

B-Legit f/ Snoop Dogg

"The Game Is Cold"

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[B-Legit]

It's me and Coleone at the pound on perk
Wanna hit the stripper spot, maybe knock us some
work
It's been a minute, I'm in it still down to ride
98 Nav' with the screens inside
Hoes wanna roll, bitches know we go big
A car full of dope, nigga sittin' on six
Big like a gat, so now my mack stay low
With no DL so I bails from fifth-0
I'm hittin' corners, blocks, driveways and alleys
Whitewall's and Rally's dippin' up and down Cali
Might hit the spot, and wanna get down tough
A bag full of kush and a sack of the duff
You had enough? You know the staff was down to hurt
her
The bitch was a groupie hoe, just fucked C-Murder
And I'm a motherfucker dick that's Platinum and Gold
It ain't my fault, that's what I was taught, the game is
cold

[Chorus]

("I'm goin' in they mouth, down they throat")
The game is cold
("I'm goin' in they mouth, down they throat")
The game is cold
("I'm goin' in they mouth, down they throat")
The game is cold
("I'm goin' in they mouth, down they throat")

[Snoop Dogg]

Guess who's back in the motherfuckin' house
With a fat sack and a dick for your mouth
Nigga comin' back with hoes, money and clout
And tryin' to show y'all what this shit is really about
Now, I can kick it with B or light up the heat
Or holler at P, turn up the beat
Bangin' the fo', the low-low that is
Or slang dodo or coco, fo' sho' that is
But I ain't even trippin' no more
I'm like the Six Million Dollar Man, nigga in slow-mo

Go bro, take this shit as far as ya ever been
Shit I'm tryin' to go places, ain't no nigga never been
But then, niggaz steady tryin' to twist me
In the pen I got the whole Crip card with me
Come get me, y'all niggaz know where I'm at
Ain't No Limit to this shit, just know that
Nigga know that, we show that

[Chorus]

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[B-Legit]

Up early in the mornin', dressed in black
I'm to the dope track to get the dope sack
Blowin', it's Mr. Bill Clinton of Vallejo, California
With no warnin' shots, just thought I'd warn ya
I used to campaign, sold D in the rain
Came Mother's Day, gave chickens away
Now where I stay, in the Yay, be on the under
Shit be like a jungle, sometimes it make we wonder
By the summer, fuck a Hummer, I ball a 'Burban
If niggaz don't get it together, it's curtains
I'm certain, we all hurtin', all want a piece
But if you fiddle with mine I turn savage beast
Leave you creased nigga, like you stole somethin'
People tell me "Legit, you's a cold somethin"
Fuck fightin' and frontin', and bustin' over nothin'
That's how they fold, the game be cold

[Chorus]

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