

## The Game

### "Skate On"

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[Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

Where the Almighty know, well alright then  
I'm all mighty ho call me mighty Joe Quinn  
With Josephine Baker in the Benz  
On them shiny toes, glass slipper niggas with your  
Cinderella shins  
I'm a shark in the water, you see my flippers and my  
fins  
The pool is my palace go and send them niggas in  
Rockstar, lets take the Bentley for a swim  
I run the world take your hood to the gym  
Stretch it all out, get it all thin  
Back on my fat shit get it all again  
Rap on my back bitch, hip hop on my brim  
You think you're high now  
Well thy style's no higher than my eyebrows, this  
should be a sin  
Cleanse, flow clear kinda like how air look  
Or like a Cinderella pair look  
Or like Cinderella barefoot  
No matter how many ankles of crews  
The moral of the story: you can't fill my shoes  
Lu!

[Verse 2: Game]

(Mass murderer!)

And in the last verse from Lupe, touche  
Ferrari drop top, but it came with a toupee  
Niggas say they got cars like us, but do they?  
Rap Phantoms, pack tannoms and strippers from  
Atlanta, mÃ©nage Ã  trois let em fuck, I watch, stay on  
My j-o, only when I'm punchin' the clock, up  
On the block, everything mine, I stay on my grind  
Chasin' dollar signs, bumpin' Nas, it's halftime  
And I'm the G-A, money signs its easy nigga, don't  
Want shit for free but weezy nigga, load the Glock up  
Cops pop up, you can go to Iraq, take all the straps  
Come back and couldn't stop us, Aston with the  
Top jush, paint job, rock dust, hand with what I got  
In the trunk will get us all locked up, so fuck niggas  
And I'm talkin' from behind the trigga, now come

Get a nigga, cus I'm of niggas

[Hook]

Hatin' on me, you wastin' your time  
Nigga wanna kill me? Then go and stand in that line  
Kill that shit, I ain't tryna hear that shit  
(Gun cocking) I know you hear that shit  
So nigga  
Skate on, skate on (Whatchu gon do?)  
Skate on, skate on (Lupe tell em nigga)  
S-S-Skate on, skate on  
Me and my niggas tryna stay on, skate on

[Verse 3: Game]

Usually wake up early like them Philly niggas  
In the weed spot rolling kush A-R go get Philly nigga  
First smoke a not, we swimming it hard rock  
We push it out all spots 'till they get us up off blocks  
Straight for the bout(?) pots, then bag it in in Banglocks  
Watch for the top cops cus we nourish our own crops  
Smoke it like blood clops, inside of the drug spot  
Will take em to Van Gundy, big man on the block  
Don't worry bout my residential or my credentials  
My flow will cocktail, through a Def Jam window  
That's for Shekyaan, I'm the rapper niggas fear  
No need for Craig Mack to kick the flava in ya ear  
Keep the Lambo in fifth gear, catch me on a sunny  
Day, paint drippin' like Lil Weezy in Baby tears  
King of LA I think I made it clear, ain't nobody outselling  
5  
It's a Eminem or Dre n shit

[Hook]

Hatin' on me, you wastin' your time  
Nigga wanna kill me? Then go and stand in that line  
Kill that shit, I ain't tryna hear that shit  
(Gun cocking) I know you hear that shit  
So nigga  
Skate on, skate on (Whatchu gon do?)  
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S-S-Skate on, skate on  
Me and my niggas tryna stay on, skate on

[Verse 4: Game]

Now I've been rappin' for 9 years, 4 months  
45, 46, 47 seconds, I was Doctor Dre's weapon  
Had the option to stay and kept swerving  
Make some rookie mistakes but so did Kyrie Irving  
If Fifty was Lebron on a bad night, or Floyd Mayweather  
When many packi out did his jab right, I fucked a  
Bad bitch but that was last night, and I ain't gon' say

No names but she was singing and her ass tight  
This year I'm gettin' my cash right, 30 years old  
Let Drake or Soulja Boy live fast life, who ever said  
The Game wack, change that, 'fore the thing claps  
Niggas fucked up rap, I bought the flame back  
Couple albums later, still the same cat, and my P-O  
Only motherfucker thinkin' that I ain't strapped  
Next time you doubt me, I'mma have my accountin'  
down  
Southny, we can do this rap shit without me  
I'm out G, and if 2011 Audi, twenty two parral leaf  
Oils up like the Saudi's, bout to pick new broad from the  
hotel  
Yo Pharrell, let em know

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