

Uncle Otis

The Game

This then is stereophonic sound, sound sculptured in space (Taylor made)

Shits here is my uncle Otis (Taylor made)
(T-t-taylor made) (Taylor made)

This shit for my uncle Otis

Here's a dome shot to this nigga named Otis
Niggas think they the coldest but nigga you just the oldest
Niggas be chasing they youth but it's gone
Yo 'Ye, this nigga ain't even wanna put you on
And then he turned around, put on Sean
But forget to tell em Benny Han Han don't sell no fucking Wonton's
I don't wear Sean John, but fuck with that Ciroc shit
Tupac back, well Hit Em Up on some Pac shit
Who run the world? Jayceon
Will Kelly Rowland come and be my Motivation
If you invented swag then I invented gangsta
Got one in the chamber, the Throne is now in danger
And I don't wear no Gucci Gucci Fendi Fendi Prada
I'm Charles Louboutin, you niggas ain't sayin' nada
Lil white bitch better stay in ya place
You call me a nigga, I'ma put the K in ya face
It's a stick up bitch

(So put your hands up in the air)
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)
Know is any Gangstas up in here?
I do it, I do it, boi
So put your hands up in the air
(I just wanna, I just wanna, I just wanna)
Know is any Gangstas up in here?
I do it

Call Khaled, tell him Fuck it, I'm on one
I created Tyler, the Creator
Here go courtside seats
You are now watching the greatest
Shades blocking the haters
Stays rocking the layers
The Show Goes On
Til I start aiming the Lasers
And Lupe'll souffle half you muthafuckers
Its the Drew league, I don't wanna speak about the Rucker
Cause Jennifer Lopez just got a divorce and I already got her up in the Pors
che
Tryna teach you How To love
How To Love
Marc Anthony too short (bitch)
Look how that nigga look
And I'm 6 foot 7 foot 8 foot Crooks and Castles
All my niggas crooks with castles
Red Nation graduation yeah crooks with tassels
It's a party, it's a party, it's a party
Sittin up in Marvins Room, blowing that Marley
You wanna hit it, so put ya hands up in the air

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I do it

I got the money up in the rubber band
Don't run up on me, try to take it from me (boom)
I ain't Morris Chestnut, I ain't Ricky
But I give you 9 shots, you can call that Fifty
Dre got that Super Bass I just call it Nicki
Working on that Detox, blowin on that sticky
Can I hit it In The Morning?
Better be a quickie
Gotta hustle hard, Ace, Tunechi and Ricky
Waves Frank Ocean, you can see my Odd Future
You gon need more than Novacaine after I shoot ya
Yesterday I went to Coachella not to see Jigga
I went to see Wiz but there's Amber, perfect
I took a seat on the red futon
Hit it with that Wiz shit on, whatever
So put that pussy on my face
and let me taste, a little taste
I'ma eat it up like it's my last
I'ma I'ma do it different, she ain't gettin no cash
You know why? I'm Not A Star
Somebody lied I got a chppper in the car, huh
That ain't a lie

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