

Love 2 the Game

Nines

If I make her my chick, I might ice her off
I wasn't always livin' like a boss
I went through a burglary phase
Blacked out like a goth
Probably been through more windows than Microsoft
Now I'm flyin' straight, soon won't have to sell packs again
Plus I'm 'bout to get this rap money that I don't plan to spend
School days, I wasn't doin' chores
Ironic, mum searchin' my room cuh' I was going through them draws
Can't afford to miss a few calls
And shouts to my nigga W for givin' me a through ball
'Cause all I used to do was unwrap packets
Now I'm 'bout to be in the fifty percent tax bracket
Still roll through any hood, tell Fatz clap it
Big ting, even if it grazes you a man's cabbage
Uh, certified trap star gettin' paid when I record a track
And I still can't put my all in rap

Yeah we got it from the ground up
Now these niggas and bitches wan' be around us
Ooh mama, I ain't fuckin' with these niggas no more
And I ain't fuckin' with these bitches no more
Now it's time to get it right, get it right
Yeah, made something out of nothin'
All these girls, they wanna spend the night, spend the night
But I'm givin' all my love to the game, to the game

I don't care about the radio, they play me on the streets
I make these niggas eat, I pay our wages every week
Now it's show time, I got one foot in the industry
I'm 'bout to build a celebrity coke line
Fuck a whip, I pull out to the event in a helicopter
My nigga Bunz bodyguarding like Kevin Costner
So you can try and bump my lil nigga, Pebz a monster
Give a nigga fifty shots like some Effen vodka
Hands off, I let my soldiers flip it
Gave my guy the keys
Like I was drinkin' over the limit
I got all these fans quotin' my lyrics
Askin' if it's true
I told 'em "fam, if I wrote it, I did it"
Still young but I feel old
Told my worker to any kind of stacks
Make sure you check every bill fold
Mandem goin' out for drinks
Can I bring my tec?
Gotta sneak this in the bar, no indirect

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