

## **Jam % Spoon F/ Plavka**

### **"Game for Sale"**

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#### [Verse 1]

I'm from the home where the niggas push tapes out the trunk  
And make movies with they lunch money filmin' out trucks  
Independent rap movin' tapes like crack  
Got em' hooked on this West Coast rap, we got stacks  
Adapts and M-P-Cs and mic chords  
Thug shit, something we on and fight for  
Bring it all together and start with group ten  
All the homies on the block is my distribution  
Cheap for staff, keep the heat and cash  
No matter the situation hit the gas and dash  
We got it locked door, copped mo' niggas from the block so  
You can't fuck with this, we got scripts

#### [Hook]

All I wanna do is put my hands on some dough  
Reach in my pocket and everybody on the floor  
See around my neighborhood nobody knows  
What niggas might do to put they hands on some dough  
All I wanna do is put my hands on some dough  
Reach in my pocket and everybody on the floor  
See around my neighborhood nobody knows  
What niggas might do to put they hands on some dough  
Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale  
See nobody knows  
Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale  
See nobody knows  
Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale  
Nobody knows  
Niggas got game for sale, niggas got game for sale  
We got game for sale

#### [Verse 2]

Show me right, I don't know whether rhyme or write  
Then hit you with the shit ya don't like  
Me and my nigga's game be trunk tight

We down to blast on sight  
Hit a nigga with the infrared light  
So when we see his family we know it's on on site  
It don't matter, young nigga get down evry night  
Holdin' bitch nigga wifey up for the right price  
Give me a couple of cakes and I'll the bitch escape

[Verse 3]

All I wanna do is get rich, stack my chips  
Slap a bitch if she think that shit sick  
Only fuckin' with niggas that keep it real in the game  
I ain't fuckin' with you suckers tryin' to hate on my name  
It's simple and plain, I'm sick in the brain  
Quick to explain, you know, I don't give a dang  
I'ma ride this motherfucker till the wheels fall off  
I'm a hustlin' bitch that can't take no loss

[Verse 4]

And it's Kurupt, the real close, nigga become ya folk  
When ya fall out over dope money and coke money  
Ain't shit funny, niggas kill for the quick money  
It's real in the shady world of fake and falsey  
Nigga don't dare to cross me I'm a jewel in the game  
And you's a fool in the game without a tool in the game  
End up catchin' a slug to the brain  
I warned you once  
Now them same niggas that's plottin'  
Is them same niggas you smokin' blunts with  
Hope you still while I'm sick of this shit  
I spent a lot of nights tryin' to plant blunts for a lick  
Couldn't go through with it cause of a guilty conscience  
Many mobsters say they real but they really imposters  
Money I don't got a lot of, a lot of  
Get ya money and try to do right in the game  
Ain't about to the gang  
Walk up out of the game, we make mail nigga  
For the right price we got game for sale nigga

[Hook]

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