

Keith Marshall

"D-Game"

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Chorus:

What's up playa? You looking slick with that
Hundred G chain with the bracelet to match
Check this out here whodi lay on the ground
For I show your clown ass how the hot boys sound
They going click click blow, blow click click blow,
Click click blow, blow click click blow
Click click blow, blow click click blow
Click click blow, blow that's my style

Verse 1:

Popping wit terror take it straight to guns
Or we could keep it corporate give up your block and
run
Too much paper here to try and count my ones
Over here cross me our hollow wall is young
For our haters on the streets tryin to measure my blow
If you've seen the new whip know they add nine 0's
Now I'm up to 2 bricks, a seventy two 0's
If you counting by the whips than it's eight different
flows
I'm heavy luva, with the diamonds and broads
Too heavy luva, with the cocaine and cars
And what I hop in, it's my option
To shift the mash quit tryin to get in the dash

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Verse 2:

Now if it's on with the bricks and the bag BABY
You come short, I'm a bust your head BABY
They name a dope man whodi
Yeah that's me, I'm out that 5-0-4 plus that C-P-3

Give me an ounce and I'ma flip it to a brick figga
You got my scratch, if you snitching you a trick figga
Hit the pen, you probably gonna be a misfigga
So here's a glock for your chest I mean your tits trigga

Imagine, all the bricks in the projects smeared with
cocaine

I be the richest young soldier in this rap game
All my money come in armor trucks
More cars, more houses, more freaks to pluck
You wasn't work, when I was local playa
I'm worldwide, you haters can't take it you petrified
Then let me lose after I reveal thuggin with p
It's no limit till I die y'all can't get with me

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Verse 3:

I don't like violence but ha that's no shy logic
Don't like material stuff either, but sho got a lot of it
Just to make money off tha street na, I make it off the
beat
Walk my rott off the leash right off the beach
Talking shit I'ma big spinner so I don't really talk to
much
Got guns, really big ones, think rap softens us up
See I love my fans but I don't love them haters
I don't really like the fame much dog
But I show love to paper uh-huh
I want something bigger cause I love the dough
Niggas talk shit, Shaq's out
Leave them looking like Mugsy Bogues
Zoom Zoom, 1100's I still ride it slow
Not the type that's gonna floss
But I ain't gonna hide it though
Learn the game from my big brother
C-E-O now, Made Man, Shocker well..C-E-O sounds
We the type dog, go to sleep, wake up and ball
You know what's up what us
Now what's up with y'all, uh-ha

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