

Andrew WK

"Pre-Game"

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[Sauce Money]

I lay my gun fine, ideas be as bright as the sunshine
Shook the rap game with just one line
When me and my niggaz combine, all day, you know
what?
Sometimes, I run with mad niggaz who done time
Hit you with eight, from one nine, now you showin the
vein
My shells is like information, go in your brain
Holdin my slug, before you squeeze em show em the
love
Burn your fingertips so throw em a glove, understand
me
Before my album drop, cop the Grammy, uncanny
Bought my first Role' from Manny
Dirty burners my crew never hand me, nigga we family
You not, get shot, get caught slippin like Dexter Manley
with at least ten lead, spray right, paint your skin red
Damn we, all the shit you can't be
We big time, you small time, real small like how an ant
be
Marcy, bust a shot for Metcalf, Tilo and Danny
Peace to the Bureils, Cut Wop and Stanley
Boom Moet and bow, my whole set is wild
Past threats, frontin flash singles and that's bent
Fuck a bitch, you know the drill
Cut a chick or a suck a dick

[Jay-Z]

Jigga, what the fuck?
As a youth explosively, clappin off the roof
Shootin guard like Kobe, raised up slay smears and
bo'e
Back then, Gil was my codiene, Spanish Jose
showed me how to get the money niggaz owed me
Fast forward, no kids, six cars and three Role's
Two cribs, trips to Cuba, sippin on Uba
Got rap in a stupor, first to clap your group up
from the Range with the ski rack, or six with the Ruger
Shit, I light the motherfuckin soundproof booth up
New shit, y'all say the same shit like you're looped up

Your rap's all lazy, Jigga the Black Scorcese
What your album lack is more Jay-Z
Code name: Jay-hovah, all praise me
Y'all don't paint pictures, y'all all trace me
You've yet to see the day when my squad be done
I represent that shit nigga, Marcy son, what?

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