

The Game

"The Drill"

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Ace Hood, Game what up ni**a?
Yeah

[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

Thank god momma son made it at twenty three
Still remembering a struggle hidden deep in me
Momma gone, ain't no single daddy memory
I became my own man the age of seventeen
Trying make this money flip like it's a trampoline
I was hard headed, grandfather diabetic
I was trying do it big, like I was Faith Evans
Praying to the heavens, I can see my daughter smile
Know she watching now that daddy rip this record
down
Know I love you baby, tell my god I said whatup'
And know I seen em' just meeting ends, so my family
up
I should pray harder, instead I tote a pistol
Speed dollar killers running if I ever whistle
Real nigga, that's just my genetics
Hustle hard got my money doing calisthenics
I stretch paper, every dollar bill

[Hook: Ace Hood] X2

Niggas cry tears, when I see my first meal (First Meal)
Bad bitch wit' me bet she know the drill
Bad bitch wit' me bet she know the drill
Bad bad bitch wit' me bet she know the drill

[Verse 2: Game]

I gotta' bad bitch wit' me, and she know the drill
And she know my ex, X pill
She only listen to me, Ace, and Meek Mill
I told her tat my name on it, so I know it's real
She know the value of a dollar bill
She know how real or fake them counterfeit hundred's
feel
She know the difference between Derrick Rose and D-
Wade
She know the difference between being broke and
stayin', paid

She know the difference between vuve and spades
She know the difference between warrants and raves
Never confuse when talkin' Glocks and dem' K's
Show her the shoe, she put a number on dem' J's
Like, it dem' is cool grays
I'm like, dem' is cool shades
I'm like, dem' is Spike Lee's
She like, yeah schooldays
And she bang the documentary still
Said that motherfucka' cold, yeah, Buffalo Bill

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

I ain't never ran from nobody, and I never will
Lunch time on these niggas, cuz' I'm on my second
meal
I just dropped a mixtape, lookin' like my second deal
Club live thirty bottles, and I'm on my second bill
And I be gettin' high as my electric bill
Ask bout' me in the hood, they say I'm extra real
Cuz' ain't nobody never rob me, I ain't never squeal
And ain't nobody never try, my niggas love to kill
Ridin' round wit' chuck, but it ain't a game though
My black wall niggas, told me you a lame though
The block got a beam on it, like Kano
But man it took some lemon squeeze's, just to split
your mango
My down bitch, never count to counterfeit
Cuz' you know the real from fake, I had to learn some
shit
Before I ever thought of rap, I had a pound to get
And the piece is steel, I never thought I see a mill

[Hook]

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