

Get Dollaz

The Game

Can it be I stayed away too long?
Did I leave your mind when I was gone?
It's not my thing trying to get back
But this time, let me tell you where I'm at
You don't have to worry 'cause I'm coming
Back to where I should have always stayed

See I been around the world gettin' dollars
Black cards and porn stars, holla
(Fuck him, you should be ridin' with me)
And I'll probably put dick to your favorite chick, no
(She know what's up, nigga jump in the V)
Because I'm ballin', 'cause I'm ballin', ballin'
(Hey yo nigga you ain't supposed to open them fuckin' shrimps with your hand
s, nigga, international nigga)

Motherfucker it's young Hoffa, the Don Dada
None hotter, red Polo fleece, Air Force 1's, Prada
'07, 600, Kit Robus
They can't rob us, approach the car, get shot up
Shoot back, bulletproof shit
The roof is transclusive, hop out the top shootin'
At your ball cap, fall back or get you all clapped
Five shots, Hecklor & Koch over them tall stacks
I bluff haters, pull quick, can't shake us
Like crap shooters in Vegas fallin' out for the paper
Nigga we don't stop, 'til all the Don bottles is popped
We tote Glocks and throw back rocks, Patron shots
All niggas know not to infiltrate my crew
We get money and fuck bitches better than you
I'm not Sean, I'm the top don, more like the top gun
Call Tom Cruise and tell him we got one

Yo, first Compton nigga to ever go to mo' fuckin' France and eat French frie
s, nigga
It's what I do, I'm Rich Game, bitch, respect me, nigga
Can't fuck with me, nigga
The black Jim Hoffa

Hold up, yo the kid's back with big stacks, fuck the chit chat
Click-clack, cock the fo' fifth back
Bang, in broad day, mid-town Manhattan the broad way
Of any pissy project hallway
It's the black rag assassin over Benjamins I'll hop out blastin'
Dodger fitted, three holes in my ski mask
Paper plates on the magnum, toe-tag 'em
White bag 'em, cops can't find evidence so they harass him
Big money, beat cases, got lawyers to eat cases
Taylor, Versace suits and brief cases
I make bail and take sail somewhere in the Bahamas
In my condo feedin' piranhas
Niggas can't beat him, better hop in the Lambo with him
My flow hot, create water falls in 7 denim
Same rules apply for Joe's Jeans, Ed Hardy and True Religion
Hop out the roof is missin'
Gone

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