

# The Game

## "M.I.A. (3 Heats)"

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### "M.I.A. (3 Heats)"

*[Chorus:]*

I keep 3 heats on me: 45, glock and a gauge.  
LeBron James, Chris Bosh and D-Wade.  
Any nigga try to stunt, get sprayed.  
What happened to the body?  
Nigga M.I.A.

*[Verse 1:]*

Swear a nigga stunting but I do this every day.  
Had them hoes bouncing on my dick like a Chevrolet.  
Put on for my city nigga city on my face.  
And I'm 'bout to throw a party.  
Tell Diddy send a case.  
Fuck a square nigga I say it to his face.  
Rat niggas quick to tell like a snitch nigga race.  
My nigga Frank told me take your time baking cakes.  
Gotta get to the money at a Indiana pace.  
Nigga say they gon' rob me.  
Bitch you can miss me.  
Stay strapped up like I'm 51, 50.  
More gauge than the motherfucking pitcher.  
Get your ass smoked like a swisha.

*[Chorus:]*

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*[Verse 2:]*

In that metal, where you headed nigga?  
To the fucking gun range.  
Fuck the paper nigga, shoot the whole fucking gun  
range.  
Yelling out to cops soowoo here I come Wayne.  
Bail only 100 thousand, nigga that's your change.  
Back on deuces, fronts on dubs.  
Got a Bentley and a phantom bet this bitch don't rub.  
When you worth 20 mil, you can shine when it's sunny.

Just turned 30 so I can't be from Young Money.  
It's Young Money and it's your money.  
Niggas from the group then there's niggas wit your  
money.  
Hating on a real nigga cos he old and you not.  
Cut his hair, got some tats now he think he Tupac.  
Nigga pulled up at the club tryna floss.  
Boy done grew a beard now he think he Rick Ross.  
Say he selling birds can't tell what it cost.  
How the fuck you gon' get a chicken off.

*[Chorus:]*

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*[Verse 3:]*

Nigga sold 10 million now they say I'm Hollywood.  
If I sell 10 more, shit I prolly would.  
I done drove every car, I done sold every drug.  
Fucked all the hoes, popped every bottle in the club.  
Hoes tryna give me pills bitch I ain't into drugs.  
Coconut Ciroc by the case gimme groupie love.  
Grammy nominated, ain't forgot 'bout the stove.  
Paint the phantom all red call that bitch Derrick Rose.  
In and out of lanes, 24s insane.  
Just to think I got this far from selling cocaine.  
I'm a stand up nigga get your grands up nigga.  
Take your ass to staples get your rubber bands up  
nigga.  
Made all this fucking money what the fuck I'm gon' cop  
now.  
I don't know but I'm coming through wit the top down.  
Too much to live for my sons and my daughter.  
One more and I'ma catch up to Tha Carter.

*[Chorus:]*

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