Game, The

''The Hangover''

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[Intro]
Ya'll know what it is.its the purple tape,
shout out to my nigga Raekwon,
for puttin out that official shit.and this right here...
its the hangover (x3) yeah yeah

[verse 1]
all purple like the wavens hit you with mixtapes till
your fuckin' chest cave in
my flow a nightmare,Wes Craven get it?the West
craving
my style.i know its been awhile,
nah nigga its been a day since i hit you with that purple
tape!
Niggas know my style,movin them tracks out
and ''The R.E.D. Album'' gunna be worth the wait.
Nah,nigga the earth gonn shake
and Rihanna gonn be hopping outta birthday cakes.
I'mma trim & top it till these little niggas stop it.
nigga I'm clocking let your G-shock clock it.
just got a Mazzi,took it to the shop,dropped it!
slide through the hood,three boss side pocket,
with my side chick and her hair flip like the old
sidekick,
the world bumping my shit!

(Chorus)
Ohh They Think I will Make It Up Here ,Right (x2)

(Verse 2)
Niggaz like ''Game,you did this yesterday?'' thats right.
matter of fact,to be exact i did it last night. And i can
prove it to ya,
The Heat lost to the Nics in Madison Square, nigga I'm
like Google to ya.
watch how i do it to ya,I'm the King started my own
gang,
shit I'm like Harry Hoover to ya.
Nah,matter of fact,Freddie Krueger to ya.
this ain't a dream,I'll really put the rougar to ya.
scared how that new shit drop,set up shop.

R.E.D. Album gonn drop,them niggas gonn call cotch,
niggas gonn call cops Chuck Taylor in the building
can't see the goons,they blend in,like chameleons!
Rolling Stones said I'm brilliant hottest mixtape since
Wayne dropped No Ceilings.
now I ride round the hood with no ceilings,
everybody in the movies clappin' for the villian!