

Gilbert O'sullivan

"Early in the Game"

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[Intro - Freeway]

Uh oh! Uh oh! Another one {bites the dust}

Uh oh! Uh oh! Another one {bites the dust}

Make Free and I'll fuck you up, you up!

[Verse 1 - Freeway]

I'm with the NAAM Brigade so warn your boys
you better, arm your boys

I snatch don't go and get paid

I crack eggos, break gats down like Legos

Bring 'em home for toys

Mami bitch roll on my woods

If you can't roll through the hood

Play like Snoop Dogg and lay low

Go peep Rambo, on five-eight

and them two door eight-five-o like its nine tray

My dough, my flow heavyweight

hit stages, rock mics pull dykes

Every state--wait, can't forget where I'm from

Dump narcotics, grip nines rock Nikes

Everyday me and Sonny Black roll with the K

Flip ya Cadillac, bloody you lay (what the beat say?)

Another one (bites the dust)

Don't make Freeway fuck you up!

Shoot up your way!

[Chorus: Rambo + Freeway]

[Rambo] We got the streets on smash

Clubs on smash; chicks we gon' smash (early in the
game)

[Freeway] And we got flows, who want drama?

We got gats leave bullet holes in cats

[Rambo] We got the charts on smash

and yo' click trashed; act up and get smashed (early in
the game)

[Freeway] And we got hoes, who's your sister?

We got caps leave chickens with pecks (early in the
game)

[Verse 2 - Meek Millz]

Chicks the ing bars to minimum

Niggas see me start trembelin
Head shots I'm sendin them
Serve niggas like Wimbeldon
I'm thug got you feminene
I tuck more shit than Eminem
Blaze baretta bullets I like beats from Timbaland
Niggas see me say thats him again
He all about them benjamins
Tried to change my ways but God know I'm gon' sin
again
Smokin drinkin gin again
Bad bitches, got ten of them
Cop two trucks got ten in them
Cop coke off Dominican
Blaze my mac 10 again
Hot lead I put it into them
Blood rush my adrenaline
Ain't tryin to see the bin again
Killin all y'all men and them
To hell is where I'm sendin them
Caskets is what I'm endin them
Forever they gon' live in them
Any nigga thats scared of em
or any fuckin friend of them
I send your ass to visit him
Dressed in that suit and lizards skins
Now look at all this shit you in
You know you wadn't fit to win
M-Dot, who hot?
You know I come to get it in

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Sonny Black]

If that block used to get paper
Then throw that work on it
Broady your flow ain't shit
You need to work on it
Fat asses hit em hard from the back
It hurt don't it?
And that nigga got what in the stash?
Went right on it
Playa that money talk
Gats'll make 'em sumersault, like gymnastics
When the mac spit, you'll lay in caskets
Y'all only hot for a minute
We makin classics, got mad clips
and we get through metal detectors, gats is plastic
I'm a thug, raised around drugs and niggas that don't
have shit
Wherever the clubs at, my homies gon' crash it

1:45 roll in with somethin early
that go in smashin 'em
We don't keep hammers for nothin
We gon' be blastin 'em
You know that slogan
"True playa from the Himilyah"
Hit her for years and I never had to spend or pay her
Names is ringin, niggas is singin
Waist line on the wrist playa, it can change the season

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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