

The Game

"God Speed"

Visit "[God Speed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Need y'all to understand what I'm 'bout to do
Keep it gangsta in this Lou Vuitton designer shoes
Front of club, live stuntin' in that Masi coup
Then we gonna check China, see what king of
diamonds do
Pass the kush that a y'all when I will climb the roof
That nigga get down for me like I bought to shoot
Tell him it's money thing, my nigga signed a grill
The kid rabbis, running trains like a monorail
Introduce you to my team, niggas you need to know
We pop the spades, the bottle look like C3PO
Blowing that last security, telling us to keep it low
But when you pay me for a walkthrough this is what you
need to know
We're smoking all night, kid got a handle for me
to tell the owner that twelve bottles is mandatory
And we gon need a few Ciroc and them geeses too
Shane go for green house and dream down to Houston
too
Watch Himalaya eating shrimps while I throw these
ones
Jas drunk as fuck cause every time I look he show his
gun
Every time we in the strip club he got the coldest one
Surrounded by killaz cause jade prince know his son
And I'm all 'ight with that cause rap a lot my fam
And every time he asks me can I dot dot? Yea, I can
Cause he been looking out for me before the trade co
sign
And I was there with him and 2 when they heard that
Drake's gon sign
But look at Drake now. Every time I need some he'd do
it and say
Game hawl if you need some
And that's loyalty in the industry that's full of snakes
When niggas send a bottle to your table just to show
their face
And bitches stand there looking pretty just to get a
glass of ace
Most of these hoes dumb and they nothing but a ass
and face

But if you are the one that's lucky enough to stand up
on this couch
Make sure soon as we hop in that Phantom you got
them titties out
I hate you fake hoes, I swear I hate you fake hoes
Your fake ass, your fake nose, you're never gon be J Lo
Nicki put you on that mike, Carl's got you thinking that
you on the right
Cause the fuck that nigga in that white Porsche
But I got news for ya: got a wifey and three kids at
home
And I can't even start to count how many times we've
been to Rome
My oldest get his tennis on, my youngest got his tennis
on
And you ain't never seen a four year old swaging in his
farms
Now they wanna be him cause he rocking coliseums
Used to rock it for the fiends, now he rock with
Europeans
All out and doubling with them green bottles bubbling
Twins I call double men calling me by my government
I swear to God that I'm loving it, I'm on the beach with
Miss Dominican Republic
Even she's surprised that she's sucking it
But don't be surprised that I'm fucking
Never cuff and always puffing, these bitches know who
they fucking with
I'm the fucking shit, handsome ass nigga
Fuck with me, I fuck with her
You don't need ransom cash nigga
Now cancel that nigga like my Blackberry service
Don't believe none of you niggas till the plaque start
surfacin'
Niggas get nervous when we hop at them suburbans
Get the time wearin' rags around our heads like they're
turbans
Half them niggas murking, I'm behind them Phantom
curtains
Heading to grace though, my alibi is this Persian
Her alibi is this Asian, I call that a persuasion
From Hollywood lock-up to yelling out Brenda Spencer
Dumb bitch right here wanna know why the bottle green
I'm something like them golf niggas, I have seen a lot
of green
Six hundred forty mill, about to play the lottery
A rich can't play twice, don't lie to me
Cause a donut trunking fish like they eye to me
Ain't no lemon spending this money, I'm bout it bought
it B
I'm hoodie's new rapper's try to be

Every new nigga that say fire becomes a prodigy
And you should honor me, and my jersey up short
We got a situation, nigga Jordan's
You don't know about my occupation nor about fucking
these hoes
Nor I rock these Loubrettons and smoke till it's stuck in
my toes
And I got your girl in the comfortable clothes
I'm 'bout to take her lower what's right a point than my
nose
It's money gang bitch, now watch my company blow
And go from a hot logo to something you know
I'm in that Maseratti, Jordan's punching the floor
And you can act like you don't nigga, but...

Even I'm going too fast, I'm doing too much
Shine it down all the time when I'm in the club

Yea, I'm always in the zone
Chilling with a bad bitch and she got nothing on
Yea I'm on the due to shut it down
Yea, I'm going too fast, so fast

Going so fast, see, going so fast
Going too fast, so fast
Going too fast
God speed, it's like going too fast
So fast

Yea, I'm always in the zone
Chilling with a bad bitch and she got nothing on
Yea I'm on the due to shut it down
Yea, I'm going too fast, so fast

God speed
Going too fast
God speed, God speed
Said I'm going too fast, so fast

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