

Fgdgfh**"What Part of the Game"**Visit "[What Part of the Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Panama P.I.]

I'm the greatest rapper in the world, you who tryin to
kid man
I will slam dunk on your big man
Been rappin for years, crackin them bears, the sound
of platinum chairs
Predict future cash and it's near, my speech is ditty
I bust shots until the heat gets heavy
Fuck bitches until the sheets get sweaty
Beats and melodies, will make me blink
I'll pull my shank out, and give a warrior's cry
If you ain't down wit my crew, all you die
You can tell I'm real, by lookin in the ball of my eye
I will get some cream from it, one day, your baby and
my baby
Can my some dough on Teem Summit
Countin the loot, fountain the youth, the young God
Here's the inside thug, like a Marmashad
Some wanna have emotions and kill me
Put the toast to my kidney, when I speak most of them
feel me
So, keep my name off ya breath
'Fore my nigga Gruff take the chain off ya chest
All guaranteeing, blaow, take the brain off ya neck
Off the top of the dough, one shot and you'll blow
Fuckin wit Panama P.I., guarantee I'll take ya outta ya
zone

[Cam'Ron]

Aiyo me and my nigga Hais, ride, lay loose
Case ya try to play Zeus, got the tray deuce
Hidin right inside the bubble, face goose
Not to quickly to make to make news
I'ma ace deuce, caught cases, I got Gotti and O.J. juice
And my crew, you're very stackless, very cock now
Phase of every Rocky, turn your caviar ass into, um
Chicken teriyaki, Spanish nigga try to front on me
I say papi Rocky, wish he would of shot me
Cuz I don't care if he frail or cock D.
When I got the glock, B, can't stop me
And no judicial system could affix me, try to lock me

Over papes on mine, Mr. D.A., someone to lace ya dime
And tell P.H. that the camera job, come on, that's a
waste of mine
Cuz I got my girl Curry, live in D.C.
Work the spring court, you know for me, that just scary
How Harlem nigga do, get in the building bitch hurry
Before my girl see, back to top, so she can give me one
on jury
Says hung, got her sprung, she fell that I'm young
Her little toy boy, make her lick my ass wit a tongue
She's so smart, she's dumb, but I keep, tomorrow ain't
promised
Now I might need a one way flight to St. Thomas
And at the same time I got a JAG fetish
And who knows, I might have bad credit
I can't borrow from niggas I ass betted
Go to your girl, I pop my truck faster
Don't make me Flex on you ghetto style like Funkmaster

[Chorus: Panama P.I.]

You got money, what it look like?
You got crack, what it cook like?
You got a song, wit the hook like?
Word is bond, when P.I. hit the microphone, niggas took
mics
You got crack, what it cook like?
You got a song, wit the hook like?
You got some money, what it look like?
What part of the game is that?
You fuck around wit my track, blaow, part of the
flaming stat

[I-Born]

I live the God knowledge, my book of life, he read like
twice
Five percent shine, today the grease like, my attribute's
like
Paretic chrome, I thrown, throw it at your dome, blown
It be known, like Sa Salasi clone, connect wit one zone
Cybernetic, verbal buck slang, king ebonic
Nickname Farad, all of ya dude, rock me Muhammad
I came swift, wit off as the shit, they couldn't catch it
Define this, got drawn so swift, couldn't detect it
Thug covert, sip Scotch drink, just like an Irish
Move like the infamous full blown antivirus
Apollus, mad Olympic, fragile fitness
Supreme gymnast, ancient decent, homey scriptures
Equilibrium, catch me at the Wimbledon, thug
gentlemen
Guess jeans, Wu shirts, construction Timberland
You're nobody wit nothing and your name shall be

Nathan

Who you facin, slugs blazin the amazin

[McGruff]

Aiyo check it, I used to live reckless
Snatch kids necklace, nigga respect this
A nigga catch this, blaow, trigga specialist
Is your death wish, leave you rib and chestless
Gun ho, real life thug, every one know
From the Bumjo, to the kids, to Colombo
My niggas locked down doin state, did you rumble?
Twenty five to L, on the humble, real thug shit
Plug shit, catch you, wouldn't dare fuck wit
Care rugged, from the skulls down to the Timb's
Surroundin your Benz, wit niggas houndin your gems
Yo pump this jam in your joint
All my thug niggas cruisin wit the mamas on points
City wise guys, gritty high guys, pretty mamas
I even make boricua, shake the titty tatas
Harlem World slugger, watch it explode like Pearl
Harbor
Screw ma, get a girl's Vodka
And get them hotter, slide 'em off, twist 'em proper
Yo I'm a sex fiend, fuckin in my 400 hundred Lex' ring
Flex cream, presidential roly wit Gets gleam

[Chorus 2X]

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