

## Game, The "Where U At?"

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The Game:Lemme run with ya 4 5 vinna dash choppers  
on the white walls  
50 carat after math change show 'em the ice dog

Fabulous:50 ina am glow camo amo hard top Lambo'  
they know who I am Though

The Game:Di di di di damn yo can I say that?  
Niggas stay strap get Ya fitted claped asap Cesar push  
way back you wanna horse say that

Fabulous:They that type to say that hype the lay that  
not knows Shots blows with a snippers lay at brain  
on the wind shield with a wipers Sway at I'm in the  
mall black carton I swipe and pay that we used to Be  
hyped to say that now it's just nothing new

The Game:Niggas can't excell she makes 'em fail lil'  
nigga get lost like Dave Chapplle ain't Jay from  
Brooklyn?  
Yup blazin' el 'cause I know How it felt when he lost  
the feel, Tray died in the same 300 so I Stopped  
fucking  
with Chrysler put a crash bar on a Hummer

Fabulous:Wanna change but the number on the tail of  
the check I Rather die yelling my set and inhalin the  
\*cough cough\*

The Game:Loso lemme me choke on that take the  
wheel  
of the low Rider 'til the tires on the spokes go flat  
when the back lift up let The top go back me and Fab,  
Just Blaze when we hop on track IT TO EARLY

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