

Crowded House

"Game for Sale"

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[Verse 1]

I'm from the home where the niggas push tapes out the trunk
And make movies with they lunch money filmin' out trucks
Independent rap movin' tapes like crack
Got em' hooked on this West Coast rap, we got stacks
Adapts and M-P-Cs and mic chords
Thug shit, something we on and fight for
Bring it all together and start with group ten
All the homies on the block is my distribution
Cheap for staff, keep the heat and cash
No matter the situation hit the gas and dash
We got it locked door, copped mo' niggas from the block so
You can't fuck with this, we got scripts

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

[Verse 2]

Show me right, I don't know whether rhyme or write
Then hit you with the shit ya don't like
Me and my nigga's game be trunk tight

We down to blast on sight
Hit a nigga with the infrared light
So when we see his family we know it's on on site
It don't matter, young nigga get down evry night
Holdin' bitch nigga wifey up for the right price
Give me a couple of cakes and I'll the bitch escape

[Verse 3]

All I wanna do is get rich, stack my chips
Slap a bitch if she think that shit sick
Only fuckin' with niggas that keep it real in the game
I ain't fuckin' with you suckers tryin' to hate on my
name
It's simple and plain, I'm sick in the brain
Quick to explain, you know, I don't give a dang
I'ma ride this motherfucker till the wheels fall off
I'm a hustlin' bitch that can't take no loss

[Verse 4]

And it's Kurupt, the real close, nigga become ya folk
When ya fall out over dope money and coke money
Ain't shit funny, niggas kill for the quick money
It's real in the shady world of fake and falsey
Nigga don't dare to cross me I'm a jewel in the game
And you's a fool in the game without a tool in the game
End up catchin' a slug to the brain
I warned you once
Now them same niggas that's plottin'
Is them same niggas you smokin' blunts with
Hope you still while I'm sick of this shit
I spent a lot of nights tryin' to plant blunts for a lick
Couldn't go through with it cause of a guilty conscience
Many mobsters say they real but they really imposters
Money I don't got a lot of, a lot of
Get ya money and try to do right in the game
Ain't about to the gang
Walk up out of the game, we make mail nigga
For the right price we got game for sale nigga

[Hook]

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