

The Game

"Amen"

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(THE GAME'S CHORUS)

There's a lot of sad people in the building, amen,
Bad men got people killing, god damn,
We gotta pray for our people children, amen,
I tell you I done let that pussy out,
So I can light them up just like a church, preach,
You let them out he getting murked, preach,
Who in prison gon' kill him first, preach,
You gon' be riding in a hearse, oh preach.

In that Maserati Tunechi, smoking on that oo-wee,
Try not to brag but I keep the cash, got 50 racks in my
Louie,
Got 40 more in my cuji, she riding round in my new me,
So the fuck to feel my jewellery on, she mad about it
bitch sue me,
Yeah she blew me, that was last week, she call
yesterday, I put her on her knees, and I let her pray,
and I kicked her out, I gotta do me,
Niggas always talking like they spit harder than Game,
I done battled Jay, I done battled Fif, and I'm still sittin'
in my ranch,
Playing battlefield with a bad bitch swerving in and out
of them lanes,
You don't like me you can kiss my ass, my pinky ring
and my chain,
I done sold records, I done so hoes, I done so weed
and 'caine,
Got the game sold up, nigga hold up down south I'm
Wayne,
Pittsburgh I'm Wiz, New York I'm Jay,
ATL I'm Andre, and in the MIA I'm Rozay,
Bitch pass the rosÃ©, I'm spazzing out, they ass is out,
I'm cashing out Ke\$ha, niggas gon' bring bad
Beemers,
Resurrect around Easter, get my check around real,
Get my Rolls Royce feet up, renew my French bitch VISA
and hit the church, preach,
Nigga so good I got a curse, preach,
I threw that Bentley in reverse, preach.

(MEEK MILL INTRO)

Preach, I just wanna thank god
For all the pretty women he let into my life
All the benjamins he left me to count
Wealth, for my family
And let me ball with these niggas

(MEEK MILL CHORUS)

Now it's a lot of bad bitches in the building (Ooh, Amen)
A couple real niggas in the building (Amen)
I'm finna kill niggas in the building (Amen)
I tell the waiter fifty bottles and she tell me say when
And I say church (Preach)
We make it light up like a church (Preach)
She wanna fuck and I say church (Preach)
Do Liv on Sunday like a church (Ahh, Preach)

(MEEK MILL VERSE)

Bottle after bottle, drink until I overdose
Pull up in the Phantom watch them bitches catch the
holy ghost
Everytime I step up in the dealer I be goin' broke
Shorty wanna fuck me I say get on top and rollercoast
And I lay back, she go cray
Fuck me good, but she no stay
Murder on that pussy let her boyfriend get that DOA
Get it? And all I get is Frito Lay
Plus I'm on probation, when they test me I just pee
Rozay
Cause last night, I went hard, Peach Ciroc, Patron and
all
Thirty racks on Magnum bottles, I think I was born to
ball
Lookin' like a million plus, fresh I'm out that corner
store
Hater I be doin' me, you guys should be doin' y'all
I'm stackin' money to the ceiling
All this ice that's in my Rollie I be chillin'
And I just made a couple million
So I could take care of them children

(MEEK MILL CHORUS)

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(DRAKE VERSE)

Just bought my niggas some cane, so much it came
with a plane
Bought my niggas some dope, so much it came with a
boat
I just bought me a crib so big it came with a moat
For niggas jumpin' the fence I hope you niggas can
float
And I just hope that I'm forgiven for carin' 'bout how
they livin'
And loanin' a little money and keepin' 'em out of prison
I ain't lyin' in my verses I'm just telling you the basics
Of growin' up with your friends and becoming the one
that made it, Yes lord!
All gold, man I got these bitches soul
Talkin' bout these other rappers getting old is even
getting old
Worry 'bout your followers, you need to get your
dollars up
Me and Meek, young niggas poppin' like our collars up
And good ain't good enough, and your hood ain't hood
enough
Spend my whole life putting on, you spend your whole
life putting up
Ain't no telling when I go, so there ain't shit that I'mma
wait for
I'm the type to say a prayer, then go get what I just
prayed for
Nigga, church

(MEEK MILL CHORUS)

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(MEEK MILL VERSE)

Lord forgive me for my sins, I'm just tryna win
And she a devil in that dress but if she knock I let her in
And if she knock I let her in
I had her up by 12 o'clock, then 3 o'clock she wet again
I'm screamin' "Oh Lord"
That pussy good, that pussy good
I'm tryin to hold on
I wish I could, you think I should?
She got that million dollar body
Shawty my Bugatti

And she said she got a man
We keep it secret illuminati
(Got Patron On deck)
And Ciroc all in my bottle
(Push it all on here)
She was on that Repressitol
(She take it all off)
And I take her off
And this bitch spinnin' like I hit the lotto

(MEEK MILL CHORUS)

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