

The Game

"I'm So Wavy"

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N-gga pop tags, I pop the fo'-five
N-gga got swag, I got the Tech-9
N-ggas got cash better run it
Only dubs and hundreds, I don't do fifties, n-gga
And I don't do 50-year-old Jiggas
Off that boss black Lamborghini, interior soft crack
Louis V golf hat, feelin' like a Tiger
I made something out of nothin' like MacGuyver
Started from an eighth, flipped it to a key
I got 'em like ay, trappin' like Gucci
Plus I get more green than blue cheese
And I keep a red bandana in my blue jeans
So, n-gga calm your nerves, with all that absurd
Far from the curb bullshit-slash-spoken word
You nerd
I'm from the same city as Venus and Serena
So don't get served
I'm so wavy, homie no yacht
Ain't no "Big Pimpin'" on my block
But I'm an underground king, peace to Pimp C
Catch me ridin' through the hood, 20-10 Bentley
yeah You got cheese and I kill rats
Translation, I still trap
Now do something with that
Or respond to this
And with them big ass lips
You got my name in your mouth
I hope it tastes like this-ahhh
No homo, one more time-ahhh
That's your promo
And I been hard to the core since I went solo
Only man on my horse like my all-black Polo
And where I'm 'bout to go is usually a no-no
But I'm loco, got the camel in a chokehold
Tryna son me, I'm not from NYC
You can't even have a child by your Destiny
And I ain't mean to that a shot at Bey
I'm blacked out like you did Free

'Cause I'm so wavy
Too hardcore to be a Jay-Z

Rock more red than Weezy Baby
Please say the Baby
I been around for years, so b-tch, don't Drake me
And this is not a diss
'Cause I was just out in LA with Drake, b*tch
And no disrespect to G and Hip-Hop
But n*gga I'm a G and I'm doing this for hip-hop
And that's 'Ye's brother, and 'Ye my n-gga so
I'ma give him some advice, Get rid of Amber Rose!
I'ma tell you how she get down
I was at Diddys after party, sippin' Cris
She was whisperin' to Chris Brown
I seen Chris turn his head like "No!"
Then "Gold Digger" came on, I pointed like, "Hoe!"
But this ain't 'bout her, this about Hov
I'ma chop down the Roc and take it to the stove
I apologize to Bey, 'cause this about Hov
I'ma chop down the Roc and take it to the stove

"D.O.A.?" No!
T-Pain stays, old n-gga goes

I'm so wavy
Too hardcore to be a Jay-Z
All in your ear just like Dre beats
The ni-ga the cut yay couldn't fade me
You took a shot and the sh-t grazed me
I wet up your block just like the Navy
Put a label on the sh*t and write "Play Me"
DJs go in, DJs go in

Funk Flex, you my n-gga. Clue, what up? DJ Enuff.

I know y'all can't play this sh-t. It's too wavy. And Jay
your boy, it's all good though, y'all still my n-gga. DJ
Drama, Kay Slay, lock in.

I mean, this sh-t so hot DJ Whoooooo Kid might spin this
sh-t at 50's birthday party. DJ Skee! Khaled know we the
best! Yo, Don Cannon, Cannon! I know y'all n-ggas
locked in. DJ Chris Styles! Young Legend, Nu Jerzey
Devil. DJ Felli Fel! Ed Deluxe, D Man, ride this sh-t
straight through Big Boy Neighborhood! Kid Capri, tell
Hovi Hov leave that young n-gga alone! I mean, DJ Red
Alert, what up OG? Red Album coming soon.

I see you downloadin' my swag, camelface. Blueprint 3
gon' sell more cigarettes than it do records, n-gga.
Now I know why the taxes went up on tobacco, motherf-
cker. Heard 'bout your little fight backstage with Kanye,
too. I got a million dollars say Kanye knocked that n-

gga the f-ck out. Just tryna make good music, is all he tryna do. Sh-t, 'choo f-ckin' with 'Ye for? "D.O.A." n-gga? Please. I love 808s and Heartbreaks, "Love Lockdown," my sh-t.

Tell the world why Chris Brown wasn't at the BET Awards. This n-gga told BET if they let Chris Breezy, him and Beyonce stayin' at home, ol' bitter ass n-gga.

N-gga, Dame, man, that's your man. You and Dame was mans and 'em. You and Dame used to be tighter than giraffe p-ssy and sh-t. You know your man having financial problems and sh-t. You number one on the Forbes list, n-gga, you make 35 million and sh-t. Give a n-gga a milli or sumthing. I'd give it to him myself, but sh-t, I was only #13, n-gga, on the list, way down there with Jeezy and sh-t, earned 7 million this year so far. But I'm on tour, n-gga, Lamborghini Tour, live from Switzerland, I gets it in. Sh-t, I could use 28 more million. But I wouldn't trade shots with you on the motherf-ckin' list for that nose and them lips, n-gga. My n-gga Jay.

And last but not least, peace to M.I.A., 'cause the Roc 'bout to be MIA. No one on the corner got a swagger like you, 'cause no one on the f*ckin' corner is 42.

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