

The Game

"Flashback Memories"

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(Intro)

Yo Game what up, (Yo Chef what it is)
Aint nothing my nigga, tryna get paid in full man
(You know I'm definitely down for that)
So you rep'n Black Wall Street right
(Black Wall Street general, five star soldier and all that)
No question I'm rep'n Vatican, we gone do this big
nigga style
Let's take em there for real, let's go

(Verse: Raekwon)

Before flusty days living in Killa Hills
I was young'd out with rusty waves
Cut'n hair chill'n, going down town blaze'n
Lay'n up in Albee Square, When I bought my first fronts
there
Everybody young as fuck, in the pizza shop, what up
Brooklyn niggas rap with a cuffle
Call the highlights the gangsta dialect
Before I let any nigga take mine I'm die'n, Moet
What's the jump off, the new shit
Then he said hold up a sec
Get this crack money, niggas except
Wick checks, food stamps and amps
Blue Wallabee's, aviaries' on in the back on the ramp
You know we pop off for hours, cowards beware
Word to mother, you will respect my power
Respect the dollar, no quizzy, Get busy
It was like adolescents at war, we clapped them
thizzies
On the duece suited Voltron, The ratchet heavy
In the crib cool'n blunted, watch'n Tom & Jerry
Bag'n up, laugh'n, bling'n, rhyme'n and sing'n
When it come to getting currency, call me a swinger
We rock Maybach's, Benz's is little
Icicles on, cover the ground with a massive dribble
Call us ballers, brawlers, them whores want all us
Suede down, cool'n, play'n spades with quarters
And then left it for the rap game
All my niggas grab champagne
Bust of them seals it's mad flames, yall lames

Stay in your lane, we move'n like big money
Bet a nigga die for them chains
You know the slang baby, watch me lay her
Half goon, half mayor, the other half call me a hater
But later, I'ma polly for Rae-ah, and a hundred wolves
Pull next time, respect the playa, What

(Chorus x2: Raekwon)

Flashbacks, memories, two shots of Hennessy
Street life etiquette, real niggas blend with me
Talking bout ten a key, Baltimore, Tennessee
I ain't got to tell you, how long I been a G

(Verse: The Game)

I'm sick and that drop Aston is the medicine
Ride'n with the moon in the rear view, it's only evident
I'm fly as the wings on a seven forty-seven jet
Game code his rhymes, ain't even been recorded yet
On the fence where my father used to sport a Vet
And my Uncle Red ran the rock like door set
Rewind time ten years before I had the Lex
Mail man scared to drop the bills on my door step
Little nigga street dream'n bout a fast car
My Father had dope tracks like his arm was Nascar
In eighty-seven, shit I was maybe seven
Watch'n my big brother throw'n ten, come back with
eleven
Only knew what it was cause I overheard
My pops on the phone talking bout selling all my birds
I cried over the next eight years over them pigeons
To only find out not one was missing, Word

(Chorus x2: Raekwon)

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Talking bout ten a key, Baltimore, Tennessee
I ain't got to tell you, how long I been a G

(Outro: Raekwon)

Yeah, that's how we do what we do, you know what
I'm sayin?
For real, the only thing we do baby
Is fold dough, you heard
And read the DuPont all day nigga
And get the stove clean you heard

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