

360

"How Good Is Your Game"

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Intro:

Ha-ha, yeah. How good is your game? It's 360. The game you play. I had to get my partner in crime on this one. Everybody meet Pez. Now this is my lead single, so you know it's good. How good, six? Pretty good, mate.

Verse 1:

First of all these days are full of clichés, peak game, all you dudes need change.
You need to rearrange, switch up your game plan, dress like me in the dark with your Rabin's.
All your clothes should be name brand (skuse!) and only go for girls with bleached hair and fake tans Pez:
Not me, I'm sipping liquor with vigour until I face plant, while I'm in this same stance, that's right, eighth can.
You know the type you see acting like a cave man, who hasn't got rhythm so he has to watch his mates dance
I'll be out till they close the city,
Yo, we think were top shit cause we're mates with the bouncer
We're walking straight through while it takes you an hour, ha-ha!
Where's the lynx, fuck taking a shower! The girls are like cakes with their face full of powder.

Chorus:

How good is your game? (How good is your game? Just tell me.) The game you play.
Forget following trends, we're not copying them. No way!
How good is your game? (How good is your game? Just tell me.) The game you play.
If you're a stereotype then get to steppin' aside.

Verse 2:

I understand why you look all sad, cause all the emos that we know just need hope
But I'm sick of cats all wearing these fitted hats, cause that stickers whack mate, you need to get rid of that
Yo all that money that you spent wasn't worth it man!
FUCK fitted hats; me I'm more of a turban fan.

My styles bummy, I shop around for worser brands, but
fuck it up rockin' kicks that are worth a grand
You know the circumstance, get a bourbon and try to
work a girl by returning her a nervous glance.
She thinks that I'm a surfie with a perfect tan, so I tell
her listen we're not rappers we're an urban band.
Yo we're the raver dudes flippin' out in purple pants,
chatting pig Latin for smoking on the herbal plants.
Uck-fay, ou-yay! Monday, Tuesday! Whose your
favourite rapper, guys? Kanye, Lupe! Ha-ha, it's not
even!

Chorus:

How good is your game? (How good is your game? Just
tell me.) The game you play.
Forget following trends, we're not copying them. No
way!
How good is your game? (How good is your game? Just
tell me.) The game you play.
If you're a stereotype then get to steppin' aside.

Verse 3:

I lose control when I groove to the beat, I swing my
torso without moving my feet
And I like to nod my head if it's a suitable beat, with a
nice smile showing off my beautiful cheeks
This dude, he can move and it's truly unique but see I'd
rather get down counting my steps out
Cause I don't dance or even think of it brother, at my
shows the crowd are walking into each other.
I can't dance for shit, I can't stand or sit but it's clearly
understood I walk really fuckin' good
So just trust me, don't test my walk, the rest all talk shit
but when they step on the floor they get smoked
Hey, you know he's doing the walk, it's no joke, yeah,
so watch me do it some more
And nowadays everybody's looking the same, ask
yourself one thing; how good is your game?

Chorus

How good is your game? (How good is your game? Just
tell me.) The game you play.
Forget following trends, we're not copying them. No
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How good is your game? (How good is your game? Just
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