

Game, The "Red Nation"

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[Game - Verse 1]

Throw your muthaf-cking Cincinnati hats in the sky
N-gga don't ask why
Red laces in and out of them Air Max '95's
I, walk on the moon, flow hotter than June
Any n-gga want drama I kick up a sand dune
Peace to my man 'Tune for giving his man room
Now we hittin' switches to the Spring Break, Cancun
Get it, nah forget it, SuWoo I live it
Made the letter B more famous than a Red Sox fitted
But that was suicide, I don't live in Judah's eyes
Half of these rappers weren't trappin' when I was
choppin' the do or die
Suge had me in, I went Puffy like Zab Judah eye
Dre called, told my baby momma "won't you decide"
She chose Doc, first day I poured ? like its Aftermath
for life
And all I do is ride
Before I turn on 'em I kill Satan and stick my red flag in
the ground
It's Red Nation!!!

[Lil Wayne]

Now Blood the f-ck up
Everyday's a gamble muthaf-cker, tough luck
And we gon f-ck the World til that bitch bust nuts
I can't tell ya whats good, but I can tell ya whats, what
And that's, B's up, hoes down
Lookin' in the mirror, I'm nowhere to be found
Blood, I'm a dog, call me a blood hound
Throwin' blood in the air, leave blood on the ground

[Game - Verse 2]

N-ggas'll trade they soul to be Drake or J. Cole
Live and die for this shit, word to Tupac Shakur's halo
One blood, plural, n-gga I'm spendin' Euro's
Ferrari got an ice cream paint job, Dorrough
I'm up out the hood, where they pull guns on you like
Come up out ya hood, it aint never all good
We roll up in backwoods, n-gga get to actin' stupid
Get thrown in the back woods

Los Angeles, home of the scandalous
Pimp, hoes and gamblers
98 degree's on Christmas
N-gga we rollin' cannibus
Swisha sweet aint it, I told her I'm Charles Louboutin
The bitch fainted, pulled her panites down, stain it
That's my Chi-lingo, yeah I'm bi-lingual
Ball by myself, Ochocinco
Dancing with the stars, bullets and fast cars
And everybody bleed out here, word to God

[Lil Wayne]

Now Blood the f-ck up
Everyday's a gamble muthaf-cker, tough luck
And we gon f-ck the World til the bitch bust nuts
I can't tell ya whats good, but I can tell ya whats, what
And that's, B's up, hoes down
Lookin' in the mirror, I know where to be found
Blood, I'm a dog, call me a blood hound
Throwin' blood in the air, leave blood on the ground

[Game - Verse 3]

Russia got a Red Flag
US got Red Stripes
Last train to Paris, round the World in these red Nikes
Che Guevara of the New Era, test me
Louieville slugger, you'll get buried in my era
Got that natty on, tighter than a magnum
Walk in the club saggin' with a 38 magnum
Red Ralph Laurens, the double R sittin' on a hill like
Lauren
Her and the car foreign
Got my red Dre Beats on, tryna put my peeps on
And I keep it hood like this Phantom is a Nissan
Where my n-gga Jim Jones at?
Roll up the weed son, so many bloods in Compton had
to get a NYC song
And while I'm out here, I might as well go shopping
And put this new bad b-tch I got her some red bottoms
And all these hatin' ass n-ggas want me dead
Cause I'm Malcolm X before he turned Muslim, RED

[Lil Wayne]

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I can't tell ya whats good, but I can tell ya whats, what
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