs
*** you could drive a Bentley if only in your mind

Four doors, leather and wood
Ride like I got a horse stable under my hood
And I keep a chrome *** under my hood
So if I die, *** bury me under my hood

Who had the hottest *** in the game, wearin' they
chain?
Mr. H to the Izzo, Nas and Hurricane
Long as my family straight, read this at my wake
I gave 'em 'The Documentary' and they scraped the
plate

Twenty magazine covers, *** look at his fate
I cannot, will not ever be replaced

'Coz I'm the ice cream truck man, *** in the trunk man
*** in the trunk man, call me the front man

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Too many *** in the world not to ***
Too much *** in the studio not to roll it up
And too much bass in the trunk, so let it bump

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Don't know how much attention you pay
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He wolfin' a lot of *** he look scared
You can't find your girl, she right here
I'm not a bad dream, I'm a nightmare
'Sides there's way too many *** in here

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