

.38 Special

The Game

I could talk your baby mama out her panty drawers
Every day it's Cripmas, my son know his daddy Santa Claus
Busting my clip if I decide to up it and set it off
My ex bitch thought she was the best until she seen I was better off

.38 revolver, watch it wind up, baby
On the horn like a rhino, get you lined up, baby
Throw your Rollie in the sky, then your time's up, baby
Like them drivers in LAX, we throw them signs up, baby
Don't sign up to get signed off
I wish death on you and them niggas that lined off
It be the nigga in the picture with you
That'll take you out the picture, used to kick it with you
Why you niggas wanna flame me?
'Cause I got it out the mud like the military trained me
And here's something you should know
Me and 50 ain't never did a show
Imagine if we did
We would've passed down that BMF power to our kids
I had that G-Unit bandana wrapped around my face
Niggas kicked me out the group then, murder was the case

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Timbo, baby
Niggas put you on The Game, now the tempo crazy
I've been all around New York in my Timbos lately
Big steppin' out the Porsche, tinted windows, baby
Westside highway, blowing indo, baby
Stick on me, it's The Game, not Nintendo, baby
Put on any instrumental and watch him go crazy
Drac' on me, I've been drilling since the intro, baby
I'm a pimp though, baby, ain't no limp though, baby
I tell these hoes, "Run my money over Venmo", baby
And this shit go crazy, I know them niggas gon' hate me
I take a brick and make it flip until your bitch come break me
They say he's that nigga, the K is Jack Ripper
If they play my shit backwards, they play me back, Jigga
They say he that nigga like Dre, Three Stacks with him
If they play this shit backwards, they playing me back, Jigga

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