Sauce

The Game

Ayo Game, this that '92 shit
We the Best dream team
They don't want us to have sauce on these shrimps and steaks
They don't want us on exotic islands swimming in the biggest oceans ever
So you know what we gon' do?
We gon' live it up to the fullest
Ayo Game, talk that talk

In '05 Nas said I was the truth
Niggas thought I was from New York, niggas thought I was off the stoop
Till I pulled up with Snoop like Dre did in "G Thang"
Wasn't no limit after that so I did my Master P thing
Middle fingers to my enemies
Working on "The Documentary" with Nate Dogg sipping my Hennessy
First thing I recorded was me and 50
"Hate It or Love It", I had more Cincinnati hats than Ken Griffey
Whole hood had them Black Wall tats
Me facin' G-Rod, where Buddah Ru and Frogg at?
I put my hood on like it was cold as fuck
West side Cedar Block and niggas know what's up
I'm with the shit though, my album drop, I ball like a disco
15's in the Bentley, bass hit hard like the Klitschko's
Wrist glow, my bitch know I'm bipolar
Half Gandhi, half schitzo but my 16's US missiles

Put some sauce on it
Tell 'em put some sauce on it
I think I put too much sauce on it
The sauce is hot, the sauce is hot, hah
The sauce is hot, the sauce is hot, hah
The sauce is hot, the sauce is hot, hah
The sauce is hot, the sauce is hot

Max B is the Wave God, I'm with the sauce though
Never had 5 mics in my life so fuck The Source ho
As far as awards go, they gave away my Grammy
Gave it to Missy, I was too gangster and they ain't understand me
I had too much sauce
Before my time I was too much boss
In a Maybach with a mil, too much Ross
My freshman class'll whoop your freshman class ass
It was me, Ye, Snowman, Banks, Buck, and Fab
Everybody wore platinum cause everybody went platinum
And you woulda thought The Unit was coached by Phil Jackson
The N was raw, it's Tim McGraw
Them Henny caps was spinnin' off
You had beef and niggas saw you?
They smacked you like a tennis ball
We hit 'em off, invented ball
Had bitches wet in Senegal
Showed niggas Lamborghini doors
Before they had Aventadors
I get it off, I've been a boss
Gettin' bricks off in them rental cars
I did it all but I'm spillin' sauce
Can't stop blood like menopause

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Put some sauce on it

Tossed the bitch salad last night with no ranch
I like it sweet and sour cause I grew up off of Rosecrans
Showed Kendrick his first Benz
Showed Problem if niggas had a problem I jumped in
I was a YG when YG was just a little nigga
Had white bitches swallowin' sauce up out of my Hilfiger's
He's so Compton, niggas hate him, bitches love 'em
Bought my first Bentley and let Kim and Paris picked the colors
Then we gassed off like NASCAR
I done drove everything except Madagascar's
My flow sick-ill, I'm off them bath salts
I used to fuck bitches that Usher Raymond passed off
Then I fucked three Kardashians, hold that thought
I'm that raw, not that raw, Trojans on deck
Like USA synchronized swimmers, I keep them hoes wet
And if you havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems but the sauce ain't one, hit me

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