

# The Game, Around The World

""Jamie Fox""

I know you're sick and tired of waiting on me girl  
but I'm just trying to get my money right,  
Soon as I'm done we can take a flight  
So I can take you all around the world.  
Planes, Trains, Automobiles, Bentley or a Range,  
Chromed out wheels, First class ticket, G-4 you the deal,  
For real, I can take you all around the world.

""The Game""

She like black Bentley coupes, Black daytons,  
Black interior, Black ridin' shotgun,  
Black 4.5, Black Air Ones,  
Bangin' the Black Album, Track number 1,  
She like that Jay shit, That's her favorite,  
If it's gonna get me the pussy, I'ma play that shit,  
If she bite too hard, I'ma say that shit,  
But don't bite me bitch, I don't play that shit,  
Marques Houston I don't play that shit,  
By the time we got half way through watching Ray I hit,  
I layed her down, Beat it up,  
Let her go clean it up,  
Take a five minute nap wake up and eat it but,  
Then there's part two in the sauna,  
Feel like I'm f\*\*kin' Mary J. 'cause she don't want no drama,  
I'd rather take your ass to the Bahamas  
And give you 30,000 and month like Diddy baby mama

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Picture me thuggin',  
Picture me loving you like Bobby love Whitney,  
Now picture me f\*\*kin',  
Pullin' your ponytail,  
Smackin' you on the ass,  
Tellin' you how I can take you all around the world,  
That nigga can't do it like this,  
Even Beyonce couldn't move it like this,  
She only f\*\*k with soldiers,  
That's her shit, I hate to admit it  
But I love my bitch so much,  
I'm sittin' outside in the Benz,  
Thinking back to Dre's house when I f\*\*ked her best friend,  
The pussy wasn't nothing,  
Now I'm dealin' with the diary of a mad black woman with Louis Vuitton luggage,  
She told me she was tired of The Game and rap,  
Quit like Mase then she came right back,  
I told you the bitch sex was whack,  
And you're all I need,  
Even Jamie know that

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""The Game""

You know what they say,  
More money, More problems, More drama,  
Means more marijuana and less baby mama,  
You know I love you like I love my shoes,  
But even white Air Force Ones come in twos,  
Yeah I like her and I like you too,  
What's wrong, She my bitch and you my boo,  
She got a Range Rover sport,  
You got a Bentley coupe,  
She take my clothes to the cleaners,  
You take Harlem to school,  
I gave her your birthday bag so I made a mistake,  
And Oprah don't f\*\*k with that no more anyway,  
I'm sorry for the bullshit I put you through,  
But I ain't going nowhere, I got a kid with you,  
Why we always got to argue about Super Head's book,  
She suck my dick with a condom on after that I shook,  
And when she start talkin' about buying a ring,  
I just turn the volume up and let Jamie Foxx sing

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