

# I Feel Like A Dope Boy

The Game

Cassius Clay

Damn, Duke. This shit wavy

I feel like a dope boy, well, fuck, I am a dope boy  
She gon' fuck with me before she ever fuck a broke boy  
I feel like a dope boy, well, bitch, I am a dope boy  
I serve that French Montana, in the trap house with the coke boys

Diamond-studded Balenciaga coat in a Rolls-Royce  
I just fucked a bad little IG bitch at the Four Points  
In '05, we was ridin' 'round on inches like the po-boys  
I pop the top, V12 on all my engines, they make no noise  
Just come and shop, we got chickens in the coop, they're by the flock  
She just post a picture, ain't use no filters 'cause her body pop  
We gon' share this Perc', 'cause more than half gon' make her body lock  
Pull up at the candy store and let her lick this lollipop  
Go back to the basics, I got open cases  
They don't know who did it 'cause we covered up our faces  
Little bitch, I'm in the club with the Indiana Pacers  
Marquis Daniels, I came with the Raiders  
Nothin' less than seven figures when we out in Vegas  
I pop out with seven bitches, I be Elimidatin'  
I might cook up in the kitchen, got bricks in the basement  
Whippin' up a baby, count it up daily

I feel like a dope boy, well, fuck, I am a dope boy  
She gon' fuck with me before she ever fuck a broke boy  
I feel like a dope boy, well, bitch, I am a dope boy  
I serve that French Montana, in the trap house with the coke boys

I did everything except fuck Sexy Red  
But if I ever do, I swear to God, that pussy dead  
If I get a chance, I'ma go put an AP on Bernice  
APB out on the daughter, Draya did it, I ain't sorry  
I get money bags, big-booty bitch look just like Ari  
Diamonds offset in my Patek watch, I need a Cardi  
She look like a stallion, stand up in that bitch like Pardi  
Tryna be like Mike, I might just lose my Lori Harvey  
They're penny-  
pinchin', I don't trip 'bout no bitch, 'cause I got plenty women  
She don't wear no bra, my little bitch raw, look how them titties sittin'  
Look how them twenties sittin', suicide doors up  
My bro kept quiet, took his ten, 'cause we don't never fold up  
Went to Wafi and spent me a quarter-ticket, now I'm froze up  
Bitch be actin' bougie, little ho broke, but got her nose up  
My bank account got several Os like Dunkin Donuts  
My baby mama happy long as she don't bring my hoes up

I feel like a dope boy, well, fuck, I am a dope boy  
She gon' fuck with me before she ever fuck a broke boy  
I feel like a dope boy, well, bitch, I am a dope boy  
I serve that French Montana, in the trap house with the coke boys