

The Game

"400 Bars"

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Heeyo drama
We bout to burn the muthafucking streets up with this
shit
Breakfast club
I want to welcome everybody to the muthafuckin rap
room
This aint a mixtape
This is life!

Its been a long time get me accuainted with the world
famous
You know how 0 point my aim is
Long range snipers, clash of the titans chrome python
In this 300 like lee knightis
Snob in the bulbllegoose, riding down the interstate
Where fiend put them needles in they arm and let them
penetrate
Leaning sideways with my fitted straight
With 27's on point, the paintjob are new york minute
made

Check my armor no clouds in my stones

Projects ringin standing by the cornerstore
Two glock on me, bang bang its the wanted war
That was so fly, now we bought anotha store
Screaming out thug life pouring belve on ya heart
Money I'm involved with it, wake up and ball with it
Kobe can song with it, uncut raw with it
Chop bricks take trips ot,
We before I had a goatee, I used to bag the OC

Yeah, fish scale nigga, what up ghost this

Stashin by the old tree, moving by coke leaf
Drama let the lama lick niggas like Charles Oaklee
Nigga dont assult me, I banana boat b r c k esses
And stuck em in a lexus
Im sitting fat like Preciouse, Christ up on the necklace
And I keep them clipse on a dresser

Yes sir, I'm bout bar, Louis bag and fuck em all
Bitches money and fast car, nigga I want it all

Yeah, word to my kids nigga, I want it all

Nascar game, why the fuck will I starr
Im the franchise nigga, Chris fucking Paul
Empty out the caNNON hit ya bitch you the truck and AR
With drop twohundred thousand and then fuck it off
King of the hell got em done bitch cut raw
She begged the last nigga, on as if she suckin soft

Black Superman, yeah I'm a butter law
I put this hollowtip on quarter inch you broken jaw
ER be fucking strong

Blindfold your bitch toss her in the trunk
After the first 48 that bitch smelling like a skunk
Its a rap, I rap, when I rap the punk
Dont be any game mind you on tellin rap the bunks
The breakfast club nigga no capitain crunch,
This for my dog niggas that eat cats for lunch
Im hungry like I aint trapped in months
So nigga actin stunt my glock packed a punch

Or have em catch em when send the pinebox

Leave your head wrapped up months, while I passed
the blunt
To my niggas, we all rocked out whats up jiggas
Sometimes I be in B K, with Fab on the freeway
Lincoln continental and I copped it off on ebay
I pop champ like its my b day, force power
Under my hood like its an olympic relay
My Flow Rida on time, no delay
I rais a million dollars send it off to CHILE

Word to my red cross, I dont fuck with redcross

Im all mad nigga EA, I'm in VA
Money talks with Dre and Pharrell on threeway
Them 28's thats my dj they spinning shit
When I took trips OT, I never winning shit
I just drop then cop, and then I tennis shit
Diddy and mike, yes, I'm All About The Benjamins
In there for the benefits I be down in ten on six
Tell em get me a porterhouse, and some ass to bind it
in

Dam that was good, but I'm still hungry

And I'm living it, I be out in venice shit
They say weezy jobbed, nigga I'm on my bidness shit
They say Drake Lebron, I'm on my Moe Williams shit
If T.I.P is kobe then fuck it, I'm Derek Fissccher shit
Long as I'm on the starting five I'ma get it in
Cause I promised the city of Compton I would get it in
I was outcasted andre, benjamin
Now I slide through in my dominican woman friend

She like putting on sinners in, yeah

You sip me hills, expensive whines perril sell
It aint tricking, I just spend money on cheap thrills
Big phantoms, sweet wheels
Back see like a club make them bitches eat pills
Take patrone shots to the purse with chrome glock
Jay Electronica, this a dome shot
So I had to steal it, nigga I had the killin
I was the turtle when the waist I make the rabbit feelin

Yea keep wantin nigga

Houseing by the subway, fillin through the projects
Come to the mucialago or for an object
Number one prospect, the day that I was drafted
Aftermath matic unkeashed the fucking bastard
Dont respect none of you niggas get in the castket
Talking ratchets, never touched a fucking automatic
Drama this is tragic, put it in the plastic
88 bars an running, throw it whith my other classics

