

## **The Game**

### **"Ali Bomaye"**

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[Intro: Game]

Get my people out them chains nigga  
I mean handcuffs, time to man up  
Put my hands up? Fuck you sayin' bruh  
Cause I'm a black man, in a Phantom  
Or is it cause my windows tinted  
Car cost 300 thou' and I blow Indo in it  
You mad cause your daughter fuck with me on spring  
break  
Well, I'm a fuck her 'til the springs break

[Verse 1: 2 Chainz]

Yeah Roll another one cause I'm winnin  
And my four door looking real photogenic  
Jam 'em on the tire, in threads that won't expire  
I'm in a class of my own, my teacher got fired  
Money getting long, pussy rate keep rising  
Versace outfit cost me 3, 000  
From the P houses, did it from the weak hours  
Selling that chicken no lemon pepper, no sweet and  
sour  
First you get the power, then you get respect  
I'm getting so much money I can buy ya bitch  
Take it how you wanna, if you wanna take it  
I like clubs where all the women working naked  
Fell in love with a waitress what the fuck I'm thinking  
Bought that ho a ring it was for her pinky  
Uhn, that's pimpin' that's slick  
Got a bottle of cologne that cost more than your rent

[Verse 2: Game]

Fuck y'all mad at me for  
Got a black car, and a black phantom  
With a white bitch in Idaho, I do the same thing in  
(Montana)  
Got a thick bitch in Atlanta, got a redbone in the Chi  
Got two chains, they two-tone, two hundred racks, no  
lie (true)

Ali Bomaye! Ali Bomaye!  
I'm bout to rumble in the jungle in these new Kanye's  
Ali Bomaye! Ali Bomaye!  
My lawyer threw them gloves on and beat another case  
Fuck y'all mad at me for, cause my belt got two G's on  
it  
Her belt got two C's on it, my daughter's stroller got D's  
on it  
Free Big Meech, Free Boosie and C-Murder  
Like New Orleans, like Baltimore, come to Compton  
you'll see murders  
And my AR see murders, that's beef nigga no burgers  
I'm insane and you Usain, nigga better turn on them  
burners  
Got [?], bitch [?]  
Got dope to sell in this hotel, no half price, no retail  
You a bitch nigga, no female, I smack niggas, Sprewell  
I'm on the block like D 12, I got the white, no D-12  
Like a little nigga in Africa, I was born toting that K  
And that's real shit, no Will Smith, and no [?]  
But they yellin'...

[Hook: Game]

Ali Bomaye! Ali Bomaye!  
Thank God that a nigga seen another day  
Ali Bomaye! Ali Bomaye!  
Got a chopper and a bottle fuck it let 'em spray

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

I take my case to trial, hire the Dream Team  
Robbie Kardashian, Johnnie Cochran, I seen things  
I dream big, I think sharp  
Inhale smoke, Hawaiian tree bark  
Humble yourself, you not a G, keep it one with yourself  
Run to niggas for help, favors I keep one on the shelf  
I got rifles with lasers, swing it just like the majors  
Hit you right above navel, now you swimming in  
pavement  
Gold medals on my neck, I call it Michael Phelps  
Hoes settling for less, I call 'em bottom shelf  
Niggas tough on them blogs and never did nothing at  
all  
On the road to the riches, bitches not tagging along

[Verse 4: Game]

Unless it's ass in a thong, hit that ass and I'm gone  
Disrespect my nigga Boss and I'm flashing the chrome  
I'm waving the Tec, Tity spraying the Mac  
Extendos in the back, gonna lap [?]

Got a bitch that look like Laila Ali sitting in my lap  
Got a call from Skateboard, pick 'em up at Lax  
Speaking skateboards, where Tune at?  
Fuck with him, I'll break a skateboard on a nigga back  
2 Chainz!

[Verse 5: 2 Chainz and Game]

Skateboard on a nigga track  
No lie, No Lie already got a plaque  
Mama got a house, daughter got accounts  
Just to think a nigga like me started with a ounce  
Bad bitches and D-boys, we bring 'em out  
If them niggas pussy, we douche 'em, we clean 'em out  
This the voice of ghetto intelligence, if you got work  
Go to work the work at your residence...  
... For presidents  
Word to Muhammad, that triple beam is heaven-sent  
Riding through the jungles in that muthafuckin'  
elephant  
That's a gray ghost, with the ears on it  
Swimming through the hood like it got fins on it (Tell  
'em!)  
You know I got that work on the foreman grill  
Weigh the muthafuckas in, made another mill'  
Got a nigga feeling like Cassius Clay  
Thrilla in Manilla, nigga want it whip his ass today

[Hook]

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