

Dope Boys

The Game

Yeah...Gangsta Gangsta WHATS UP WHATS UP YEAH
Comin' fresh out that Pyrex pot
black Air Force 2's and the White Sox..
fitted on my forehead, try me, go head
I'll bring out the polka dots, put Kwame on your forehead
Yeah, it's the new king of everything
and bitches don't say no to me, I'm like a wedding ring
Maybe it's how I pour that Patron
maybe it's how I smell a Paris Hilton Cologne
Maybe it's how I write shit when I'm in the zone
and I'm sick of blow jobs, bitch leave me alone
And tell Dr. Dre to pick up a phone
before I climb through his window like "Nigga I'm Home"
Runnin' the rock like OJ, nigga it's a throwback
Fuck a Aston Martin, show me where the stone fat
Get a jar, some baking soda, nigga hold that
the world is my grandma's kitchen, time to cook crack

The Dope Boys in the building
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys
Yeah? The Dope Boys in the building

You couldn't smell that crack comin' out that motherfucking Porsche truck
I stop traffic with the rims that I'm sittin' on
Them ain't high beams, bitch my wrist is on
The same shit that Ludacris is on
Disturbing the peace if my stash missing stones
Yeah, count that work like a paycheck
niggas couldn't play The Game in a tapedeck
A boss never touch work if it ain't taped yet
That's how you get fucked, I practice safe sex
and I take ya boy Curtis bitch with my tongue
lick lick lick like Shawna and have her sprung
Show her my Anaconda and have her sprung
and put it all in her stomach and just UHH!!!

What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Yeah, What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
New York, what's up? LA, what's up? The Dope Boys, The Dope Boys
Chi-Town What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Detroit, What's up? ATL, what's up? The Dope Boys
MIA what's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Yeah, what's up?

So roll that coke white carpet to the hood
It's the Dope Boys reunion, the dress code's strictly
white tee, Air Force 1's and some Dickies
I'm from the city where the skinny niggas die

Only birds and Nextels chirp in the sky
And we ride for the letters on our fitted cap
niggas hit the stash, get a strap, and go get it back!
That's for the gangstas, the hustlers, the ballas
from Downtown LA to Uptown Harlem
And D-Boy money ain't rain and it's stormin'
So stop the music when the Champagne pouring
And hold the glasses high
and when a nigga ask you why, you tell 'em..

The Dope Boys in the building
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. I'm back! The Dope Boys
I'm back! The Dope Boys in the building
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. Nigga what's up? The Dope Boys
Motherfucker what's up? The Dope Boys in the building
Tell 'em I'm back! The Dope Boys. Cause I'm back! The Dope Boys
It's a wrap! The Dope Boys in the building

The Dope Boys, The Dope Boys
The Dope Boys in the building

The Dope Boys, The Dope Boys

Yeah, what's up? What's up?

Hahaha, yeah

The King is back!