

92 Bars

The Game

This that sick rap, kick back
Come to where I pitch at
Where bitches love The Game like Tyson Beckford six pack
Presidential Rollie, nigga, where your wrist at?
I can kill you in four bars that's a Kit Kat
Did the Lambo my way, with a sick wrap
Smooth as Frank Sinatra with a motherfucking slick back
No rats in my pack, ain't no wrinkles in my slacks
Counting singles in my Shaqs
Stacking Pringles from the crack
Nigga I was on the bus with it
Had 12 stuck to my chest in the field with the colt, Andrew Luck with it
We had the rock, hit the block like what's up with it
Jay was in the Z, my young gunnas in the truck with it
Sigel would've loved it, Philly would've fucked with it
California state property you niggas stuck with it
Brrrring, sold Peddi Crack
Game was on the block in his beanie with a mac
I'm what you rap niggas 'fraid of
A Compton nigga that could go bar for bar with Jada
Let me tell you who suck, like banana Now or Laters
Blac Chyna head the bomb, Al-Qaeda
Listen, you want beef I'll cater
Game snap on everything he like a fucking wild gator
Silver and black Ghost, nigga that's Al Davis
Give me Left Eye back, take Fetty Wap and the Raiders
The Rams is back, them bullets getting tossed
16 on your back like you fucking Jeff Goff
Your man acting girly too put 30 on his chest
Kanye shrug bitch, welcome to the west
YG, Nipsey, and Kendrick yea check
Shout 'em out I just do it like a fucking Nike rep
Bently truck Chuck, with the Henny cupped up
Don't get me fucked up, you see the semi tucked, duck
Pass the Goose, where them duck ducks?
These hoes foaming at the mouth, they got Penny fucked up
I'm 'bout to poke 'em like a cactus
Told that bitch to roll the Philly for the game, and she talking about practice
The Maybach is A.I
Artificial intelligence motherfucker that's Junior Seau
All my doors suicide, I'm in Vegas shoot the five
Tell the dealer pay me don't be shy he ain't from do or die
Now do you wanna ride, back seat of my Caddy?
Used to flip them pies ain't no relation to Patty
And I move Ps, ain't no relation to Swaggy
Before that it was missing teeth and nickle sack baggies
That's caine, no daddy cause I ain't really have one
And you can't call yourself dope if you ain't never bag none
I'm the old DMX you niggas Drag-On
Game raw as fuck like poking holes in the Magnum
Used to ether the niggas in all of my 16s
Now I scare 'em once a year like I'm fucking Halloween
This ain't a dream, nigga hurricane a nightmare
Stab you in your sleep and smack your baby out his highchair
Your daddy was a bitch, I had to do it
I ain't need no ski mask to do it

Murder is Rihanna and I'm attracted to it
Name a state, I'll send a package through it
If the fed hack into it, they get bossed on like I'm Massachusetts
Sitting in this Maybach with music
Your head is like Mustard beat and I'll put the ratchet to it
Party sent my jackas to it
Drama bring the mac into it
And this scope will get your mouth washed when I attach it to it
Gold on my neck, I make your bitch put her back into it
Usain Bolt if you bring a real track into it
Another classic moving the way to Aftermath to do it
Dre had the Chronic and I did was put the matches to it
Traffic moving backwards through it
Ever since I had the Buick
Known for putting cheese on niggas heads the way the Packers do it
And I had the yay, yea I brought crack to music
Every situation in rap, I've been a savage through it
And all these hoes getting mad cause I'm smashing through 'em
They can get a ring one day, if the Cavs can do it
Be LeBron bitch, I'm Jayceon bitch
Who else you seen parked at the swap meet in James Bond shit?
Another foreign car driven by a convict
Aventador matte black Akon lips
Nas ether niggas, Game napalm shit
Niggas say my name I pop up like the State Farm bitch
No nigga can see me, on or off TV
Gun by them Yeezys, I'm the 6' 5" Eazy
Lightskin bitches be mad and talking greasy
I'ma start fucking them Dej Loafs and Dreezy's
I'ma start beefing with Cole, Drizzy and corn row Kenny
Or you could pick your favorite rapper, and he gon' be pouring out Henny
I got a bitch from Minne-Apolis pack a semi
Bang the ratchet at Denny's and fly herself back to Philly
She got a couple mill and she don't even know Meek
And ever since that nigga snitched on me we just don't speak
See that shit you got with Drake is like a slow leak
Blood'll be dripping like Niagara if I poke Meek
Nicki won't get no sleep, I'm coming through at 4 a.m
Four deep, to leave his dead body on the soaked sheets
It could happen lowkey
You better have Ross call me or you gon' be eye level with a roach feet

This ain't a diss, nigga
This is all lives matter except this nigga's

This 1992 shit ain't no new shit
We in that all black you won't know who Blood and who Crip
With guns big enough to sink a fucking cruise ship
Fuck around and be a news clip with them loose lips
My nigga Drizzy packed you out and you ain't do shit
This the Golden State and my shooters ain't on no hoop shit
Nigga you know that I'll snap you like a toothpick
And snitching on niggas ain't never been no cool shit
And I've been wanting to give Nicki this pool stick
So tell your lil' vibrant thing come fuck with Q-Tip
We know where you live, nigga, you better move quick
And start thinking twice about who you hop in the coupe with