

## **Bullys Wit Fullys f/ The Game**

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[Guce]

Yeah

Bullys wit fullys, this what we do

Guce, Tay, we back now

The Game

[Verse 1: Guce]

See I'm back in the building like I'm crack in the building

In projects with straps with my back to the building

T-Fast keep yo head up we pushin' a line

Out of state with my money bag takin' what's mine

I got my nine, fuck rap niggaz makin' the band

Rich we off ten G's stacks in rubber bands

I'm pushin' a Benz you other niggaz rappin' about it

You ain't got it, you need to stop rappin' about it

This gangsta shit, you need to stop actin' about it

Catch you by the building put the tre-8 to yo noggin'

(blockah, blockah)

You deserved to be duck taped and raped with a pool stick

Get ya cake baked by some niggaz you that cool with

Revenge is sweeter than pumpkin with some cool whip

Bang out the stomach for runnin' this to pool pit

Now you on some cool shit homie I don't care

Wasn't with it should have sat yo ass down somewhere

I know you thinkin' damn how a bullet burn like this

I know you tryin' to figure how the tables turn like this

You was hatin', didn't know I had my ear to block

My money long homie should have hid up under a rock

Cash like Damon Dash, but I'm not from Roc

If I ever bag the powder bring it back to the block

Self made millionaire havin' my wealth

I shook the Fedz homeboy you better tell on yo'self

Holla, what it do

[Chorus]

Yo city to my block, ask about me

Suburbs to the curbs spot, ask about me

From the nails to barber shop, ask about me

House brokers to the car lots, ask about me

Applebottoms, yeah you better ask about me  
The crap tables, yeah you better ask about me  
The club owners, ma you can ask about me  
Yeah ma, yeah you can ask about me

[Verse 2: The Game]

Let's send this, no more beef with Memphis  
I from the C-P-T, I be a menace  
A-Team hop out vans, Reebok tennis  
Rearrange ya teeth make you see a dentist  
The Von Dutch hoodie, desert Eag's is in it  
You can't fuck with Chuck, I be's the shiznit  
You better grab or pull back ya bitch  
For I, mack ya bitch, Maybach ya bitch  
Introduce her to Von Dutch give her a hat and shit  
Then put bricks on her back like she African, young'n  
No I don't know Chris & Neef, but I do gangbang  
And them bricks is cheap, yeah  
11-5, this is the best product  
Get ya rock in Cali, set up shop Bedstuy  
Try to be a live nigga end with dead guy beams on you  
Visine can't stop the red eye

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Killa Tay]

I from the school of hard knocks, where niggaz stay  
runnin' from cops  
And won't hesitate to run in ya spot  
And ain't scared to put one ya knot, pop ya brain, stop  
ya frame  
I'm workin' for whatever you got  
The bigger the bread, the better the plot  
I ain't from Sac but I'm the King, like Bibby pass  
whoever the rock  
I was born to make cheddar like Pac, it's all eyes on me  
My destination is the top, I won't be denied  
I'm a thuglord tricky with words, and only puffs on the  
stickiest  
Scandalous hoes in my face tryin' to get me to splurge  
That's a no-no, from Mr. Mafioso, far from a trick  
I stick and move like Cory Spinks, I'm in to win  
And I ain't tryin' to spend my money on diamonds and  
minks  
Everybody gotta eat  
And it's a gamble when you step outside so everybody  
got they heat  
Like the basketball team in Miami  
Don't hate the player, hate the game  
Fuck the fame we ain't rappin' for Grammys  
You either, get rich or die tryin' like 50

Last days, it's a cold world and business is risky

[Chorus]

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