

# 10,000 Cadillacs, We Got Game

We've got the game that they want to claim  
Such a shame to see the jealousy and envy they display.  
Panic's automatic and strategy is tragic  
Got game like a no look pass from Magic  
Now we're poundin' down the parkay  
Cadillacs parlay and angels surround me as if my name were Charlie  
10K action opponents in traction  
I march to Armageddon with my Cadillac faction  
My team's a regime and I'm all about that C.R.E.A.M.  
Got money in the backcourt centered like Hakeem crossover  
Motherfucker like you never even seen  
The answers runnin' point Skinny's Runnin' triple beams  
We got ups and we'll be rockin' the mic till the eruption stops  
Each tick of the clock the sweat starts to bead  
We'll give you the freethrow then we'll steal the lead  
White wait stampede behind the back  
Feed got funk in the trunk 'bout to dunk on the team  
Got game motherfucker mad game mad game  
Insane motherfucker insane insane  
Rollin' first class in my Coupe de Ville  
Gonna quench my thirst fast then I'll flex my skills  
Gonna turn this bitch out like I'm runnin' a train  
Even without a limp this pimp still carries a cane  
I got game motherfucker mad game mad game  
Insane motherfucker insane insane  
The name is Saltine AKA Dimebag  
Hittin' like a ballpen rollin' with a zigzag big bag of endo  
Known as the chronic Skinny's got some shit to make you bitches jump  
On it so we flaunt a little heaven cause we're rollin' with Devon  
Let her blow on the dice you know they're comin' up sevens  
We've got the game that they want to claim  
Such a shame to see the jealousy and envy they display.  
Bring the boom boom boom and a thump thump thump  
When I jump to the forefront you're gonna get stomped  
And I peep and I creep and I get with takin' no shorts  
Not going out in a shit fit so I step from the waste of time  
I'm on to your game yeah you won't waste mine  
I got it to go so I'm rollin' wit the 40 malt  
Jumpin' the ride lay some rubber on the asphalt  
Skinny says to me I think you're movin' too fast Jay  
Hunt for the blunt so we could front on the ashtray  
Bring that 2 4 6 8 we will annihilate  
You're trippin' on my game  
I could see your eyes dilate  
We've got the game they want to claim  
Such a shame to see the jealousy and envy they display.  
I call this microphone the throne I own  
I been callin' it home since the rock was a stone  
So what ya gonna do to me rhyme is nothing new to me  
Been rockin' this motherfucker way before puberty  
Quite a long time by now you know my rhyme is like a guillotine  
Decapitating those who take what's rightfully mine  
I'm insane the name of the game  
Factual thoughts obtain that outta slaughter  
Your brain now I'm gonna attack in fact I'm on a jack  
Tip grip the mic in the ring and let the rhyme rip  
And tear beware no bandwagons in the dragon's lair  
I came here seeking new frontier  
Got game motherfucker mad game mad game  
Insane motherfucker insane insane