

## The Game "Slangin' Rocks"

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Ay yo, 1 time for your motherfuckin' mind  
Y'all niggas waitin on me! Hahaaaa  
Yea, yea, yea... 2010 windows on this red Ferrari

Hand on my nuts nigga (ohhh shit)  
Solo cause my niggas all locked up in the pen  
Here we go again, 2010, 28" rims  
Slammed them hardcore like Lil' Kim  
Get money, then me and my entourage is in  
So tell ya friend to tell her girlfriend I'm in the Benz  
This is a Dope Boyz car, bought it with coke cash  
& prior this gat, it came with 4 stashes  
Get money, fuck bitches, this is my life  
She blowin' today, in 5 years this is your wife  
& you can't handle that, gimme that ace of spades  
nigga  
This is a bottle Jack, bring it back to VIP & swallow that  
Holler back, used to sell crack where the college at  
When I got low, I re-up where they shoot them hollows  
at  
Same hood, same guns, same tee, same one's  
Who said 'cause I'm saggin' in these jeans that I can't  
run?

Standin' on the corner straight slangin' rocks  
Here comes the crooked ass cops, crooked, crooked  
ass cops  
Aww, straight slangin' rocks  
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I could talk about my cars, but fuck what's in my  
garage  
I'd rather have a mainage with you & Nicki Minaj  
(Aww) This is a threesome  
Getting me some, D.R.E. some, Skateboard B some  
Starmap nigga, I'm back with a vengeance  
Call that happy feet but I don't fuck with the penguins

In my hood that's a no-no, court date: no-show  
Got a warrant out but that's just R.E.D. Album promo  
Tell 'em like Will, tell 'em nigga come & get meee  
Blowin sticky green & I can feel it in my kidney  
Chillin in the wind & aint got no common sense  
The way that I'm jumpin & swervin inside this Bentley  
I am simply a natural born killer  
Nigga tempt me, leave this fuckin' choppa all empty  
Yea I did it, that's purple haze lemme hit it  
Hide the smoke under my BBC fitted & I'm

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I be chillin' by the now, right by the mill shop  
They want Game locked up 'cause that'll make the jail  
hot  
Call my nigga Pharrell cause that'll make my bail pop  
California love, I hold it down well Pac  
Much love to Brooklyn, got these haters shell-shocked  
Roll my L's in Harlem, cause that was Big L's spot  
& it's summertime, here go my Hummer line  
H3, Dre beats beatin like the drummer line  
Rollin' with my niggas, peace to my bitches  
Lets have a pool party & go swimmin' in my riches  
Patent lime, Belvedere, Cerock & Deziak  
BB in there with Diddy like "Nigga where the breezys  
at?"  
So I can beat 'em, yea Chris Breezy that  
Right behind the Starmap logo is where you see me at  
Gimme some, I went from pyrex pots to yachts  
Jay, we got something in common: IT'S THE ROC(K)!

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