

Why U Smell Like Dat

The Game

Bbrrraapp!

NU JERZY DEVIL!

Hurricane Game
the first family bitch
M.O.B
and that's Money Over Bitches!

I smell pussy!
Is that you Banks?
I smell pussy!
Is that you Sha?
I smell pussy!
Is that you Tony?
I smell pussy!
It's Olivia's draws!
Y'all niggaz is pussy!

I blaze with the Kays
it ain't hard to reach you now
I'm wit the Game
and you lames in the beaches now
You can hear my name
outta your speakers now
You soft fabrics
don't make me bleach you down
Put spots on ya
and I'm talking infared
Put glocks on ya
and I'm sparkin' till ya dead
You gotta brand new coffin for a bag
wit yo sleep forever
six 50 wit tha Ice

Money Over Bitches!
Fuckin' wit the M.O.B
you get beat wit shovels
Yo God! You from New York
then meet the Devil
Niggaz hidin' out
thinkin' that the beef will settle
Whoever knew G-Unit made pink stilettos?
Ask Buck if I squeeze my metal
life is to short so I eat, sleep shit
and breathe the ghetto
The Los Angeles king
no hockey mask
Cause when you try your face
you get shot in tha ass!

Why he smell like that?
That nigga dead!
(How he die?)
Hurricane dun shot him in the head!

Why he smell like that?
That nigga dead!

(How he die?)
Cyssero dun shot him in the head!

Why he smell like that?
That nigga dead!
(How he die?)

Techniec dun shot him in the head!

Why he smell like that?
Cuz that nigga dead!
(How he die?)

Eastwood dun shot him in the head!