

Game, The "Martians Vs Goblins (feat. Lil Wayne and Tyler The Creator)"

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[Verse 1: Game]

Blood gang kill 'em all, Odd Future Wolf Gang
Kidnap a vampire and drain all his f-ckin veins
Wolf Grey Jordans, use his intestines for the strings
Snatch up Rihanna and throw her in front of a f-ckin'
train
Sniff a f-cking unemployment line of cocaine
Tie Lil B up to a full tank of propane
Swag, now watch him cook... and just stand there and
look
Have a bonfire with old Harry Potter books
Martians vs. Goblins, goons vs. the crooks
And since me and Tune had Viacom shook
I shoulda got a real-ass pirate to do the hook
Maybe Jack Sparrow maybe Peter Pan's nemesis
My power's limitless like Blanco on Sega Genesis
Superhero, mad that Marvel overlooked me
Cause Spiderman and Hulk straight p-ssy!

[Hook - Lil Wayne]

Bitch I'm a muthaf-ckin Martian (I'm a goddamn Goblin)
Bitch I'm a muthaf-ckin Martian (I'm a goddamn Goblin)
Muthaf-ckin Martian (to a goddamn Goblin)
We are not the same, I am a Martian

[Verse 2: Tyler, THE Creator]

A year ago, I was poor, somewhat
Now my future's brighter than Christopher's new
haircut
Bruno Mars is still sucking dick and f-cking male butts
In the same closet that Tyler Perry gets clothes from
I suck? Where the f-ckin Ring Pops?
You got a better chance of getting a copy of Detox
Wolfgang, we rock, crack rock and that shit was
expected
Like Jayceon whenever he name-drop (F-ck you, Tyler)
Jesus, motherf-cking there'sa
This nigga Game got Wolf Haley for this feature
My team is running shit like we have full-cleat Adidas
Getting chased by the polices on a full bred Cheetah
Bishop Eddie caught me tryna escape

Bag full of drag and a Nicki Minaj mixtape
Dragging all you fags to the back of the log cabin
Fall back like Lebron's hairline against the Mavericks,
he lost

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Game]

I do cause Tunechi always bless me
He killed me on my own track, so what? Not you
F-ck you, I spit like I had kids with Erykah Badu
I f-cked her on the day of that naked video shoot
I was sucking her p-ssy like it was wonton soup
Then I hit Lebron's mom in bron-bron's coupe
With Delante West taping, we had bon-bons too
With Cleveland cheerleaders, they had pom-poms too
I smacked them bitches wearing Bishop Don Juan's suit
(Where was Snoop?) I don't know, probably doing what
the Crips do
But when I'm with my uncle, f-ck it! Then I'm a Crip too
And I will Crip Weezy, Crip Jones, and Crip you
Now I'm the Doggfather, walking with a Shih Tzu
Mad that DC comics overlooked me
Cause Captain America's straight p-ssy

[Hook]

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