

## Game, The "Uncle Otis"

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This then is stereophonic sound, sound sculptured in space (Taylor made)  
Shits here is my uncle otis (Taylor made)  
(T-t-taylor made) (Taylor made)  
This shit for my uncle Otis  
Here's a dome shot to this nigga named Otis  
Niggas think they the coldest but nigga you just the oldest  
Niggas be chasing they youth but it's gone  
Yo 'Ye, this nigga aint even wanna put you on  
And then he turned around, put on Sean  
But forget to tell em Benny Han Han don't sell no f-cking Wonton's  
I don't wear Sean John, but f-ck with that Ciroc shit  
Tupac back, well Hit Em Up on some Pac shit  
Who run the world? Jayceon  
Will Kelly Rowland come and be my Motivation  
If you invented swag then I invented gangsta  
Got one in the chamber, the Throne is now in danger  
And I dont wear no Gucci Gucci Fendi Fendi Prada  
I'm Charles Louboutin, you niggas aint sayin' nada  
Lil white bitch better stay in ya place  
You call me a nigga, I'ma put the K in ya face  
It's a stick up bitch  
(So put your hands up in the air)  
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)  
Know is any Gangstas up in here?  
I do it, I do it, boi  
So put your hands up in the air  
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)  
Know is any Gangstas up in here?  
I do it  
Call Khaled, tell him F-ck it, I'm on one  
I created Tyler, the Creator  
Here go courtside seats  
You are now watching the greatest  
Shades blocking the haters  
Stays rocking the layers  
The Show Goes On  
Til I start aiming the Lasers  
And Lupe'll souffle half you muthaf-ckers

Its the Drew league, I don't wanna speak about the  
Rucker  
Cause Jennifer Lopez just got a divorce and I already  
got her up in the Porsche  
Tryna teach you How To love  
How To Love  
Marc Anthony too short (bitch)

Look how that nigga look  
And I'm 6 foot 7 foot 8 foot Crooks and Castles  
All my niggas crooks with castles  
Red Nation graduation yeah crooks with tassels  
It's a party, it's a party, it's a party  
Sittin up in Marvins Room, blowing that Marley  
You wanna hit it, so put ya hands up in the air  
(So put your hands up in the air)  
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)  
Know is any Gangstas up in here?  
I do it, I do it, boi  
So put your hands up in the air  
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)  
Know is any Gangstas up in here?  
I do it  
I got the money up in the rubber band  
Don't run up on me, try to take it from me (boom)  
I aint Morris Chestnut, I aint Ricky  
But I give you 9 shots, you can call that Fifty  
Dre got that Super Bass I just call it Nicki  
Working on that Detox, blowin on that sticky  
Can I hit it In The Morning?  
Better be a quickie  
Gotta hustle hard, Ace, Tunechi and Ricky  
Waves Frank Ocean, you can see my Odd Future  
You gon need more than Novacaine after I shoot ya  
Yesterday I went to Coachella not to see Jigga  
I went to see Wiz but theres Amber, perfect  
I took a seat on the red futon  
Hit it with that Wiz shit on, whatever  
So put that pussy on my face  
and let me taste, a little taste  
I'ma eat it up like it's my last  
I'ma I'ma do it different, she aint gettin no cash  
You know why? I'm Not A Star  
Somebody lied I got a chppper in the car, huh  
That aint a lie  
(So put your hands up in the air)  
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)  
Know is any Gangstas up in here?  
I do it, I do it, boi  
So put your hands up in the air  
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)

Know is any Gangstas up in here?  
I do it

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