

# Everything Red

## The Game

Used to be a 40oz nigga  
Standin' on the corner no money for the Vodka  
Now you see em' broke tell him holla, wanna throw him a couple dollars  
Follow me, on Twitter follow me in the streets  
Be on my 2Pac zone when I creep, and then I'm gone  
Back on my gang shit, you know the chain sick  
Throwin' up the roc tryna to figure out where Dame went  
Aye now pop champagne  
Tell them hoes that I'm in this bitch with Lil Wayne  
We got Young Money, we got old money  
We got Jay-z, Beyonce show money  
We got Daniel Gibson and Keyshia Cole money  
And we got haters but that better than no money  
We got Taylor Swift and Sheryl Crow money  
2010, we comin' for your money

See red when I sleep  
Got a red Lambo twenty two's on the feet  
Catch a red eye private jet  
That's me red room for my dogs in the street

When you see me on the creep  
Got a redbone chick in this red leather seats  
When I get into the house we layin' over the sheets  
Take it off, red Louis Vuitton on the feet

Brrrat, Pearl white bugatti  
Flash cash flag on the top  
Spend a nigga band and we out, big money shit been 'bout  
See this game blood  
Nigga gave me the gang so I gave it to my bloods  
MULA, Fresh with the new fleet  
All red Y-M-C-M-B (so priceless)  
Big money on the white sheets  
Mil how we sleep, presidential suites  
A-K's on the harley  
Maserati, keep me a farely  
And my Bentley with the black mag  
Brand new Porsche strap stashed  
Twenty two in my Benz jeep  
Chopper long on the back seat

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Take the chopper out the trunk and go east-side with it  
Split a nigga in two, make a peace sign with him  
Play with the pussy, put the peace sign in it  
I never thought I'd see a fuckin' free me sign nigga  
Young Carter, niggas know I'm blood

Bad red bone sittin' in my tub  
I ball hard I don't need a sub  
Break yo bitch ass off like a ticket stub  
What it do, I'll show you what it does  
And everybody knows real bees don't buzz  
Pull up in the drop top off where she was  
And later on tonight I'm forget who she was  
Pimpin ain't easy, no pimpin' ain't Weezy  
Got too many bloods, I could never be anemic  
You know my motto, put it in the air  
And I fuck with the game, like a true player

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