

# The Game, Black Wall Street

I Made You!

Yes I Made You!

Mr. Potatohead I Made You!

I Made You!

I Made You!

I Made You!

Mr. Potatohead I Made You!

Theres no batteries in my back

I show you niggas how I move (Move Echo)

50 ain't gangsta

Lloyd Banks ain't gangsta

Yayo ain't gangsta

Young Buck, you know you ain't gangsta

You at what you niggas made

Ain't that a bitch

Created a monster

Kicked me outta G-Unit

Put me in converse

Matter of fact give me a dick

Just like Olivia so you can suck my shit

Gimme a pen

So I can be the hardest in the click

Wind me up nigga then gimme some lips

So I can talk about ya faggot

Niggas aint no thugs

While im at it tell Young Buck gimme some white gloves

So I can cover my fingerprints in ya blood

I need a get away car you can put it on dubs

Make sure its got a stash for the 38 snub

And a Banks album cuz thats where I got my buds

Gimme muscles like 50

Gimme Yayo hands

Gimme a collection plate for Ma\$e fans

Gimme some glasses so I can watch Mason dance

Who movin? You singing?

Nigga gimme ya fans

Gimme a tattoo tear

Gimme some ears so i can hear police talkin when you disappear

I made you

I made you

I made you

I made you

Mr. Potato Head

I Made you

Yes, I Made you

Mr. Potato Head I Made you!

I Made you

I Made You!

Mr. Potato Head I Made you! (You Echo)

Theres no batteries in my back

I show you niggas how I move.

Yayo: And I'd like to thank game cuz hes mr potato head of the year, 'n' you kn.. a put together gar

Rolling through Connecticut

In a stolen mini-van

Stop at his house

I dont see many men

Matter of fact I dont see any men

One plain clothed cop call him Lieutenant Dan

Officer why ya man tryna beat up my fans?

Makin me 5 times platinum wasnt part of his plan

Same shit same snitch

You know how it goes

I smell a rat even if you take off my nose

And i bet every quarter in your piggy bank

Lloyd told N.Y.P.D. who got 50 shanked  
Next time when the lights go out  
I'm pulling a desert eagle when the knives come out  
Watch that man get ta tussling and the mice run out  
Don't gamble with ya life when my dice roll out  
I made you  
I made you  
I made you  
I made you  
I made you  
Mr Potato Head I Made you!  
Yes I Made you  
Mr Potato Head I Made you!  
I Made you!  
I Made You!  
Mr Potato Head I Made you!  
Theres no batteries in my back  
I show you Niggas how I move (Move Echo)  
50 aint gangsta  
Lloyd Banks aint gangsta  
Yayo aint gangsta  
Young Buck you know you aint gangsta  
(Phat Rat talks)  
G-G-G-G-G.... NOT!  
You bitch ass niggas  
Check this out man  
I'm not gonna be playing these mother fucking games  
Mr. Potato head now you wanna be a comedian nigga  
This shit is R-E-A-L nigga!  
Real nigga  
Black wall street  
Wait wait  
Like I told you last time  
It's THE black wall street you bitch ass nigga  
And Oliv... Excuse me OLIVER!  
You punk mother fucker  
I'm still taking heat from my niggas  
For looking at your mother fuckin' ass nigga  
You somebodys son  
You bitch ass Nigga  
I'ma catch up to your ass nigga  
Muscle mouth ass bitch  
Thats alright though nigga  
G-U-Not nigga  
This is black wall street nigga  
Tell me where you at  
Thats all we need to know nigga  
Cus this is real nigga  
This is the streets nigga  
Brazil & Wilmington nigga  
In case you didn't know nigga  
Thats right in the heart of COMPTON  
You Bitch ass nigga  
And Olivia  
Get that mother fucking lil' ass red  
Mother fucking shorts off your mother fucking ass on that video  
Everybody can you see your balls bitch  
' The fuck is wrong with you  
My Niggas know I tried to holla at your bitch ass nigga  
Ima fuck you up nigga  
It's your fault  
50 Snitch  
This is Phat Rat nigga  
In case you forgot nigga  
Double!

Mr. Potatohead I Made You!  
I kill who is my enemy  
I don't give a fuck  
If you talk shit  
I make you a follower yeah  
You crack me up kid  
Your stupid  
I'm much more agile then ever  
Got more style so yo whatever  
Whatever  
Whatever (Echoes)