

Game, The "Wow"

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[Verse 1 - Game:]

My car, my bitch nigger, everything major
My niggers they shoot like Indiana Pacers
Indiana hoosers don't get more about the laser
What your fucking team up, meaning [?]
Red phantom pink slip, everything paid for
Black 24's lips fatter than Fantasia's
Had a bitch from Asia, put her up on the chronic
And her name Su Woo, isn't it ironic?
My bars Grey Goose and tonic and when I vomit
Respect me like Muhammed, but nigger I'm not Islamic
All about my profit, angel in the cockpit
Devil in the rear view, heaven's the only option
Angel on the hood like reverend runs [?]
The day I'm feeling good riding in his holy ghost
Hate me like I'm god's son wanna see you deceased
Break the 6th commandment if you run upon this Jesus
piece

[Chorus - Gucci Mane:]

Wow my whip like wow, I wish like chick like mic iced
out
My rims like wow, I'm smoking right now
You prob say ow, cause my gun go pow
Wow my whip like wow, I wish like chick like mic iced
out
My rims like wow, I'm smoking right now
You prob say ow, cause my gun go pow, wow

[Verse 2 - Gucci Mane:]

Balling, like Amauri
I'm not an athlete but it's a track beat
I'm on a great run, the world love me
So love to hate me, it's all gravy
So icy, so [?] ice cream on my face it ain't your face
nigger
I'm on my grind constant, yeah my grind custom
While you cross counters, we cross continents
Yellow diamonds on my wrist it looking like an omelette
I'm not a pumpkin, I trap [?]
I got irons, squares for you

Power for goons, prepare for you
So where the move blood i'm tattooed [?]
I'm a straight thug, I keep a [?]
So where the move blood i'm tattooed [?]
I'm a straight thug, I keep a [?]

[Chorus - Gucci Mane:]

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[Verse 3 - Game:]

[?] we onto something major
Chains, Gucci, light it up like Vegas
Down goes Frasier, my shooters like [?]
And we keep that new pain run when you see them
lasers
We bring them trailblazers smoking kush from
Malaysians
Still trapping like back then the iPhones were pagers
Click clapping, what's happening 4 5 at you haters
Keep yapping, I'm clapping, T.I. know we Takers
Nigger I don't give a damn [?] cellophane
Get your boss on your phone cause we don't fuck with
middle men
Hit your boss at your home fucking with my middle
man
Where I'm from it's off at your dome for just a kilogram
Gucci they talking about that tattoo up your face
Must of forgotten them boys you shot nigger murder
was the case
This summer is ours ain't a motherfucker safe
And in a fall, I'm putting 5 mil in a fucking safe

[Chorus - Gucci Mane:]

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