

# Standing On Ferraris

## The Game

I put that on Piru  
Yo Game, let's go

I've been shot stabbed, left for dead  
Walked through every hood in LA, bandana on my head  
Guarantee that shit was red  
Machetes and them choppers out  
Bitches with their knockers out  
I done fucked 'em all, that's why I'm standing on Ferraris, nigga  
From the corner playing lookout to kitchen cookouts  
Yeah, that's why I'm standing on Ferraris, nigga  
In a 64, 6'5, too big for a Bugatti  
That's why I'm standing on Ferraris, nigga

Ran the west for a decade nigga, check the bio  
Gave you Cincinnati fitteds like I get it in Ohio  
Autographs on the vinyl made the Lamb albino  
Straight away in the Wraith, that's a Peyton Manning spiral  
You lookin' at your idol, Jesus wrote the Bible  
Yeezus, that's my Nike town rival  
Dare a nigga try me now, like why me now  
Lookin' for Red Octobers, I will tie him down  
Stay laced, spit nothin' but based, yeah  
All my shit bump like Craig Mack face  
Ask your favorite bitch how my dick taste  
Ask your neighbor's bitch how my dick taste  
Don't take orders, I dictate  
Get your shit straight, dickface  
Perpetual Rollies with the big face  
I got 'em lovin' the movement  
Beard so long, I'm feelin' like Rick Rubin

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Top floor at the Biltmore  
Say they want a war, shit, that's what I'm built for  
Loungin', Miami with the eye candy  
Bitches names Sandy and Bambi, my exes can't stand me  
God blessed the nigga with more swag than Jigga  
More hoes than Trigga, Trigga no, that's my nigga though  
Figure four down, Figueroa  
Rick Flair Phantom  
All red flannel, niggas don't hit me though  
Spit on models, R.Kelly, piss on the center fold  
Ever since Doc showed me a billion in an envelope  
Love Jimmy, fuck Interscope  
I'm a don, walk outside, naked, Cuban cigar and Louboutins, huh  
Shit on my lawn, snakes in the grass

I hear 'em slitherin' and hissin' whenever I pass  
Ridin' 'round in somethin' French; Khloe Kardash'  
Two-hundred on the dash, that's your ass

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Yo, this nigga Game bought me a motherfuckin' red Ferrari for my birthday, nigga. (I put that on Piru) Told me I was honorary. (Put that on Piru) I said, nigga, I'm with whatever with this motherfuckin' red Ferrari, nigga. Yeah, I'll take it. Nigga, Game givin' out red Ferraris for no reason, it was just a Tuesday. A motherfuckin' Tuesday. Niggas said happy Tuesday, Puff. Now that nigga wanna stand on my Ferrari every day. Now that nigga wanna stand on my motherfuckin' Ferrari all the time. Drivin' down the street with Hype Williams shootin' a video. We ain't even shootin' a video, we just motherfuckin' ridin' down the street, this nigga got Hype Williams shootin' and shit. See this what happens when that east meets west, we get together, know what I'm sayin'? Say fuck the rest, we start partyin' and bullshittin', havin' a good time, throwin' pool parties and shit. Niggas start buyin' niggas from the east coast Ferraris and shit, shit all good, red Ferraris at that, nigga. Shit, ain't got no time for no other shit, I just got time to get this motherfuckin' money man. Get this money with me man. So that's what we decided to do so now we gettin' more money than anybody and everybody. And the only color that we motherfuckin' at the end of the day gonna beef over is that motherfuckin' green motherfucker