Drama you should have warned these niggas, I'm bout
to killem

Yeah trash baggin, this is crack
And I know you been feenin for this, come get your
packs
I do it for the music nigga, fuck them placks
Aint on no beef shit, but its still fuck the rats
And when I'm in New York, I set a bunch of traps
Put the g's where they can see it, and if you stunt, you
clap
Catch em in the club, thats when I stomp em flat
Nigga get up after that, go get a fucking bat

I tell you bout this fucking rats

They even snitch and bend over to catch
No matter how you look at it I hate fucking rats
Get my bottle of Ciroc and I twist the cat
Sit back watch the nba play or some rolla back

Real fat, yeah, all I do is stack bread
In the hood on the war like a fucking fathead
Two nines on your back one sack, yeah
This my block and you niggas cant trap here

Unlkess you wanna get clapped here, head wrapped
yeah

Im killing niggas, I should have a hundret tattes
Celebrate your death, toast bottles and clap beers
Its gon be a cold summer, come through like burr
The red phantom bullshittin, the 25 steeb curbes
The B S H just blaze in this muthafucka
The cars outside, the caves in this muthafucka
I should let off a couple straighs in this muthafuck
Fuck that. kinda get laid in this muthafuck

Yo, tell your friends to get wit my friends

Yeah, meet me in the parking lot, license plate
aftermath
Between me now and fuck 50, wouldnt snitch for halve
his cash
If he wastn such a bitch, nobody woulde have to blast
Still his down in jacksonville, dont make me have to rap
your jack
Cause I rather be in Saint Tropez and packin bag
With bitches dat speak French, how you say, catch a
cab
I dont trip Euros, I dont trip Pounds
Im balling ball bitches, till I knock em all down

Like the 93 Pac, I Get Aroud

Cuffles by the staircase, crack bottle backdoor
Navigate my way down to the south, I used to trap hoe
Harlem way to Queensbidge moving packs yo
Might have lost a couple friend, but I got my gat though
Blast foes, my rap goes can never stop my cash flow
Had a Nike box of hundreds, when I was in that RAV4
But now I pull up in the truck with the crash board
With the mag low, get you antyhing you ask for

Sometimes I can be a fucking asshole

In the bake with my mask on, look at this nigga ayyon
Dont take your fucking mask off, bitch empty out the
cah draw
We on a suicide mission, but we dont give fuck
Cause if we make it out, bigger house bigger truck
Im in a strip club with a glock, nigga what

Give me your bitch, she got a cuter face and bigger
butt
I aint gon do shit but pour champagne on her
Hit her from the back and watch half of the laker game
on her

Dont put the back on, too many cunt stains on it

When to train on her, call carl toon
Have em tatoos my name on her, Star Trek 2
You know what, fuck it atftermath too
Put a little smoke around it then take it home and
pound it
Helicopter outside, nigga I'm surrounded
Have spot in the jungles till the fuckin feds found
Mama your son got a public announcement
I got 5 million in the walls and the couches

Dont make me think about we got camels dogs and
guns

Aks pompey, he was there he can vouch it
Throw it in the trashcan on some oscar the grouch shit
A bunch of green popped out is, tiime to revouse shit
Settle down the Mississippi got her down south click
And my niggas like, we aint know all about this
And any nigga ever snitch, got his fuckin mouth fixed
You get 25, he get his fucking throat slid
Cut em like filet mignon and throw em off the boat
bitch

Feed em to the shark then dock the yacht

Oil in the water, damn the ocean so thick
Time to finish off this niggas on some trench coat shit
Its a drug war, real life, Grand Theft
Catch you in the streets fuck you up and hit your man
next
Come through off some retarded shit, just grand text
Where my dogs at, tellem I crazier then DMX
Lazier then chinese eyes, when I'm puffin that
Blueberry, I aint talking with a muffun sack

Roll up the sauer d's well if you want em nigga

I split open the dutch, then I'm stuffin that
You should get a fight with California, come fuck with
that
Thats all you, go ahead, hop in the truck with that
Take it down in Cashville and hit Young Buck with that
Dont bring nuthin' back boarder patrol cuffin that

I aint trying see the pen, and have to get my knuckles
wrapped
I wake up real owly, keep lunchin fags
Its real easy, you rap niggas my punchin bag

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