

RBL Posse "More Game"

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(Richie Rich talking)

Rest in peace, Mr. Cee. Check it out, off the top,
dedicated to all the,
Yay Area mutha fuckaz who don't know nuthin about,
what they supposed to
know sumptin about. So a understand me what I'm
sayin?? Uh-huh, y'all
mutha fuckaz comin from either side of the bridge,
biatch.

Verse 1 *(Richie Rich)*

Slug bangin,
Drug bangin,
it's Rich,
an that nigga Black Chris,
runnin a drug sweet bliss,
from the older Frisc,
hataz chew a chunk of this,
rest in peace to my nigga,
(Mr. Cee),
can't fuck wit this,
park my hog, fuck wit OG dogs,
smoke LG dispite the spook stories niggaz tell me,
they lungs collapse,
need zig zags to bust raps,
run trains on hoes,
who fall victim to the flows,
RBL knows,
my turf niggaz throw up yo "O's",
if you got game,
then hustle an struggle to bring the spot fame,
not to name,
they built a bridge in the game,
from the Older Frisco,
off light green an Sissco,
I go,
back an forth,
east, west, north,
representin niggaz who be slangin on the porch,
fo what it's worth,

all niggaz on the turf,
prepare yo mind fo the rebirth.

Ha ha, check it out. On a bitch, (RBL Posse) fo a bitch,
(Double R)
dedicated to a bitch, (sideways) an the hook'll go a lil
sumpthin like
this....

(chorus) x2

(RBL Posse & Richie Rich)

We got mo game than the average, bitch,
three boss playaz tryin to stack a grip, trick,
we makin g's that's fo sheeze,
in a place where gettin money ain't easy.
Believe that.

Verse 2 *(Black C)*

Now I'm bouncin in rap,
juss like O-Z's, to kilo's,
gettin so rich, I change my name to Mr. C-Note,
now these flows, cashin checks,
but dont forget,
I had respect, before success, to put this game in text,
so you might get wrecked,
my foes get checked,
these hoes expect,
Versace,
fuckin everybody,
I'm off like Gotti,
off tha Hennessey,
my Posse, got the tendencey,
to take foes, an break those,
niggaz hold they pecos,
then shoot them down like Waco,
but lettin em say so,
we never bang hoes,
playaz make the world go round,
that's right the world go round,
fools talk down,
real niggaz hold they ground,
Rich laid it down,
while he spark that pound,
I takes a toke hold, then of the smoke,
then I blows it out,
into the B-A-Y,
my niggaz aint G-A-Y,
this Frisco pimpin, representin gettin P-A-Y,

ya betta believe that.

(Chorus) x2

Verse 3 *(Hitman)*

Some one kid you fo a rap,
two for a hoe,
three for the fedi,
four since the show,
fo sho,
I been like strugglin an strivin fo doe,
an the eagerness I get, the sooner that it flows,
hoes try to keep me down the ladder,
but I'd rather keep climbin to make my pockets fatter,
an as they huddle an gather,
to come up wit a plan, to stuffs it in my hand,
that poultry man,
me an my click, the realest clan,
an there I stand,
as a completed soldier,
smaller the older,
likes phenomenon,
like John Travolta,
get in yo mind juss like minolta,
it's colder how we put pressure upon yo shoulders,
be leavin you blinded,
in these one times, we criminal minded,
an we stood to be reminded,
put it back,
we run this like Gullivers Travels,
we unravel confrontations,
fo my niggaz we lost the battle,
snakes they rattle,
but we got mo game than the average,
insane 'cause we some savages,
wit the hap's of lettin you have it,
Fo the cabbage.

(Chorus) x2

Mo game than the average,
game in exchange fo some cabbage. Bitch. x3

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