

Game On

SOB x RBE

(From parts unknown...)

Niggas wanna play, I ain't trippin' nigga game on
Tints so dark can't see shit with these shades on
We don't do no askin' round here we just take souls
Stock in a Glock and imma bust till his face gone
No it ain't 40, walkin' funny cause the bankroll
Choppa get to singin
Put that draco on Drake mode
Make a nigga and his bitch dance no tango
I'm bussin' then Daboii is too
Real bang bros
Take a bitch, bandit
These niggas can't stand it
They think I'm Mariah how I let go this Cannon
Shit get real we in the field we don't panic
Strap a 3K tryna Klu Klux Klan shit
Four five get to trippin
Like that bitch havin' a tantrum
Nerds tryna copy
You know I had to Uncle Sam em
Stomp a nigga out
In these Bred 1's band em
Dumb hoes, bum hoes fuck I can't stand em
Wanna fuck with us you broke niggas betta team up
This 40 got me walkin' 'round the hood
Like I'm King Tut
Bands on me bust down
Bitch not thing tucked
Was runnin' 'round the hood broke
Till a nigga beefed up
I'm from the North Pole
Where them niggas keep poles
Glock on, TO
Will make you sing like Ne-Yo
Coppin guns but can't shoot
Like Shaq at the free throw
And niggas cold
What the fuck you think I got this heat for
Me and bro passin' bitches I can't even speak on
Back to back treat they ass
Like we playin ping-pong
XD on D, butter pokin out the peacoat
And the 40 shootin'
Shit that's knocking down King Kong lil nigga

Big four five on my hip got me leanin'
Already had Christians
Fo walked up in Nemins
Nigga would you believe me if I said I talk demons
Baby red bottoms having conversations bout Jesus
Baby young nigga still posted in the hood
Sending shots to a op niggas thought it was good
Got K's fuckface cop ace for the joog
Pourin ace for the pain cause I came from the mud
I was posted on the block 32 in the chop
With a Glock that'll knock a nigga head to his socks

Nigga stop it, talking cash shit I'm the profit
Three bands for the fit you go broke tryna cop
Young nigga never had shit, uh
Had to get it had to ask shit, uh
Grandma told baby never give up
Find a hole and put your mans in one

Whole gang in party
OMG that's a lotta poles
Make a wrong move
Then them straps take a lotta souls
You a nappy head
Then them straps take a lotta fros
Try and cut me off
Give a fuck gotta lotta hoes
Rollin up the loud damn I think I'm in a angel
Bitch I'm this shit, got me feelin like the anal
Syrup in that sprite, nah nigga this ain't maple
He thought he had a bitch till we slid
Where his main go?
Stop speaking on my name
Bitch you barely know the half
I would let you hold a loaf
But you barely good math
Brought a 40 in the party
I ain't worried bout a jab
Tryna fuck? Where that check
I ain't worried bout no ass
Bitch... it's a muzzle on that strap
Break a bitch down when I fuck her from the back
I know bitches want my cheese
And I ain't cuffin on a rat
And I know these niggas plottin'
So I'm clutchin on a strap
And I know these niggas fake
Bro told me keep the circle small
Niggas really nerds
What the fuck?
Cut them Urkel's off
And you niggas fake
OMG god who birthed them all
Circle full of hittas
Lil nigga ain't a nerd involved

Bitch I been in these streets
Bitch I been totin heat
No stock, big clips for you pussies tryna creep
SOB the gang for you niggas love speak
Same young wild niggas fuck a niggas bitch to sleep
But TO ridin round with that draco
Stay up in yo lane lil nigga cause it's game on
Fuck around and have shots fired nigga case closed
Hit the stash spot fuck a nigga need a bank for
Me and Slimmy see me rollin woods, of that dank up
Slid on the block bounced out with them change tucked
Callin coppin please lol that is lame stuff
Better be smart before this 40 put yo brains up
Big shapes whole bands and them bankrolls
Broke boys can't compare nigga these is play clothes
Nerd!