

She Belongs to the Game

Troy Ave

But I love her though!
This the part the DJs gonna kill on the intro
So sad, so sad, so sad
That chick ain't yours
You might've fucked that girl
You might've said you love that girl
But she belong to the game
And when she's with me I let her do her thing
So nigga what you frontin' for?
Ey nigga what you frontin' for?
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I don't be cuffin' these hoes
I just be busting these hoes
I be finessing for dough
That's just the way that it go
Too real nigga in the feel nigga
Porsche 911 with the wood grain creeper
Drop top boy I ain't tryna save money
It's a damn shame that you tryna save honey
She just wanna roam
Give a nigga dome
Without an insecure nigga blowin' up her phone
Where you at, who you with, whole lot of questions
Got her in a chicken wing no it's not wrestlin'
Super fly nigga, punk nigga hold the ropes
Baby, come through for this body slam, whoa
She ain't under arrest, let the girl free
Let her come out and fuck with a real g
H-O-S-T at the crib, power
Jet Jacuzzi, gettin' dirty in the shower

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A crack star turned rap star
I'm that punk
We went to jail and turned Allahu Akbar
Did it for protection
I did it with affection
Hit it with that good ol' long hard erection
Shawty ask, 'Why you such a motherfuckin' player?'
I'mma text you the answer
I'm gone, baby, later
Out yo door to get bread
When you come home there's no food still you fed
Up get it, up live it
Readin' books like a sucker
Your girl sound asleep cause a real nigga fucked her

You reach for the booty and she tell you don't touch her
You put the pillow on your face and yell 'Oh brother'
She don't like flowers or movie dates
She like my dick in her mouth and gun on my waist
One shot empty it out she lovin' the taste
That's the shit to put a smile on her face

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Thought you had a wife huh
Busy trickin' tryna change that whole life huh
But that don't stop her from creepin' every night huh
Should've knew that that bitch wasn't right bruh
How could you wife her
Hov done had her
Ab done had her
We all hit it player you ain't the only batter
Yeah you her man but you don't even matter
If you knew the shit we did you'd probably stab her
Then turn around and take her back anyway
Knowin' we could have that bitch any way
Missionary, doggy style, any day
Don't worry, crack a smile, you'll be OK!

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