

The Game

"Lyrical Exercise"

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"Lyrical Exercise"

(feat. Cyssero)

[Chorus]

dis a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
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jus a lyrical excersise, it go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

[Verse 1]

I'ma flip right on the block
till I get life in the box
or till I get ice from a shot
but till den, itz chill jims
Ice and a watch
and yes nigga, we the bess nigga
like it or not
cuz ya'll be writin dead weight
like you got a red cape
when the 8 blast, ya fake xxx be scared straight
I'll rush on ya set, then cut you to death
get it right, knife stuck in ya neck
man you got two options cut me a check, or
stuff on the vest before you get bucked in the chest
I squeeze till nuffin is left
You'll get banged in the head wit revolvers like russian
roulette
ya'll doin a lotta talkin, I'm tired of talkin
ya bout to hear tires screeching and iron sparkin
when the heata pop look who totin a sig
and it'll open ya lid like a sneaker box
If I creep you ock, I'ma spray ya way
In all black, like agent jay look this pay me day
I need dat, get ya spleen clapped
I'll make you bleed where you breathe at

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

my name is v l to the r you s
and a new s glock, and a new vest
and a tre pound bout to lay down
a new set, cooperate
or I'm poppn 8 leave his crew wet
shit I'ma true vet
You don't want trouble see
cuz ma name got buzz
like a bumble bee
I hustle see
pounds of the white lady
Institution flow
everything I write crazy
I like gravy nigga
so I'm seein checks
ma dough mean
I grow green, like chia pets
see the ress say ma name out they fuckn lips
like I ain't word in the streets
like I ain't fuckn cyss
dese fuckn pricks
gonna learn to respect me
or the burna leave em burned whea ya chest be
burned in a nestlee
green urble
nigga ma green purple
when I zone dat
chrome wit the beam murk you
You need a oh, see me
I get em cheap
ma feens be missin teeth like ODB
but see this ain't bite
dis a oz from C-Y
smoke it and see why
ya might O.D.
yo see
I'm survin in the jungle
spittin shottis
so a nigga gettn bodied ain't suprisin
In the jungle
but, I'ma dam rida
I'm bout a dam dolla
You need suttn to smoke
give me a dam holla
dat tam product (game - you know what it is
muthafucka)
smoke so good have the fiends knockin at the door
cockin back the 4, pop out noise
I play the block but watch out for the hop out boys
shit, 5 0
drive by slow

da sig pomet
cant fuck wit pigs
suttn like islamics
all I know is
skeamin 4 cash
heatas and mags
all dat xxxx I learned
they ain't teachin in class
It started from wit an ounce in a house
I was runnin shop
make sure they had it in
and make sure they come an' cop
I'm wanted ock
fight guyz wild
when I'm the 1
with the gun
with the cyclops eye
bet suttn ock
If you bet nuttn pop
beef like sex
b strapped, and catch suttn hot
I'm dat wise, that's why I wear the mask
F-Y-I, I'm too deep to get compared to Cass

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

If ya homie don't come wit half ma cheese
cuz this 3-5-7 be the mag I squeeze
For the chips I got chicks to come bag ma weed
no joke I smoke till I look half chinese
nigga
and ma eyes is about to shut
bent off a dub of haze
and a choclate dutch
I'll pop ya guts
leave ya bent ova bleedin
Ima boss, the dawgs
dat I sent ova squeezin
I can get ya house clapped up
get ya spouse snatched up
so pop, fly and get ya
mouth smacked up
act tuff
In ma pants
whea I'm tuckin the torches
still big

kill kids
like fuckn abortions
ock, I'm on the block
servin dat wet fever
o you smoke ?
I tote, we makin em catch seizures
old heads kno I'm the truth
they bet visa's
I'm gettn bread
fuck chicken heads
I sex divas
and ma camp see ya
got an extra extra
large magazine but ya can't read it

[Chorus]

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