

The Game

"Whatchu Drinkin' On?"

Visit "[Whatchu Drinkin' On?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

[Verse 1 - The Game]

It's me Chuck Taylor muthaf**ka/

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 mothaf**kin' MOET champagne

Pop it on 'em, drop it on 'em, quick like

And kick that shit to get a bitch like

Ready to f**k 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 mothaf**kin gangsta

In some powder blue Marvin Gay'das

I'm buying the bar tonight

And I'm f**king 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

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