

## **Gino Vanelli**

### **"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 summersault, 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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