

The Game

"Hit The J"

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That Marry Jane
That OG Kush, that sour diesel drive them girls insane
I roll it up, she disappear like David Blane
And she ain't try to book a flight on that paper plane
She don't wanna hit the J
She don't wanna hit the J
She don't wanna hit the J
She don't wanna hit the J

Don't want an undefeated title, don't want my chain
Don't want that new kid red, bitch, is money gain
See that red Maserati, niggas know it's game
Drive that bitch down road screens and blow the brains
Got that Rolly on my wrist, man that hoe insane
Remind me of my chick Regatta, she always pay.
Got a squad full chicks, they ain't dropping names
They all call like the get up play for Notre Dame
What's the next? Gotta dig ins, yea, that's right, that's
right
You know I'll be digging, I'll be eating on the kitten, I'll
be picking out
Never take her out to crustaceans and the in and out
Just like that Charlie Shay, nigga goin' in 'er mouth
She do everything 'xcept smoke that mean let a nigga
poke
That mean she be off the coke like players centerfolds
Swear to God she a potent man
But she like Lindsay Lohan, except she be running from
that dope man

That Harry Potter, that Marry Jane
That OG Kush, that sour diesel drive them girls insane
I roll it up, she disappear like David Blane
And she ain't try to book a flight on that paper plane
Cause she don't wanna hit the J (she don't wanna hit the
J)
She don't wanna hit the J (she don't wanna hit the J)
She don't wanna hit the J (she don't wanna hit it)
Now she don't wanna hit the J (woh oh woh oh)

Hit these bitches in my face, I'm blind up

And when I'm stepping in the place, we'll be calling up
Fourteen bottles of Ace, models showing up
I tell 'er, homie break that down, and we gon roll it up
It's Friday and she ain't got shit to do
And we ain't got shit to do
So umm, what's good with you?
Smoke a little, talk a little, roll that up
Girl twist that J, remind me of my nigga Randall
I know she ain't trying to hit that
Different chains, different lokes
Different days, different strokes.
I smoke that shit that made Arnold and Willis broke
You know my lifestyle, squeezes in them life styles
Bitches in the white house, red Camarro piped out.
I'll be iced out, my blunts be packed in
I'll smoke them till it's no more, I'm like the pack ten
I'm 'bout to pack ten bitches with them accents
Man we 'bout to pack twelve swishers in that black hen

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