

## Der Wolf

### "Game Tight"

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[Chorus]

Game tight with the shit we pop  
One love to real niggaz cause the game don't stop  
From the T-R-U to the D-P-Gs  
From the Firm to the Wu-Tang Clan for show see  
Know me fuck around with the mob for show  
Hit these funksters 3 times crazy and get low  
Cause everyday everyday fuck all that drama  
I hit the Bahamas for shows to get paid

[J.T. The Bigga Figga]

Come on, ease on down, ease on down  
This funky tack the Fast One done layed down  
Sipping on Crown  
Royal, I done found a sick sound  
Smooth, but rough enough for the underground  
Now whose gone move the crowd like Mike Mike Jordan  
But I'm the type that others want to try and be like  
I recite and shines right with a cordless mic  
I comes tight with more air than a pair of Nike's  
I flows constantly sort of like a faucet  
Lyrical bully, with a bulldozer you couldn't pull me  
Now blow the douja with this type of shit I'm writing  
I'm smoking hash ready to clash like the titans  
Unforgettable like Natalie's remix of her father song  
I keep my vocals strong, high off the cheech and chong  
And when ya feel the dome  
Funny bone makes me tickle  
I comes colder than the north pole to freeze ya like an  
icecicle

[Chorus]

[The Fast One]

Up early in the morning channel 42 on cable  
Pager going off up on my living room table  
Shaking dominoes with P the reason to stack some  
more cheese  
California breezing gets hected in drought season  
Every time I hit the lab, thinking bout o's  
With the D-O double D and the Figga you wouldn't know

Cause the combination is tighter than 4 knots  
And you can here the ass cold knocking for 4 blocks  
And showstops ain't the thang to do  
County checking no disrespecting them boys in blue  
And you know I'm for black with green in my pockets  
Pass a note to the teller at the bank, so I can shock her  
See, every dollar we stacking is to the ceiling  
And after love making is for shaking the herbal healin  
And catching feelings is a no no  
Breaking more bitches and hitting switches in the low  
low  
Bounce and turn, like my homie Makaveli we ain't hard  
to find  
Hit a nigga with a drop trying to flip a dime  
And stacking papers is a daily routine  
Instead of dope fiends, serving versus teller machines  
And catching coke kings slipping at the docks at the  
bay  
Cause the shit dried up so he put g's on layaway  
And no mistakes, we lay them down for the stretch  
Without a shot and had a fully loaded mac  
On our way to the NYC we drop game  
With round trip tickets, we kick it on stolen planes  
And for the things that we can do for ya'll  
One love to 2Pac, Mr. C and Biggie Smalls  
And to all the soldiers in the game that we play  
From the Bronx to the LBC up to the Bay  
Cause everyday everyday fuck all that drama  
I hit the Bahamas for shows to get paid

[Chorus]

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