

## Game

### "When My Niggas Come Home"

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[Hook:]

Ain't no other nigga here real as my dude  
He used to throw money like this (whew!)  
Honey what ya lookin' at? Ain't no need to guess it  
Stand over here, you about to be a legend  
When my nigga comes home  
We gon' party til six in the mon'  
When my nigga come home  
We gon' pop champagne 'til it's gone  
I tell you, when my nigga come home  
We gon' celebrate!  
Lobster, shrimp, Roscoes and steak  
When my nigga come home  
He can have any damn thing that he want

[Verse 1:]

I got a nigga locked up for about a knot of money  
He did nine years, be home before I finish this blunt  
I just bought a ounce of skunk  
Me and my nigga bout to go hard, like when LeBron  
dunk  
We ridin' high, like southern niggas in the dump  
Errybody and they mama know UGK in the trunk  
(What's in the backseat?) North Cadillac freaks  
And the shit we be smokin' could melt the Mac off they  
cheeks  
Then we headed to that magic city, he ain't seen no ass  
and titties  
In about a decade, these hoes about to get paid  
They took him to the back, I ain't seen his ass in two  
hours  
Two time felon taken a shower in the motherfuckin'  
strip club

[Hook:]

Inhale, inhale  
Blow it out, blow it out  
Inhale, inhale  
Blow it out, blow it out

[Verse 2:]

When my nigga come home, that's on everything I got  
him

You know why? Cause we was like that, and we came  
from the bottom

You know how many bitches I was mad that I took  
Cause I couldn't throw up the hood, the police had me  
shook

And all he wanted was a super head's book  
So I sent it cause I meant it, now the clothes is for  
crooks (?)

And ya girl? She fine as a motherfucker  
Told you she cheated on you? She was lyin' like a  
motherfucker

When you went in, we was dreamin' about the tre  
Now it's four door flyin' spur, with Killafornia plates  
Remember when we was in the spot, writin' to them Dre  
beats?

Now I'm fuckin' with some nerds, chattin' with  
Skateboard P

Remember when we was hard

Sayin' to each other nothin' rippin' us apart

Now a nigga ballin' and you sittin' in the yard

But you comin' home to the Ferrari and a card, max  
that motherfucker out

[Hook: ]

Inhale, inhale

Blow it out, blow it out

Inhale, inhale

Blow it out, blow it out

[Verse 3:]

One thing you can count on when you touch down

You gon' have it all, laid out, everything is paid out

Comin' home eventually, in the penitentiary

The homies like to mention me, cause I looks out  
essentially

Big Reese Cup, J Dog and Trey-D

Young Joe Dog, Scotty Boy, NYC

(?)

Blue put me on the set, nigga, it's twenty Crips

My cousin' Flip been locked up for twenty five

And Trey-Lo? He's a real twenty-Crip for life

And if I mention your name, you know the business cuz

When you get it, you know we livin' it up

[Hook: ]

Inhale, inhale

Blow it out, blow it out

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