

## Game Over

SOB x RBE

SOB the gang gettin' caught sharin' no info  
Cartier wearin' nappy head that'll get dough  
The chopper be like 64, I spent a band and get mo'  
Tints on my face and I ain't talkin' about a window  
Have my nigga slide with that 40, he be trippin'  
40 with a big stick, that chopper that's a big kick  
Came with two straps, one pass like it's Slick Rick  
And two chains on so I'm guessin' that I'm different  
Walked in my closet and my kingdom was discovery  
Yo' bitch, that's the same bitch who be in love with me  
Ferragamo had them bitches wonderin' is he cuffin' me  
I'm runnin' up a check and all my niggas they gon' run with me  
A snake in my circle, cut him off I cannot fuck with that  
30 clip no tuckin' that, false move I'm buckin' that  
Dick a bitch down and you cannot get her up with that  
The chopper get to spittin', have a nigga doin' jumping jacks

I hopped out that van with that K and let 'em have it  
223 stretch a nigga body like elastic  
I told her to slide and bend it over like gymnastics  
I fuck bad bitches, you fuck ducks like Daffy  
Big north Polo, big body four door  
I drive it like a stolo, ridin' around solo  
Ever catch me slippin', ha nigga that's a no no  
Big 40 make a nigga lean like a cholo  
I hopped out that Gucci, hopped in some Louis  
I hopped out a Benz, bitch you hopped out a hoopty  
Got niggas mad cause their bitches wanna do me  
But it ain't shit to me so I let them hoes screw me  
All about a check if she broke you can have her  
Make money as a trapper bitch not as a rapper  
Aim or no aim cudi it don't really matter when yo' clip hold a hundred and t  
hat bitch on automatic

White golds in my mouth talkin' cash shit  
We actin', bounce out and let a nigga have it  
Two cellphones, one for my bitch and one for that check  
She was tryna get it lit like a blunt so I passed it  
Flexin', I swear to God a nigga love flexin'  
What you spent on your whip I went and spent on a necklace  
You niggas actin' but you really just the extras  
And one phone call my shooters check you off that checklist  
Niggas love typin' on that meek shit  
Blind to a broke bitch, I can't see shit  
Shout out my exes that said I wouldn't be shit  
I don't fuck with them Trues, that's that weak shit  
You with that sucka shit, bad I might cut that shit  
Tryna get her back, Mickey D she be lovin' me  
We aim and you duck with every nigga that you fuckin' with  
SOB, RBE the only niggas that I'm fuckin' with  
Gang