

## Lyrics by Hupfield Herman

### "Spit Game"

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[Intro: Autumn Rue]

Spit game..

Spit game..

Game..

Game..

[U-God]

I do the damn thing, toast the champagne

It's the Lord of the Rings, move in full swing

Nigga, fan the flames, expand my wings

Plus my vocal range, I shoot to mane

Call me Kurt Cobain, baptized in the flame

Capsized in the game, nigga, say the name

And I bang you out, with the Gang Land violence

And it's New York's finest, you've been ordained

With the deadly aim, don't think I won't shoot ya

Got more positions than the Karma Sutra, bitch

Call me Super, with the German luger

With the funky dope mauneuver, pass me the rude boy

Stainless steel toy, comin' to killjoy

The real mccoys is coming to beat it

The best kept secret, shake the ground descend

Kick the door open when I release the bitch

[Chorus: Autumn Rue (male singer)]

Spit game (and they like it)

Spit game (when you have no vest)

Game (walking down the avenue)

Game (always coppin' somethin' new)

[INF-Black]

What you know about gangstas, thugs and real niggaz

Niggaz that get pussy, and niggaz that just pussy

Hold it down, all the time, I ain't gotta spend a dime

Bust a cherry, and we dine, cuz fine, I pop wine

And I ain't got game, mami, I drop jewels and pack  
nines

I'm still the same homey from '89, so speak your mind

Now I'm on my grind, from sun down to sunshine

See you went blind for a minute, now I ain't got time

Catch me spit a line, I don't know, I gotta think about it

Gotta cut these vines 'fore these snakes'll try to  
penetrate me  
Sing about (right), I'm takin' the whole cake  
Now I'm push and be up out it, feed the whole Tri state

[Chorus]

[Letha Face]

Now ain't that a damn shame, the way I spit game  
I could talk my way out of some beef  
And that'll buy me some time to run and get the piece  
Then come back with the heat and bury you in the  
streets  
Sweet with the gift of gab, when I lift the mag'  
I put you in the right place, you Will & Grace fag  
The ex' type spizz off, when it chase the Jag'  
Somebody lace the bag, now there's dust in my dutch  
Yo Dutch, roll up, wait a minute, hold up  
These cats are frontin' the cut, let's open his stomach  
up  
So what? I don't care if you don't like me, you don't  
excite me  
I'll have vets murder you in broad daylight, g  
Sheisty's your middle name, I bang you little lames  
Rapid shots riddle your frame, your head piece hangs  
Same shit but different day, now the pistol's aimed  
At your heart, squeeze off then break you apart

[Chorus]

[Hook: Autumn Rue (w, male singer & U-God)]

They're the kind of niggaz everybody knows  
(everybody knows)  
They freak them bitches from head to toe (from head  
to toe, from head to toe)  
They're the rolling stones, the Al Capones (watch it  
when we coming down)  
They're the Romeos, they hit you then they gone, ooh,  
yeah

[Chorus]

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