

## The Game

### "Name Me King"

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[Hook:Game + Pusha T]

Open the pearling gates  
Bright white lights Madonna  
Angels lined up in my honor, ya' honor  
Name Me King (x2)  
I took the crown, infiltrated their fortress  
Kidnap the queen, rode away in white horses  
Name Me King (x2)

[Verse 1:Game]

Brick by brick I built my fortress  
My queen beautiful, lamborghini is gorgeous  
Phantom in the courtyard, 400 horses  
Growl make the tower fall, 911 Porsches  
Number 9 Jordans pause the Air Forces  
Kush clouds, blunts lit by Olympic torches  
Gold bars melted and what returned Rolexes  
Niggas got Breitlings to burn  
Loyalty to earn  
Royalty to who it may concern this is Los Angeles King  
Snapback  
Sipping 'tron out the Stanley cup, I don't give a fuck  
Drown them in the moat and let the bridge up  
My son, my heir in Nike Airs  
Named my little nigga King meaning you should bow at  
his feet before God intervene  
Even when I was in front of triple beams  
Stack paper to the ceiling, to the fiends I was king

[Hook:Game + Pusha T]

[Verse 2:Pusha T]

Raise your glass for the last of the Kingpins  
The crown in the Maserati grill is mingling  
Rolly's cross oceans like Frank out in England  
The Gay Pride bezel rainbow like it's spring again  
Haah crack rock, crack rock nigga  
My SC430 was a drop nigga  
Go figure, this nigga play goldfish  
My only pet was fish scale not a goldfish  
My young baby sitter now my old bitch

Blowjobs to what I sold made her nose itch  
(YEAGHHHHH! )  
It's the king being crowned, watch my predecessor  
fall like the sun going down (God! )  
It's sunset, this is Sun Tzu (War! )  
He paved the way I brought a ton through (Whooo! )  
Been on his heels like a gum shoe  
He took the throne so I could run through  
(YEAGHHHHH! )

[Hook:Game + Pusha T]

[Verse 3:Game]  
Rose petals at my feet when I'm stepping out the Rolls  
The royal penis is clean, Versace belt gold  
Sweatin' like a slave? get sold  
Accompanied by fourteen karats stold  
Adjust the temperature let the heat rise up like Jesus  
shuttles worth in that glass jar  
Blue flame glowing like a Avatar  
Five more minutes says the silent gold hand going  
'round on my Audemar  
Angels in the wing, ass naked do your thing  
Show me what that baking soda bring  
Do it for your king  
Every time I look up, they cook up  
I be the master of them p's I got the hook up  
From New Orleans to Virginia  
I told her stuff them pies in her Virginia  
Never been caught, can't be bought, she's a winner  
Flying south for the winter make it back home for  
dinner

[Hook:Game + Pusha T]

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