

The Game

"Desparados"

Visit "[Desparados](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Desparados"

[Verse 1]

I'm tucked on the border line
Where I'm picturing stones
I hit the switch, and watch them bitches be gone
Get it right figga, I'm in my rear view
Cause the streets can hear you
Bright moon to steer you, it's gotta be wild
Get in position cause the streets you'll find
Matter of fact I'm on a detail grind
Without no female lies, me and my team move
Ice like snow storms, the price gets
Tighter than vise grips, cause game is priceless
Jammed up with ice picks no way you can write this
Seven on the dices, the way that I like shit
Catch me in the background holding the mac now
You never back down bitch you better back down

[Chorus]

Look in my eyes nigga tell me what you see
This right here, it's for the books like Frasier and Ali
Strap in ya belt cause we takin' the ride
Through this concrete jungle, where you scratch to survive
Ya gotta, play by the rules cause the wolves is lurkin
Night time the streets is quiet, but them wolves is workin
You can slip if you want, that's when ya know it's real
Back against the wall, that's when ya blow the steel

[Verse 2]

Hey yo I spit that crack, hit you with a freebie
After that, bet you keep coming back to see me
See me, now picture that
When I'm better than any other chick that rap
Ya'll acting like I aint never picked up the bat
Or picked up a mac, and make a bitch shit in her slacks
So try chill and relax, till I little spaz
I done filpped chicks for just trying to give me a dap
But since boy I take ya jewels, I aint givin 'em back
And they can investigate me I aint givin 'em jack

It's neither big I bang (?) for the streets strictly
That's why everywhere I go I got beef in the east with
me
Give me ya leaf and the piece is sticky, don't try
nothing tricky
I punch you in ya neck go tell ya moms to hit me
Custom made khaki's, no Im not sticky
Who told ya'll chicks you was fucking with me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Too many hutlers, and not enough customers
Shit on the hood, nobody gonna have no love for ya
Losing ya street cred on the real you can eat lead
And you don't want no problems, praying that the beef
dead
Yo they brought me back to strangle the mood
The little and Slick Rick neck dangling gold
I aint home but few times a day I be changing my
clothes
I want this next generation to know
When rap suck, you brought it back to the essence
So sit back and really think before you ask any
questions
Got this game in the cobra clutch cowards ya'll know
what's up
And ya shook what's on this earth I seen so much stuff
I used to roll with Russ, the doors opened up
Doing big big things like making clothes and stuff
Street master mind, ya'll talking asinine
And I aint have no choice my nigga I had to grind
I'm known for making moves, labels be baking fools
Everything is fixed, it's like people get paid to lose
A few occasions my neighbourhood do it major news
Ya boy got more flavor than Jamican food

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]

Let's slow the process elimination
My niggas out for that mighty Dollar, What you
chasing?
I done been where you trying to go and back again
I done seen niggas bang they own niggas
And believe me not an accident, so you think I give a
fuck
What you say, how you feel
My niggas never tell shit, but a coward will
I used to yap about the Maybach
A real nigga in this industry is like a needle in the hay

stack
Fresh deodors, what we got before us
Suckers think they flow sick mind is rigor mortis
I don't know who the fuck ya playing with
Price on ya head could be that bitch ya laying with
That'll take you to ya maker, while I'm in Jamaica
Twistin up that Celtic green niggas post like Vin Baker

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.