

Popa Wu "Who's Got Game?"

Visit "[Who's Got Game?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Don Chulo]

Yo, Don Chulo (that nigga got a problem with the Don Chulo)

Les Ness, 2 G's (got, you heard)

Flatbush, Park Side, 225 (what?)

[Don Chulo]

Why I feel like I been thru this before?

Dé—?vu, ya still want more?

Have it your way, we'll skip the foreplay

Down on all fours, guess who gettin fucked today

Fucked on your royalties, fucked on your event

Fucked on your deal, and this is your very last chance

So now we gotta take it back to the streets

By this son, you know I mean back to the heats

Back to knowin this beef, knowin that nothin is sweat

My click got eatin you food, leavin nothin to eat

Come thru, tear it out, nothin but Jeeps

Leavin nuthin to retaliate, nothin to creep

Game's over, it's a sweep, and I'm the MVP

Snatchin awards and applauds on MTV

No need to wonder why y'all envy me

The Don C., now y'all see who the Don be

[Chorus: Don Chulo]

Yo who got game nigga? Yo what's my name nigga?

The Don Chulo, ain't shit change

I continue to reign, but the bitch is the cocaine

Take a blast of this and watch it num the brain

Yo who got game nigga? Yo what's my name nigga?

The Don Chulo, ain't shit change

Knowledge to minister, Chulo the migraine

Know I return to continue my reign

[Don Chulo]

Yo, hold up, hold up, let's back this shit up

You, you and you, yo pack ya shit up

Yo I'm pushin weight while you crackin the sit ups

Don't make you lean you hit up, till you spit up

Quadriplegic, need help just to get up

While I'm shy like the skyline with all the buildings lit up

Don't be bitter, son take it like a man

Take it like the cracker did to Cherokee's land
And when you wake up tomorrow, I'mma still be the
man
I'mma still be the cat, you gotta come to the grams
Stay stackin my grands, in the Benji
Smokin large amounts of censi, boy don't tempt me
To let my clear cinque siete, spit until it's empty
Hold that, give it back, like it's some shit you lent me
Don't take it personal, 'cause this was meant to be
The best, is how they gon mention me
From now until the end of the century

[Chorus]

[Don Chulo]

It's that head banger shit, drug slanger shit
Years of anger shit, now it's some danger shit
Got ya body divided, with no remainder shit
You can't change the shit
I'm movin so fast that you can't aim and shit
This is my game kid, don't you forget it
If you do it, boy, will you regret it
Be somebody gets deaded, yo, I guess ya can see
where this headed
The analytical, lyrical, seven, syndical, biblical,
reverend
Alpha, omega, beginning, the ending
So what I reap, so I'm cheap, no borrowin or lending
'cause once you burn bridges, there is no mendin
I'm the king of mi casa, with me you can't prosper
Chulo dilomite doctor, fuck with no hosta
Blastin vangoda, stay away from the yada yada
Keep my mind on nada but the chadda

[Chorus]

[Outro: Don Chulo]

Yo, for real all ya playa hatin ass niggas
Yo this 225, Bronx style, Flatbush nigga what
BK representin, Les Ness, my nigga Self, Lady Raw
The whole Flatbush Crew, BK in general the click nigga
This how we put shit down, what?

Visit [Popa Wu](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.