

Game, The "Fuck Wit Me"

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[The Game]

Yo, it's the nigga with the nasty flow and the clean rag
six-four
With the D's spinnin I can bag a ho
Top down so my rag can show, whatever in the dutch
Purple or orange haze it's just a bag of 'dro
Hit snatch with my khakis on, Aladdin Lounge
In Mark Jacobs denim and Don Magli's on
I'm a gangsta and the birds they love it
20 with a babyface and sit on base like Kirby Puckett
You can't buy a Ferrari fuck it, cop lle' from J
The bricks come with Louis Vuitton luggage
He order rock and cover it, the dimes is free
The quarters is 75, the ball is live
Ain't nobody fumblin on my block
We in the field like Biggs or Marshall Faulk, we runnin
the rock
Nothin less than a hundred a pop, anything less you a
cop
Shoot you and take your vest and your glock,
motherfuckers

[Chorus]

What'chu know about stackin G's; you got to come fuck
wit me
Puffin on sticky green; you got to come fuck wit me
My team is just oh so clean; you got to come fuck wit
me
What'chu know about stackin G's; you gots to come
fuck wit me

[JT]

I'm in the streets like the place is mine, told to cover my
tracks
I push paper to increase my shine
I'm on my chief, jumpin out the wagon like Tyco
And get the kind of paper that these niggaz'll die fo'
Bossed out, camouflage under my vest B
Motorbike, fast cars, broads and jetskis
Rule #1, keep your eye on your cash flow
Cause rule #2 will get rid of your best so

None of 'em best show, ridin in stress mode
'less they got petrol, pushin that Benz slow
Pick up the Game, let's count some cash
Then we, get to the do', then you put on your mask
On some other shit, ridin wit'cha boy now
We on the West coast, seek and destroy now
It's like when Cal-Berkeley whooped on that
Georgetown
We had a riot in the streets fin' to blow now fo'sho' now

[Chorus]

[Verse Three - unknown]

The underboss, ill too fast
Buildin my stocks off the blocks and the wears will sag
Not Gil but tryin to top, the nerd Bill Gates
From the city of project buildings and them mossberg
K's
San Francisco, West coast, Northern Bay, California
Man it's Get Low so best to toast, or torch'll spray on ya
Uhh, makin mafia moves, skate from the cops
Yeah they tried stoppin ya dude
But nah, the ball, it don't stop
A shot callin if I fall then my thoughts gon' flock
Yeah, underboss with Game and Doc Figgaro
Clear {?} and I'm the in-di-vi-dual
Holdin weight, in the dope state
Token the 8-8, oh, fold {?}
Watch our bread and our team skyrocket
Visualize I can rip beam on the cash and not 8 guys
can't stop it

[Chorus]

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