

The Game

"Mr. Potato Head"

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I Made You!
Yes I Made You!
Mr. Potatohead I Made You!
I Made You!
I Made You!
Mr. Potatohead I Made You!

There's no batteries in my back
I show you niggas how I move (Move Echo)
50 ain't gangsta
Lloyd Banks ain't gangsta
Yayo ain't gangsta
Young Buck, you know you ain't gangsta

Look at what you niggas made
Ain't that a bitch
Created a monster
Kicked me outta G-Unit
Put me in converse
Matter of fact give me a dick
Just like Olivia so you can suck my shit
Gimme a pen
So I can be the hardest in the click
Wind me up nigga then gimme some lips
So I can talk about ya faggot
Niggas aint no thugs
While im at it tell Young Buck gimme some white
gloves
So I can cover my fingerprints in ya blood
I need a get away car you can put it on dubs
Make sure it's got a stash for the 38 snub
And a Banks album 'cause that's where I got my buds
Gimme muscles like 50
Gimme Yayo hands
Gimme a collection plate for Ma\$e fans
Gimme some glasses so I can watch Mason dance
Who movin? You singing?
Nigga gimme ya fans
Gimme a tattoo tear
Gimme some ears so i can hear police talkin when you
disappear

I made you
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Mr. Potato Head
I Made you
Yes, I Made you
Mr. Potato Head I Made you!
I Made you
I Made You!
Mr. Potato Head I Made you! (You Echo)

There's no batteries in my back
I show you niggas how I move.

Yayo: And I'd like to thank game 'cause he's mr potato
head of the year, 'n' you kn.. a put together gangsta!

Rolling through Connecticut
In a stolen mini-van
Stop at his house
I don't see many men
Matter of fact I don't see any men
One plain clothed cop call him Lieutenant Dan
Officer why ya man tryna beat up my fans?
Makin me 5 times platinum wasn't part of his plan
Same shit same snitch
You know how it goes
I smell a rat even if you take off my nose
And i bet every quarter in your piggy bank
Lloyd told N.Y.P.D. who got 50 shanked
Next time when the lights go out
I'm pulling a desert eagle when the knives come out
Watch that man get ta tussling and the mice run out
Don't gamble with ya life when my dice roll out

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Mr Potato Head I Made you!
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There's no batteries in my back
I show you Ñiggas how I move (Move Echo)
50 aint gangsta

Lloyd Banks aint gangsta
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(Phat Rat talks)
G-G-G-G-G.... NOT!
You bitch ass niggas
Check this out man
I'm not gonna be playing these mother fucking games
Mr. Potato head now you wanna be a comedian nigga
This shit is R-E-A-L nigga!
Real nigga
Black wall street
Wait wait
Like I told you last time
It's THE black wall street you bitch ass nigga
And Oliv... Excuse me OLIVER!
You punk mother fucker
I'm still taking heat from my niggas
For looking at your mother fuckin' ass nigga
You somebodys son
You bitch ass A'igga
I'ma catch up to your ass nigga
Muscle mouth ass bitch
That's alright though nigga

G-U-Not nigga

This is black wall street nigga
Tell me where you at
That's all we need to know nigga
Cus this is real nigga
This is the streets nigga
Brazil & Wilmington nigga
In case you didn't know nigga
That's right in the heart of COMPTON
You Bitch ass nigga
And Olivia
Get that mother fucking lil' ass red
Mother fucking shorts off your mother fucking ass on
that video
Everybody can you see your balls bitch
' The fuck is wrong with you
My A'iggas know I tried to holla at your bitch ass nigga
Ima fuck you up nigga
It's your fault
50 Snitch
This is Phat Rat nigga
In case you forgot nigga
Double!

Mr. Potatohead I Made You!
I kill who is my enemy
I don't give a fuck
If you talk shit
I make you a follower yeah
You crack me up kid
Your stupid
I'm much more agile then ever
Got more style so yo whatever
Whatever
Whatever (Echoes)

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