

Game, The

"I'm On"

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[Chorus - Mars:]

From the east to the west coast
You show me love wherever I go
One thing I know is
I'm getting dough, i'm on
Got them hoes coming let's go
Shawty say i'm a pimp well I guess so
One thing I know is
I'm getting dough, i'm on

[Verse 1 - Game:]

You niggas know who I is, what kind of car I drive
Kill a California, the door's committing suicide
Bitches ain't fucking with you unless you in the newest
ride
You know me, 5 star nigga do or die
I'm from the home of the...
East west north south, niggas getting lost in Los
Angeles
We got the baddest bitches on the north campus
Nigga hopping off the Transit, straight off inside a
Phantom
Stop at the liquor store, get a swisher hit the dough
Then hit the hood, ay blood what they hitting for
Whole hood tatted up, bandana white side jeans
coming out
Busters leave when it's nighttime
15s in the trunk hit me 'fore they see me come
Wear 24s no need to ask where i'm from
Westside home of the perk even 12 year olds put in
work
West coast got 'em bang

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2 - Game:]

31 still banged out shots let 'em rank out
Walk through any crib or blood hood with his chain out
Grandmamma stay on the shore in the same house
Be on the porch Dre beats on with my thang out
That ain't a threat but little do you forget
I was 20 years old rolling up on nigga's sets
Coming straight up out the Jets, Impala sitting wet
Try me in 'em high lows coming up out the Tech
Now i'm getting money big Snoop on the techs
Andre Young on the bottom of my chest
Fresh from the fade to the bottom of my cheques
Matter of fact... Cadillac trucks
... peanut butter guts...
Shit hit the block and post up
Then gather the crew hit child's to toast up
Hoes breaking their neck tryna see me close up

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3 - Game:]

10 million albums sold I ain't gotta brag
Disrespect my girl or my kids and get a bodybag
AK47 with the sawdy rag, niggas better duck cause it
ain't a paparazzi flash

2011 Game banging, y'all copycats
How you throwing a stocking cap and they ain't never
cocked it back
Nigga copy that, capiche nigga
Extended clip got 1 bullet for each nigga
Ask nice and I might let you eat nigga
Let you smoke, I keep Kush in the swisher
Keep the blunts rolled up, Phantom 24'ed up
Hop out knockout hoe chest froze up
I be in the back of the club looking like so what
20 bottles 40 grand pro'ly why chose up
Now she in the... with her nose up
Pockets 1 0 0 0 0 hold up

[Chorus:]

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