

The Game

"Where U At"

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Game:lemme run with ya 4 5 vinna dash choppers on
the white walls
50 cara after math change show em the ice dog

Fabo:50 ina am glow camo amo hard top lambo they
know who i am though

Game:dinna than a damn yo can i say that? niggas
stay strap get ya 50 clap asap cesar push way back you
wanna horse say that

Fabo:day that type to say that hype the lay that not
knows shots blows with a snippers lay at brain on the
wind shield with a wipers sway at im in the mall black
carton i swipe and pay that we used to be hyped to say
that now its just nothing new

Game:niggas cant excell she makes em fail lil nigga
get lost like Dave Chapplle hey jay from Brooklyn yup
blazin el cus i know how it felt when he lost the feel tray
died in the same 300 so i stopped fucking with Chrysler
put a crash bar on a Hummer

Fabo:wanna change but the number on the tail of the
check i wanna die yelling my set and inhalin the *cough
cough*

Game:low so lemme choke on that take the wheel of
the low rider till the tires on the spokes go flat when the
back of the fuck let the top go back me and Fab jus
blaze when we hop on track IT TO EARLY

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