

Paul Wall, Game Over

[Chorus: Chamillion]

When we come through in Caddies on swangaz and vogues
I would tell the outcome you already "no dough"
I'm the reason these boys hand cuffing these hoes
You know she's about to getcha hoes
You know the routine when a true player come through
She's leaving with me although she came here with you
I'm sorry to tell you but I got really bad news
Game Over you lose

Peep game, broads be knowing about my sweet thang
They want to see how my meat hang
When I pull up to the club I'm on the G Bone thangs
While these other boys broke like a cheap chain, you weak man
Afraid that I might take your chick
Conceited, cocky, or confident you take your pick
Your game is lame, it got outdated quick
But as soon as this girl see my face they can't wait to strip
Adulterous relationship, something you never should doubt
You trusted in your gal, but something has been ruined about
Because while you at your crib looking cool on your couch
Your girl iron me, drool in her mouth, a Chick Magnet
A heart throb, I'm smooth, smart, and soave
A macking artist, check for the mark on your broad
With you, there ain't no benefits like a Wal-Mart job
It ain't no competition boy, I'm a shock to these frauds

[chorus]