

Too \$hort

"What's Wrong Wit the Game"

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[Intro: Rappin' 4-Tay] + (E-40)
Uh, (you tell me)

[Chorus: Rappin' 4-Tay, E-40]

[Rappin' 4-Tay]
Holler at a player though
40 Water, what's wrong wit the game though?
I don't know

[E-40]
Holler at a player though
4-Tay, what's wrong wit the game though?
I don't know

[Verse 1: Rappin' 4-Tay]
I keeps my distance from haters cause I'm quick to
flash
Area takes me with a passion, I tap that ass
Be quick to blast, the game just ain't the same no more
You doing too much, pump your brakes, slow your roll
Fucking up the hustle with the streets and shit
It's too much legal tender on my agenda to bite our
fame
But if you play me, I gots no choice to reach you in
check
They playing with a full deck, you can get the
breakfast, say thanks

[Verse 2: E-40]
See I'm a business man with a set of big balls
Marketing meetings and, uh, got Frisco
Just ain't your work for a living (uh huh)
They got hit, what the fuck?, you think I been got shit?,
it ain't easy
Everyday now walk through the streets
A nigga can't even sit down with his family
And be straight and have a decent dinner
Without a motherfucker yelling, "Refalations"
"What I got to do to get you in my compilations?"
(compilations)

So I study what I do, the shit for you for free (for free)
I used to do that to a nigga when I was seventeen (uh,
uh)

[Chorus: Rappin' 4-Tay, E-40]

[Verse 3: Rappin' 4-Tay]

What's the world coming to when niggaz talk down for
fun
Some Rappin' 4-Tay you don't make me dumb
Pop a cherry, we don't mean that much
Cause if it don't make dollars I don't really give a fuck
Jocking all up under my name but you don't even know
me
Got me fucked up and one of them suckers when they
so called homies
If that's the shit, better pause and magnum or Crip,
they ready to paint us
When niggaz go against the great 40 Water, what's
wrong with the game?

[Verse 4: E-40]

I'm ten years hung in this shit, if I was up to heart
My nigga got dick, her is his, by selling chicks in front
of his car
Got a crib with 9,000 square, Christine and Marsha, will
you just imagine?
Big ass improving for Maximus, big ass, let's fetch it
I seen it in my dream when I was nine years old
My Momma always told me to achieve my goal
Keep a cool bid and, uh, respect a dollar
Never get too greedy for the money and power

[Chorus: E-40, Rappin' 4-Tay]

[Verse 5: E-40]

The reason I carry glocks, 26 on my side of my hip
Cause I ain't dumping now (dumping now), thinking of
now a days
They act like you owe something (something)
Talking about, "40, show me some love!, (show me
some love!)"
Because I got a, a despot im my blood
Niggaz want to knock ME
Cause I don't blossom like a sunflower SEED
Surrounded by promises, you said that you keeps me
smoking big WEED
Drinking while sipping Ale (sipping Ale) yes INDEED
Born and raised in Vallejo (eeehhhh!)

[Verse 6: Rappin' 4-Tay]

They claim they got solid rockets
So all my true player partners, y'all just stay focused
And watch them haters cause they plots on a daily
basis
Hustlers, servants, traders that caught so many dope
cases
And but I want the quickness if the G's is right
If that game was tight, ballers had pimped at it, ain't no
such thing as
three strikes
No sense, our fucking minds aren't, but I'm on parole
and shit
Niggaz get to running off at the mouth just like a
snitch, some like a bitch
Ehhh!, Ehhh!

[Chorus: Rappin' 4-Tay, E-40]

[Chorus: E-40, Rappin' 4-Tay]

[Outro: E-40]

What's wrong wit the game?
Can't get caught off with the game
Just get my chips and get paid
Holler at a player though
4-Tay, what's wrong wit the game though?
Holler at a player though
Holler at a player though
4-Tay, what's wrong wit the game though?
Huh?

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