

The Game

"Red Bottom Boss"

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[Verse 1: Game]

I'm 'bout to tear this fucking track out
Pretend that it's Keri Hilson and blow her fucking back
out
22nd mixtape, half of 'em diss tapes
But fuck who I was dissing cause I never made a
mistake
Bleek got what he deserved, Jay, I might have been
tripping
I was falling, I was slipping, he was Jordan, I thought I
was Pippen
He was winning, I was losing, he threw a jab, I start
bruising
So I threw in the towel just to separate all confusion
Ivy Blue is beautiful, me saying that's unusual
That's just the father in me, don't think I'm trying to be
cool with you
Thug life, Rihanna knuckles, Gucci shirt, designer
buckles
Louis Vuitton billboard, the niggas that's just trying to
hustle
Poster boy for them drug dealers, I just want y'all to
love me
But I ain't handsome, I ain't really trying to bug niggas
Y'all the Verizon man, I'm just gon' stand behind y'all
But every now and then, I gotta remind y'all

[Verse 2: Game]

It's that red bottom boss, nigga
Burgundy Bentley truck, who give a fuck what it cost
nigga
That V12 start up like Ross nigga
That's why them hoes call me the boss nigga
Catch me in the Maybach where them seats recline way
back
Remember, I had a Rocky for ya, I ain't talking ASAP
Know I got that K strap, chopper with the base hat
If you see tip drilling, King of Diamonds, tell I got like
eight stacks
Ace of Spades by the crates, biatch
Never lose, like Alexander the Great, biatch

I only win like Baylor, I run the city like mayors
Don't make me go dig up them old Chuck Taylor's
Back when me and Snoop was the only ones throwing
up gang signs
Y'all niggas wasn't bloods until I came and cosigned
y'all
But y'all the Verizon man, I'm just gon' stand behind
y'all
And sometimes I gotta remind y'all

[Verse 3: Game]

Taylor Gang nigga, I ain't Wiz doe
But I got that yellow brick road inside my ear lobes
Playing ice hockey, feeling like Gretzky
Los Angeles King, and I'm who my city gon' cheer for
Niggas throwing subliminals, act like I don't hear those
I could give you 600 bars, but y'all know that y'all fear
those
And plus I'm too attached to my lifestyle
Fuck them Air 1's, I'm too attached to these spikes now
Louboutins, hard as croutons
They comfortable like futons, they suede, grey poupon
They yellow like Luke on The Lakers, he was traded
But they should have moved that nigga marrying
Gloria Govan
Damn, was that too strong, these niggas getting
pooped on
While I get my Duke on, and crossover like Duhon
You lukewarm, I'm too hot, you're too cold, I'm 2Pac
You're too old for Hip Hop, stop, recognize...

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