

Game, The "Slangin' Rocks"

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Ay yo, 1 time for your motherfuckin' mind
Y'all niggas waitin on me?! Hahaaaa
Yea, yea, yea 2010 windows on this red Ferrari

Hand on my nuts nigga (ohhh shit)
Solo cause my niggas all locked up in the pen
Here we go again, 2010, 28" rims
Slammed them hardcore like Lil' Kim
Get money, then me and my entourage is in
So tell ya friend to tell her girlfriend I'm in the Benz
This is a Dope Boyz car, bought it with coke cash
& prior this gat, it came with 4 stashes
Get money, fuck bitches, this is my life
She blowin' today, in 5 years this is your wife
& you can't handle that, gimme that ace of spades
nigga
This is a bottle Jack, bring it back to VIP & swallow that
Holler back, used to sell crack where the college at
When I got low, I re-up where they shoot them hollows
at
Same hood, same guns, same tee, same one's
Who said 'cause I'm saggin' in these jeans that I can't
run?

Standin' on the corner straight slangin' rocks
Here comes the crooked ass cops, crooked, crooked
ass cops
Aww, straight slangin' rocks
Aww, here comes the crooked ass cops
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I could talk about my cars, but fuck what's in my
garage
I'd rather have a ménage with you & Nicki Minaj
(Aww) This is a threesome
Getting me some, D.R.E. some, Skateboard B some
Starmap nigga, I'm back with a vengeance

Call that happy feet but I don't fuck with the penguins
In my hood that's a no-no, court date: no-show
Got a warrant out but that's just R.E.D. Album promo
Tell 'em like Will, tell 'em nigga come & get meee
Blowin sticky green & I can feel it in my kidney
Chillin in the wind & aint got no common sense
The way that I'm jumpin & swervin inside this Bentley
I am simply a natural born killer
Nigga tempt me, leave this fuckin' choppa all empty
Yea I did it, that's purple haze lemme hit it
Hide the smoke under my BBC fitted & I'm

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I be chillin' by the (?) now, right by the mill shop
They want Game locked up 'cause that'll make the jail
hot
Call my nigga Pharrell cause that'll make my bail pop
California love, I hold it down well Pac
Much love to Brooklyn, got these haters shell-shocked
Roll my L's in Harlem, cause that was Big L's spot
& its summertime, here go my Hummer line
H3, Dre beats beatin like the drummer line
Rollin' with my niggas, peace to my bitches
Lets have a pool party & go swimmin' in my riches
Patent lime, Belvedere, Cerock & Deziak
BB in there with Diddy like "Nigga where the breezys
at?"
So I can beat 'em, yea Chris Breezy that
Right behind the Starmap logo is where you see me at
Gimme some, I went from pyrex pots to yachts
Jay, we got something in common: IT'S THE ROC(K)!

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