

The Game

"Bottles And Rockin J's"

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[Dj Khaled]

Ayo Game, what they do boy
It's DJ Khaled
I got my Black and Red Jordan Retro 62s on
I'm all about gettin' money
I love glorifying my hard work
Poppin' bottles
Shit them hoes love it too
This DJ Khaled, We The Best
Ayo Game. Red Nation

[Chorus]

All I know is bottles and rockin' J's
Bottles and rockin' J's
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Winning and getting money
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[Busta Rhymes]

All I know is how to smash on everybody record and do
what I do
And make somebody have to go and get a hearse
Yo, Game I don't really give a f-ck if it's your record
And you my brother my nigga look I gotta rhyme fresh
See the way I coming, how I do the game, church
Ask somebody, you gotta know you need to get a nurse
Let me bang em with another killa, then we put a couple

bottles on the chiller
Kill em with another verse
Everybody see the way I be going and going
How I do it
Niggas the only way we know it, but then again, yes we
do
We knowing how I be banging
And every sheet that I get
All the heat I be packin;
And I show it off
With all this money you know where I'm heading
And I'm gonna get the Jordan's the patent 11 leathers
They really banging all the way down to the [?]
And I get a couple pair with all this money I be getting
And I kill em with the bounce, you see the way a nigga
steppin
And we pop bottles and we rock J's, see me reppin
Let me show you way I do it before I hit you with the
weapon
Don't be spillin' liquor all over my shit, give me a
second
Shiiiiit, anyway, see we gotta get it up, fillin bottles up
Let me [?]

[Rick Ross]

Bitches, I'm gettin money, bottles and rocking chains
Money like I'm LeBron, my whip collection insane
Suicidal thoughts, highway to heaven riding like a boss
Condominium in the clouds, 60g's a month
50 floors, marble walls, pictures of Boston Georgia
Bitches snortin' blow, f-ckin fast and cookin' dope
Sanctify, Bally shoes, Audemars, Franck Muller [?]
My new bitches must menage I'm a G

[Chorus]

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[Game]
Bottles and rockin' J's
Smokin' and sippin' Spades
Pistol tucked in my Louie

Heated up like I'm Wade
Nigga don't do LeBron's, Kobe up on the weekends
Jordan's Monday through Friday especially when I'm
freakin
Them cool grey's, that's Monday
Them Space jams that's Tuesday
That Spike Lee's on Wednesday
23 in my Benz eh
You know I love them 62s especially on my bitches
132s and them spandex on Thursday, it's your birthday
And Friday I aint lying, King Of Diamonds I'm in heaven
Red Bone pussy poppin' on my black and red 112s
Patent leather when I step in
You know what I'm reppin'
It's S double-O, W Double-O
Black number 42s I aint get it from the store, Buss
know
That all I know is

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[Fabolous]
I put footprints in them couches
I put so much in my two step

Put on for my city, I aint got no choice but to rep
I put straight shots in they hair
Make pretty girls, do the ugly face
And they just my song on
Move back I need dougie space like ay, ay
Then it's right back to my muggin' face
Niggas said put the weed out
BBM, you buggin face
We walked in, want somethin', bottles pop like we won
some'n
Raise a glass for err'ybody that's done something from
nothin'
No grind, no shine, dress code, we pay no mind
Cargo's and J's on, they let sun in, no blinds
All I drink is my shit
Stop playin, Youtube
But tonight we on that Red Berry and Cranberry, Soo
Woo

[Lil Wayne]

And I'm smokin' on that purp
Sippin' on that purp
I came in this bitch with some niggas that will murk
And we aint bout all that talkin', you a dead man
walking
Stomp a nigga ass out, in these number 4 Jordans
Got a scope on the barrell that's a hammer with a
camera
Hollow tips nigga, tip a nigga like a dancer
I don't know nothing but bitches and gettin money
Blood gang kill a nigga in public
Young Tunechi
Shoot a nigga ass up then it's Deuces
Head shots that f-cking vest is so useless
Yeah, yo chuck, f-ck these niggas
You know who Piru?
Killer bees nigga

[Chorus]

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