

The Game

"Death Penalty"

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Chorus

For not being who you claim
You get found guilty
2 counts of bein lame
You get found guilty
The Charge of fuckin up the game
You get found guilty
Real niggas sentence you
Dead Penalty
Fabolous
Uhhh
Lets get back to this real shit
We ride no pump breaks
Errbody takin like they the shooters
Mann I aint goin for them pump fakes
These niggas is crump cakes
Wish they would say some snake
Get banged on like the treble makes
The dumb mistake tryin to jumpin with blake
These niggas in my lane
Lob city in these streets
Jesus piece on my chain
need God with me in these streets
I went through hell to get to where heaven is
Lucy in that red dress lookin devilish
Scale a 1 to 10 she lookin elevenish
If she aint ridin shotty AK 47 is
Shorty came to me when she left her man
I looked at her and said you sumthin else
But the best way to get over sumbody
Is gettin under sumone else
On that note im in that 1,2,3 pin that
Baby tellin me im the best I b yellin i been that
In the club half a pill and a full clip
Get a deal on a Rose no bullshit
Game
There goes ghost
Im in that mothafucka like pacman
Niggas talkin about robin I aint goin for that batman
King of diamonds like super Sunday
100 thou for that lap dance

See straight through you pussy niggas
I call that a cat scan
And on that note we in here
Pink coroc pronto
My gun throw bullets like payton manning
My chic walk around wit that bronco
Extend the clip in that conso

2 mill for that condo
We gon shot for that green
I aint talkin no rondo
Nigga tryin to say that I aint a G
I point it at him said you sumthin else
See these basketballs wife all around my table?
We bout to swim through em like Mike phelps
now pop open that tin pac
Your life savings I spend that
Niggas fan of my instagram
Beggin me for their bitch back
Sendin treats to my B M
Tryin to hack my email
Niggas wisperin to themselves
All huddled up like females
Your bitch about to be detailed
I aint sparin no details
She choked up like Sprewell
I drop her off in the v12 (niceeee)
Ridin around wit that Houston rocket
Keep all that of that Jeremy lin shit in yo pocket
Chorus 2x
Slim Thug
Im goin back to cali
Im goin back to cali
Im out of drank and dro so im goin back to cali
I need pints by the cases for this bag of big faces
Couple pounds of that kush I aint the only one getting
wasted
Smoke a lil, sell the rest ima hustla baby
gotta Invest get mine plus interest
you niggas still aint winiing yet
I just sold my 4th bentley
Then I got that photo porche
Bout to switch it up for the summa
Thinkin bout that electric hummer
Strapped up got extra armor
in case a hatin nigga wanna play
everythang I rep a 100
you could check my resume
they don't make em like me no more
They don't make a miss t no more
I don't see too many G's

I jus see a bunch of CP 4's
Lets get back to that real shit
That Pac BIG that UGk kinda trill shit
East West and the South
If you see a fake nigga point em out (point em out)
Chorus

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