

# No Smoke at the Polo Lounge

## The Game

People say  
Had a shorty in the studio the other night from Gothenburg, Sweden (Love is just for purity)  
Asked me can she have some champagne (Bongo By The Way)  
She looked surprised when I said, "Yeah" (But it's got to be more)  
I told her, "Look baby, in here, the Veuve Clicquot is like Sprite, that's a ll you (Than just cash to me, don't you understand me, girl?)  
You got all the wrong niggas in the right room, ya heard?"  
(Yeah)  
(Here we go)

I got the Devil tap dancing on my shoulder, don't I?  
Got them Angel wings on that Veneno Roadster, won't I?  
Up the FN like it's effin', I move the section like, "F it"  
Move around the hood on niggas like they move my papers to Geffen  
My reflection remind me of a nigga from the Chi' steppin'  
Glock, Kevin Hart complexion  
We bang shots in every direction  
Clean up our messes, remove suppressors  
You ever had a bullet removed from the inside of your motherfuckin' intestines?  
Homie, don't you know we make no mistakes?  
We OD with the Dracs like OB, break  
Compton niggas get the cake, wait  
Bompton niggas get the cake, weigh it on scales  
All else fails, we put the packs on whales  
We like Chanel, you will never get this crack on sale  
We cut the rat from its tail if that pack, go stale  
Somebody?  
Anybody? (Yeah)  
Catch a body

Oh, oh, oh (Here we go), yeah  
Pray for me, I seen it all in my dreams (My dreams)  
Heard some talks in my void  
Been some things I ain't seen  
Pray for me, don't mind me by my stove  
Pray they don't want no smoke, no  
If it's me, I want smoke  
Ooh, ooh  
If it's me I want smoke, oh, once (Here we go)

Catch you in my crosshairs, you better have God with you  
This is Death Row, I hope Suge and all them niggas from the mob with you  
I got this bitch on me, she just wanna vibe with you  
I ain't gon' lie, your bitch with you, shit, she might just die with you  
Y'all thought it was ride, or never mind, I'm so ahead of time  
Tomorrow at three, I shot at your pants seven times  
Ain't no scope on this motherfucker, the TEC is blind  
Disrespectin' mine, chopper eat a nigga, Jeffrey Dahm'  
The guns is on the bitches, I let 'em pat me down  
Every time, then the second time  
Distract 'em knowin' that she the next in line  
Walk up on you NBA YoungBoys like, "This section mine"  
And fuck the opps, we got the club surrounded like a hexagon  
My opps is every nigga in the west opps (Hmm)  
Mr. Morale & The Big Steppers (Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh), yeah

Hopefully, by now you on your ten-  
billionth play, KDot, what's up? (Here we go)

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