

# KHM

## "Game"

Visit "[Game](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Kool Keith]

You wanna judge and rate albums motherfucker? KHM  
Fuck you~! Take it personal

Devastating, piss on your champagne bottles,  
exclusive background  
Nigga the closest y'all get to bitches is on bullshit sets  
with rented video models, close your introduction, put  
your ear to the speakers  
You fuckin played out, compared to Pony like M-1  
sneakers  
Fuck you motherfuckers on Star Trek cellular phones  
Talkin to broke niggaz with doo rags  
Got the nerve to beam in the other broke  
motherfuckers with platinum beepers  
With jealous stripes across your face like Adidas,  
unimportant material niggaz  
Y'all some Lucky Charms cereal niggaz  
Fuck miscellaneous parties, summer jam action, y'all  
face the Tony Hanna boots  
Fuck up your cartoon shirt, I'm imperial niggaz  
Fuck your game up with saddle soap, comedian stage  
set-up  
Pull covers on top of you, you a fuckin joke, ask Steve  
Harvey  
Your camera flash on corny-ass critics, reflect off my  
leather coat  
You gobble and digest, fans swallow what I wrote  
Fuck actin fly, dancin to homo tracks on fuckin boats  
You collect jazz records, fuck Max Roach  
Sideline nigga, youse a fuckin coach

[Chorus]

Game recognize game - youse a sucka nigga  
New face nigga, starin and schemin  
Game recognize game - youse a suckin nigga  
New face nigga, starin and schemin

[Marc Live]

Get on the pole bitch, let's go, now do your thing chick  
Shake your shit, we don't wanna hear shit

Breakin out, we got the bus out back  
Dress you up, take a flick in the back, toss you up in the  
back  
We sick (let's go) but we accustomed to that  
And chick, we gonna bust on your back  
Jugganot track pushin you back, lightspeed niggaz  
Strip your chick; you're too slow to react  
I told your bitch, don't be callin me back  
I sent her home, with my dick on her back, now she's a  
witness to tha  
Uhh, now she's a victim of that  
Tell her man, don't be rippin at that, sucka nigga  
whassup  
Yo, you New York kids, we different than that  
Yo we stalk kids, so don't be sleepin on that - uhh  
Yo I be laughin when you sleep on your back  
From the back I blast, one in your back

[Chorus]

[H-Bomb]

Uhh, dump and dip, empty the clip  
Trip with entourages, strip 5-11 roll with life 7  
Double K they settle it quick metal it, drill it  
For villain fam it's easy, we spillin blood kill 2-faces  
Catch cases, choke you wit'cha own shoelaces  
Places and faces get replaced, sensation's death  
Upset homicidal let's get murder and don't forget task  
force  
Blast big boss of course jewels in back of The Source  
we floss  
With no remorse, thuggin homo, rainbow Rambo, nude  
photo  
So, strawberry milk, you listenin to Sisqo yo look  
Fuck the nice singin the kids in the hook  
I'm shook and took women who act like men  
Men who act gangsta strangle a fake gangbanger  
Your CEO nothin profess to Richard Gere playin with pet  
hampsters

[Chorus]

Visit [KHM](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.