

Jaques Reymond

"Game Tight"

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[Verse 1: Max Mannili]

Nigga I'ma hustla by nature not by law
Trick suck a Lay Lo ass nigga
Put my dick in ya jaw
I play it raw
Got a lifetime of game from my Pa
Can make the ground shake beatin up in my car
For shhhh
I'ma do my thang till I can't no mo
And tell them hoes like Low bitch you already know
Max and Von go together like D's and V's
And went from Z"s to ki's
On the block wit the G's
A young nigga so cold I make the microphone freeze
I hit my lick in threes
You know stackin my cheese
Fuck for ssshhheeezz
Let me tell you bout this Lay Lo crushed out shit
The only niggas wit dat thirty-two ounce shit
That make yo titties bounce shit
To give Mannili some score and ride yo dog ass clean
the hell out shit
Then I'ma stretch my hustle out like elastic
SO fuck goin for broke at the Bayou Classic
Cause in early ninety-nine
Shit got drastic
Buster still owe me feddi
And he gone end up with his ass kicked
Late ninety-nine
Niggas started rappin like me
But in two G
C gone come up off my samplin fee

[Chorus: Max Mannili]

Cause I'ma nigga that's so tight game tight
Ya holla fo me say my name right name right
I do my hustlin on my block my block
And kill that beef shit wit my glock non stop
Don't fuck around nigga
So tight game tight
Ya holla fo me say my name right name right

I do my hustlin on my block my block
And kill that beef shit wit my glock non stop
Don't fuck around nigga

[Verse 2: J-Von and Low-G]
Well let me tell you bout them Lay Lo boys
They stay crushin
All night and all day hustlin
It's plain to see we straight thuggin
But don't say nuthin
I aint tryin to blow my calm state
We just blazed the el grande
Blige of Ganja
Some atomic bombay
Me, Rasheed, Hap, and Low-G watch out fo the po p's
Smoke black by the ways to snatch mo cheese
We still Low-G
We still duck off layin low key
Shippin that D from 225 to siete, uno, three
Man you know me maan I'm J-Von
Crack necks like pecans
Sewin up the whole south region
Totin a fire arm in each palm
Tellin em bring the beef on
Better not be home
Ya never see us
We touch ya sleepin and cut ya breathin supply
Disrespect and ya die
Do what I do to get by
Hoes still think that my shit shy
Strap a nine and lets ride
Do the job and survive
Then hall ass back to the Dope House
Count cheese and get high

[Low-G]
Si mon
Es el pelom de Houston
Max Mannili, Rasheed, and my nigga J-Von
Didn't I tell you just to leave my ass alone
No hai perdon
Rippin your heart wit the microphone
Mamacita
Yo te dedico esta cancion.
Y ya no llores si estoy laqueado
En la prison
Dia dia
Y ano ano
Si tusupireras
COMO TE EXTRANO
Y no medigas que no

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rasheed]

We in that Lay Lo Lay Lo
Gotta get dat mudafuckin papo papo
That's how the game go
Low-G Low-G
My partna know me know me
Keep it real mudafucka show me
It's ya boy Rasheed Rasheed
Blazin da bong weed
Let me proceed let me proceed
Oh yes indeed
Because I got it
Nigga got it
Betta get that million dolla platinum earring
Ugh ha ha ha ha ha
I'm wit da South Park South Park
Talkin bout dat Mexican
Happy P Happy P
Don't want no plexican
Big B
Put it down for all the engineering
Break it down break it down
What you people are hearin
Currency currency
Gotta get that cash flow cash flow
Like my homie Fidel Castro Castro
Keep it real for the new millenium Ilinium
Fuck wit me then we'll bury em

[Chorus]

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