

## The Game

### "Mafia Music Remix ft. Rick Ross, Ja Rule, Fat Joe"

Visit "[Mafia Music Remix ft. Rick Ross, Ja Rule, Fat Joe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah! Maybach Music! Born again we livin

[Verse One: The Game]

Who stack cheddar better than the rat killer  
That nigga that bust gats quicker and he throw back  
liquor

The mafia way, toast it up like Sopranos  
And when it's snowin, I push it like pianos  
Back in the Lambo like I was born with it  
Makavelli prophecy shoot up the car I'm goin with it  
From the cradle to the grave on these twenty two's  
Before I take my last breath I let the semi's loose  
If there's heaven for a nigga with a crucifix  
So much ice in it, mix the O and Gin and Goose with  
this

B-O- double S that's my nigga Ross!  
And I'm his Cali connect, cause I can get it 'cross  
Used to put ducks in the bathroom watch that bitch  
float  
Couple years past now it's keys on the big boat  
Take a shortcut 'round the Pacific  
Throw the acre in Atlantic that's mafia livin

[Verse Two: Ja Rule]

Guess who's bizack? Yeah, nigga you guessed  
Who shot ya, I spit murder, the music is mafia  
The swag's incomp-arable, but that just's comparison  
Impossible, like yo' dead-on move  
And I drip off the spoon, infectious to hoods  
And one cold afternoon, you'll get shot at your home  
Now +I Smell Pussy+, pussy got lips  
But it don't talk to me, that's why you my bitch  
And you on my dick (ah-ha!)  
'Cause I fucked ya up once, fucked ya up twice  
And you still talkin shit ('PREME, NIGGA!!)  
What must I do to get through to you?  
Curly, get off my dick, 'fore that ch-ch-ch-chi-chopper  
Get ta pah-pah-pah-pah-poppin off of niggaz that been  
mouthin off  
Read in between the lines when you hear me talk  
Go and get out of line - this is Rule York

[Verse Three: Fat Joe]

Thug nigga 'till I die, and I ain't even try  
See the murder in my eyes, nigga, fuck the other side  
I don't give a fuck! I will burn your jheri curls  
Yayo is his bottom bitch, Banks is a girlie-girl  
Don't worry 'bout Whoo Kid, Macho smacked his face in  
Lighty threw the towel and begged Pistol not to drape  
him  
I meant (?), don't let me catch Nelson  
I done spoke to God, man, He can't even help him, help  
him  
Big up -- to Maybach Music!  
Got them choppers man, don't make us use it!  
Hits out the park, they call me Big Papi  
Even if you shot me, you still couldn't stop me  
Still went to Africa, still wore the big chain  
Where you got robbed at? Nigga, on the same stage!  
I say the shit that you can't say  
'Cause I am not a snitch, I ain't bitch-made

[Verse Four: Rick Ross]

David beat Goliath..  
"The meek will inherit the earth.." [Matthew 5:5]  
Deeper...

Triple black Benz, Lord, forgive me for my sins  
I put hits on all you niggaz, includin some old friends  
Money come and go, but the trill will remain  
Bitch, I keep it real like I'm still dealin 'caine  
Realest shit I wrote and I put this on this quote  
Befo' I had a flow, I had a kilogram of coke  
Money on the flo', twenty homies on the books  
Fat mob boss but I'm runnin wit the crooks  
No need for a vest, that'll suffocate the flesh  
I'm Martin on the balcony anticipatin death (death!)  
Let the rifles sing, 'cause "I have a dream"  
My Coretta Scott-King in the tub fulla cream  
Pink champagne seem to take away the pain  
While the blue hollow points penetratin all the lames  
(lames)  
Money ain't a thang - bitch, that's a lie!  
It only controls every bitch that's alive  
Money manifests, haters gotta die (die!)  
Tia never +Told+ you that dat motherfucker rides  
Niggaz takin sides, crack smokin wives  
Crackin crabs at the tables, count the cash, crack the  
wine  
Snakes gotta feel it, beef never squashed (never)  
This time I'm embark on my Million Man March  
I'm unorthodox, name me the victor

In the suite wit Shaniqua and that brain off the Richter  
Marquise knocks, Marquise stop  
Then I give him +50 Cents+, that's Marquise's pops  
I put a milli on it, pussy don't want it  
Show up in his hood wit the wolves by the mornin (Bang  
'em!)  
Nigga, that's a gift, maybe you could live  
My music is the mob, it is what it is  
Strapped to a T, it's real as it gets  
Only boss gettin money wit the Bloods and the Crips  
Amen...

[Outro: Rick Ross]

Deeper than muthafuckin Rap, nigga...  
Once you crossed that line, hah...  
It ain't 'bout, North or South  
It's about money and power..riders and punksss...  
We know how the story goes nigga, contract killerssss...  
It's not a threat, it's a promissse...  
Money long as 183rd Street, nigga a/k/a Miami  
Gardens...  
Heh, you could make that list too, nigga..  
AMEN!...  
{quoting Psalms 27:1-3}  
"The Lord is my light and salvation, who shall I fear?  
The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be  
afraid?  
My evil [doers] and foes come upon me to eat up my  
flesh, they shall stumble and fall...  
Though a host should encamp against me, my heart  
shall not fear...  
Though war I rise....and this I shall be confident"  
...it's deeper than rap, nigga..  
{Maybach Music}  
AHH!!

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