

Conway Twitty

"Game 4 Sale"

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Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale
Nobody knows
Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale
Shit nobody knows, knows, knows
Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale
See nobody knows
Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale
We got game for sale

[Verse 1]

How I do it, I put this spunk right into it
Act like I never knew ya, blast and run right through ya
Bust ya in the head with something
Bet ya my nigga we ain't playin'
Break the safe and start payin'
I got whatever ya need, big faces
For dollars I'm chasin' if I want it I take it
Ain't no mystery or no myth when I'm takin' ya shit
And you'll be history just dead in a ditch
Young Daz the assassin I hold it down for my crown
Huh, I lay it down for the whole Dogg Pound
How that sound, a nigga playin' me out
Ya get pound with no doubt we bustin' ya mouth
Young nigga

[Hook]

All I wanna do is put my hands on some dough
Reach in my pocket and everybody on the floor
See around my neighborhood nobody knows
What niggas might do to put they hands on some
dough
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Peep game

[Verse 2]

On a street train pushin' my thoughts, we got hustle
For the right price hittin' the lab we got buckles
Tech notes, look at me slow with face won't
Project game travel to city
We take over ya mind frame
Do some things ya can't did
We made men, complete with cash ya can't spend
Mind balls, but not that mind ya used to
The new crew, hard knock life we too cool
We made that, we call strikes from way back
And take that, cell phone calls they can't track
Face slaps, see this shit from roof tops
When the drought here, can't outrun the two cops
The foot work spot and move we cop them dues
Keep the big face in they socks and shoes
Raised by old timers and laced with old game
Bait and switch partner and take the whole thing

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Hey yo, hey yo
All I wanna do is put my hands on some Benjis
Drink Remy Martin until it's empty
Slap twenty-twos on the Bentley
It's niggas like you who been tryin' for centuries
We'll still touch em' like Ren and Stimpy
The train still rockin' big body Benzy in a frenzy
Pocket full of stones like Pimp C on ya ten speed
Don't tempt me, niggas layed up with the semi for ten
G's
I'm simply rock for the block and penitentiaries
It's red dream shit and "Thug Lord" shit
Take them niggas to park quick, make em' forfeit
This the ayatollah, the number one spot holder
Glad ya glock sewed up, take the rap and it's over
Told ya I'm the tightest motherfucker upon em'
Dustin' em' all and fuck y'all niggas suck balls
And I buck y'all with my niggas Ball and Daz dilly
Fingerprint the mac milli and slap his ass silly

[Verse 4]

I was a ho wet dream, a broke bitch nightmare
Serve her game before we start the affair
Mac usually never bless no squares
Suckers say yo prayers and have mine when I get there

Plus I use a M-5 for you to get yo live
Mr. Jesus ho gave yo about loot
Niggas bossin' for that chastity and game too
Cops dis and out front y'all few
That's out, so every motherfuckin' sentence count
I shook the game butt naked and made it work my
route
Make my name taste like a glock nine in ya mouth
Make a name, hang out with Roger Trout boss game,
535 stash
Independent and Mac owned, I leave the sahde trees
alone
Man I'm about to have this shit sewn
Dillinger and Yuk and nigga now I'm three
Cut up and smash on they ass with no apology

[Verse 5]

I got heat for you niggas, speed for you niggas
Thought I couldn't come with official game
It ain't for play, I ain't playin'
Take the dollar squad name
I split duck and hit toke and take this to the brain
Fool I do the damn thing, I bust so tremendous
So what's at stake for those that fake and hate
Old niggas have to deal with little
Followin' fetti trails I head to the ghetto
Doin' dirt in the gritty ghetto
It's young T-Bone stackin' P
I bet a grand, standin' next to me is Samuel C.
I'm Everclear a hundred proof and I'm hard to drink
My Ph is like ya throwin' a case
This game is for sale

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