

## The Game

### "Heaven's Arms"

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Part the red sea and red Louis Vuittons  
Who the don? Walk inside the club with all his Gucci on  
You've been warned  
Packing Heat like two LeBrons  
And my crew is strong as Cali kush  
It keep you higher than Heaven's Arms

Gucci in my closet, pardon my head  
Pardon my French, but I'm on my Nas shit  
Off with your head, off with your bitch  
She offered me head, I offered her dick  
? black caught a reception, Now we off in the Ritz  
I'm rolling this kush, she coughing and shit  
Freak bitch named Jada love them LOX, I got her  
talkin' to Kiss  
Got my hands behind my head, Now she all in the splits  
Dick must be good, 'cus now she in Boston with bricks  
Got a text on my iPhone, she caught with my shit  
Off with a ten, she took it 'cus she's far from a snitch  
Hold her mama and daddy down, got a sister in  
Georgetown  
Paying her tuition so she ain't gotta be strippin'  
It's money so I ain't trippin', this bullshit get printed  
Them banks get scoped out, black cars get rented  
My Gucci suit tailor, my fade get tapered  
You get sent to your maker, fuckin' around with my  
paper

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Hard bottom Ferragamos, IQ too much for mediocre  
convo  
I know a Farrakhan, oh three-story condo  
iPod Shuffle in between Common, Jay Electronica  
(Elpadaro?)  
Armado, and last words of Paul Castellano

Nothin' but illest paper and bitches niggas I know  
Smokin' Cheeba, feeding divas McDonald's  
All the way in Milano, ashin' out Cohibas  
Fuckin' in that blue?, the nose like?  
Let a bitch get a breather, then she back hittin' high  
notes  
Throwin' Louis luggage at dealerships, fuck a car  
note  
15's in everything, beating like Harpo  
Rolling purple like Harpo, bitches by the car low  
They wana see Prince, I'm pulling strings like Carlos,  
Santana  
Now we in Magic (city), Atlanta  
Wipin' Ciroq off my Loubi's with my Gucci bandana

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Kanye with Kim now, I'm happy for that nigga  
Disrespect him or his wife, ? I slap you for that nigga  
Grew up listenin' to Pac, now I'm rappin' for that  
nigga  
My brother been dead 20 years, now I'm trappin' for  
that nigga  
God Flow like Pusha and 'em, rose Phantom pushin'  
'em  
Splittin' Louisville Sluggers over and puttin' kush in  
'em  
Ain't forgot about the Twin Towers, I blame Bush for  
them  
Obama can't speak on it 'cus the government's  
shushin' him  
But that's my nigga though, still stackin' figures so  
One day I'm top 5 and I can politic with Jigga though  
I was just trying to Blueprint myself behind Jigga,  
though  
And all them all dishes, yo, bullshit, thibodeaux  
He be where the Summer be, I be where the Winter go  
Tomahawk the Bugatti, Florida State Seminole  
I'm out here tryna win a penant though  
Never thought I'd be legendary, but fuck it I'm in it  
so

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