

## The Game

### "They Don't Want None"

Visit "[They Don't Want None](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Far as dough, I'm stuffed with cash, popping like fuckle tags  
Rappin' in Belize, Louis Vuitton duffle bags  
Guess who home, my nigga Shyne  
Straight out the brick house to a brick house  
Money flowin' like it's Chris Dale  
Shine on it swiss styles, I'm hood as Kid Styles  
My Clair Bomber jacket perfect for the pit stop, it is now  
You boys don't want none, release on the blood Glock  
They here by, they go numb  
Goin' plan no. 1 with the gang no. 2  
Start track no. 3 back to ypee MV  
(Gots the chill) While I stack a mill to the ceiling  
Ten gangstas outside, meeting gangstas in the building  
One nigga can't stop this motherfuckin' killin'  
Hell on earth of repercussion, the blood is spelt on my children  
Cowboys and Indians, motherfuck the pilgrims  
Infiltrate my squad near every cat buildin'

(They don't want none)  
Don't make a nigga pull Glocks in the shots  
Spin that black ghost around the block  
(They don't need none)  
We got pills for days  
Give a bitch chills and thrills for days  
Know I mean?  
(Let 'em have some)  
Ace of Spades by the fountains  
Cush by the ounces, mill on the mountains  
(In a week I'm)  
We bringin' the fuck  
Yo B, let 'em know  
Money Gang uh

Fish out the cooker, bein' busy for the pussy  
In the kitchen with the cook of blood yea, then you rough us  
You fuckin' hookers, y'all a bunch of Ashton Kutcher's  
With the finger tag backs, you ain't jackin' that

Yo Game, I'm laughin' at these cop who turned shote  
us  
Imagine that, you're mad a fuckin' life happen at  
You's the only one there, I swear  
Stuck the blood clut cryin'  
I'm in Belize with Game when these shots fired in this  
silence  
Y'all motherfuckaz singin'  
I've see the paperwork, you a fuckin' pigeon, no kisses  
Count cloud to the ceilin'  
George Jackson shit, Vic, Vag, Vellin  
Hopin' every cell they creepin'  
County fuckin' with me, I'm the best livin'

(They don't want none)  
Don't make a nigga pull Glocks in the shots  
Spin that black ghost around the block  
(They don't need none)  
We got pills for days  
Give a bitch chills and thrills for days  
Know I mean?  
(Let 'em have some)  
Ace of Spades by the fountains  
Cush by the ounces, mill on the mountains  
(In a week I'm)  
We bringin' the fuck  
Yo B, let 'em know  
Money Gang uh

Check it, what the blood clot?  
Nigga blood got Ferrari's and Lambo's parked outside  
the drug spot  
Survived five shots, you know that  
When bitch niggas died, they cried  
Cause they had to pay for that  
Payers took it, where the blow at?  
I just won a hundred racks on blackjack and you know  
I'm 'bout to blow that  
They don't make real niggas where you from  
Sick 45, I'm 'bout to finger fuck the trigga till them  
hollows come  
Talk shit? Swallow one  
You fuckin' move me  
I disrespect niggas like in old Italian movies  
I'm sayin', I live, you ready  
I come in the restaurant with my shirt off and spit in  
your fuckin' spaghetti sauce  
Boss, my pocket's fatter than my nigga Ross  
Wipe this milkatrone off my mouth with my Louis glove  
Understand?  
I'm a California felon

Bust your cerebellum, skateboard go and tell 'em

(They don't want none)

Don't make a nigga pull Glocks in the shots

Spin that black ghost around the block

(They don't need none)

We got pills for days

Give a bitch chills and thrills for days

Know I mean?

(Let 'em have some)

Ace of Spades by the fountains

Cush by the ounces, mill on the mountains

(In a week I'm)

We bringin' the fuck

Yo B, let 'em know

Money Gang

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.