

The Game

"Whatchu Drinkin' On? [Ft. Snoop Dogg]"

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The Game Ft. Snoop Dogg - Whatchu Drinkin' On?

[Verse 1 - The Game]

It's me Chuck Taylor muthafucka/
I'm back for the first time no more nursery rhymes/
I'm the west coast version of B I G
East coast version of Easy E
Mix it with a bottle of hypnotic that 6-4 on hydrolics
If it wasn't for Dre I'd be in the garden like R. Wallace
Movin' rocks like the Grand Canyon man
The forty-five throw bullets like Randal's hands
I'm from Los Angelos man
You got the D, we break down zones like Kansas man
I'm in the hood giving out free samples man
Them fiends wanna see me scramble like Atlanta fans
Move rock by day, Lambo by night
Same color as Brett Favre's Jersey with dual exhaust
pipes
She mad 'cause she can't ride, she just wanna fight
Frustrated at The Game, throwing chairs like Bob
Knight
Aight

[Hook - The Game]

Whatchu Drinkin' On
Belvadere or grey goose
Alinzey or orange juice
Is it Henny and coke? Remy and coke?
V S O P or bottle of O-E
Whatchu Drinkin' On
Hypnotic or Armendel, Psyclone or crystal
My nigga's is in this bitch we packin' the pistols
Nigga's get out of line we airin' this bitch out

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

G A M E that's my main man
Holdin' on some mothafuckin' MOET champagne
Pop it on 'em, drop it on 'em, quick like
And kick that shit to get a bitch like
Ready to fuck with me,

And bring another bitch with you, now we doing three
company
Her choice of drink was V S O P
It made the bitch feel queasy
And easy does it, I'm with my cousin, Chuck Taylor
My relative of a little gangbang flavor
You save a bullet flavor of a mothafuckin gangsta
In some powder blue Marvin Gay'das
I'm buying the bar tonight
And I'm fucking with these riders, known eastsidaz
Playin', pimpin' while I'm rappin' while you yappin'
Slippin' my clippin' now I'm clickin' and I'm clackin'
Sippin' Yak n',

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - The Game]

Hey Ma the DJ's playin' your song
You know how them bitches act when Snoop Dogg is on
You ever seen a bitch bust through doors in high heels
In Dolce Gerbanna jeans with a Henny on the rocks
Ass like Jenny from the block,
All the gangsta's stare, Aftermath all the gangsta's
here
You seen the line outside it's going down in here,
G-Unit, Shady Records and a pound in here
I'm Jessie Owens on a track, so Dark Child in here
I got an ounce in here, we all got four pounds in here
So don't step on them All Star's and Air Forces
Got a full magazine that's hotter than their Source
And I'm the rap era, parents of Michael Air Jordan
With Chicago in cursive and Chorinc and coach persons
X-O or X Pills, King Lewis or malt liquor
Drunk or tipsy I keep the heart nigga
I'm gangsta

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