

## Game, The "Bottles And Rockin J's"

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[Intro - DJ Khaled]

Ayo Game, what they do boy?

It's DJ Khaled

I got my black and red Jordan Retro 6's on

I'm all about getting money

I love glorifying my hard work

Popping bottles

Shit, them hoes love it too

This DJ Khaled, We the Best

Ayo Game

Red Nation

[Chorus - The Game]

All I know is bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bottles and rocking J's

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

Bitches and getting money

[Verse 1 - Busta Rhymes]

All I know is how to smash on everybody record and do  
what I do

And make somebody have to go and get a hearse

Yo, Game I don't really give a fuck if it's your record

And you my brother my nigga look I got to rhyme fresh

See the way I coming, how I do the game, church

Ask somebody, you got to know you need to get a

nurse  
Let me bang them with another killer,  
then we put a couple bottles on the chiller  
Kill them with another verse  
Everybody see the way I be going and going  
How I do it  
Niggas the only way we know it, but then again, yes we  
do  
We knowing how I be banging  
And every sheet that I get  
All the heat I be packing  
And I show it off  
With all this money you know where I'm heading  
And I'm going to get the Jordans the patent 11 leathers  
They really banging all the way down to the feathers  
And I get a couple pair with all this money I be getting  
And I kill them with the bounce, you see the way a  
nigga stepping  
And we pop bottles and we rock J's, see me repping  
Let me show you way I do it before I hit you with the  
weapon  
Don't be spilling liquor all over my shit, give me a  
second  
Shit, anyway, see we got to get it up  
Probably feeling models up  
Let me wrap a bottle up  
Let me see everybody put your liquors bottle up

[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]

Bitches, I'm getting money, bottles and rocking chains  
Money like I'm LeBron, my whip collection insane  
Suicidal thoughts, highway to heaven riding like a boss  
Condominium in the clouds, sixty G's a month  
Fifty floors, marble walls, pictures of Boston Georgia  
Bitches snorting blow, fucking fast, and cooking dope  
Sanctify, Bally shoes, Audemars, Franck Muller, that  
Chopard  
My new bitches must menage, I'm a G

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Game]

Bottles and rocking J's  
Smoking and sipping Spades  
Pistol tucked in my Louis  
Heat it up like I'm Wade  
Nigga don't do LeBrons, Kobe up on the weekends  
Jordans Monday through Friday, especially when I'm  
freaking  
Them cool greys, that's Monday  
Them Space Jams, that's Tuesday

Them Spike Lee's, on Wednesday  
23 in my Benz, aye  
You know I love them sixes, especially on my bitches  
13's and them spandex on Thursday, it's your birthday  
And Friday I ain't lying, King of Diamonds, I'm in  
heaven  
Red bone, pussy popping on my black and red 11's  
Patent leather when I step in  
You know what I'm repping  
It's S-double-O, W-Double-O  
Black number 4's I aint get it from the store, Bus know  
That all I know is

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Fabolous]

I put footprints in them couches  
I put so much in my two step  
Put on for my city, I ain't got no choice but to rep  
I put straight shots in they hair  
Make pretty girls, do the ugly face  
And they just my song on  
Move back I need dougie space like aye, aye  
Then its right back to my mugging face  
Niggas saying put the weed out  
BBM, you bugging face  
We walked in, want something, bottles pop like we won  
something  
Raise a glass for everybody that's done something  
from nothing  
No grind, no shine, dress code, we pay no mind  
Cargos and J's on, they let sun in, no blinds  
All I drink is my shit  
Stop playing, YouTube  
But tonight we on that red berry and cranberry,  
SooWoo

[Verse 5 - Lil Wayne]

And I'm smoking on that purp  
Sipping on that purp  
I came in this bitch with some niggas that will murk  
And we ain't about all that talking, you a dead man  
walking  
Stomp a nigga ass out, in these number 4 Jordans  
Got a scope on the barrel, that's a hammer with a  
camera  
Hollow tips nigga, tip a nigga like a dancer  
I don't know nothing but bitches and getting money  
Blood gang, kill a nigga in public  
Young Tunechi  
Shoot a nigga ass up then it's deuces

Head shots, that fucking vest is so useless  
Yeah, yo Chuck, fuck these niggas  
You know who P-I-ru?  
Killer B's nigga

[Chorus]

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