

## **Underground Kingz**

# **"The Game Belongs To Me"**

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I got Bobby by the pound, Whitney by the key  
DJ Screw by the gallon, bitch the game belong to me  
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I got money on my beeper, dead trees on my phone  
They call me Mick Jagger 'cause I 'Roll a lot of stones'  
It's a whole lot of clones but only one Sweet Jones  
Turnin' whores to carnivores, they just can't leave my  
meat alone

It's been a long time since I busted on a glock  
But every corner that I hit, I left it screwed up and  
chopped  
Marooned up and dropped, like my Biarritz on top  
Let the motherfucker bleed until it drip and let it drop

I'm still that young boy that had a pocket full of stones  
But now I'm sick and simply rich, grippin' wood and  
flippin' chrome  
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Man I pull up in your city and get my Bush on  
Lay down the competition, take their cash crops and  
get my push on  
Moved up to Bentley with more chrome from a Lexus

key

All because we cornered the market on that Texas tee

And we don't bar no plexes, we way bigger than other  
men though

The diamond deuces on tinted windows, we in the wind  
yo

We 'Chevro way' the wind blow, that's the corner we  
been Joe

Don't know where you been bro, but it's no quiz to me,  
you win though

When it's ten fo', good, but in my Styrofoam good and  
muddy

We block bleeders , leavin' your neighborhoods good  
and bloody

We grippin' that woodler, bud it, sit back and scope it  
Pay attention to Prince and pushin' everything about to  
pump it

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Uh, I done smashed up my flyin' spurt, it wasn't shit  
I just parked it in the grass and brought some brand  
new shit

A Phantom Rolls Royce, 24's with the bump  
I ain't trippin' about the seat, I got them woofers in my  
trunk

Cut in my swisher, codeine on my whiskers  
Fuckin' with that Smoke D, Bundy and that Vicious  
UGK Records, it's an institution  
Know a lot of niggaz livin' off of prostitution

Pimpin' ain't dead, it just moved to the web  
Bitch ain't gotta hit the track, ain't gotta give no tricks  
no head  
Ain't got to give no tricks, no pussy, just cameras and  
screams  
Easiest money you can get, it's the American Dream  
bitch

Man I'm a middle finger figure, a million dollar mission

Poppin' like Orville Redenbacher, with a whippin' in the kitchen  
Yayo like Dontrelle Willis, we the trillest on the mound  
I'm holdin' that whole South down, I know you feel us

We the realest walkin' the planet  
Can't stand it, pass away, wanna fight us  
Start to swingin', wanna kill us, blast away, wanna stab us  
Get to stickin but make sure you cut us deep  
'Cause I betcha we comin' back a couple hundred brothers deep

Pimp and Bun, we run the streets, which streets? Man, pick your hood  
Don't matter, we represented, cross us? We gon' get you good  
Them Down South veterans, ain't nobody better than  
Gonna tell your next of kin or your brethren, let us in cousin

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