

Rick Ross, No Games (ft. Future)

[Future]

Can't play no games with these niggas
Can't play no games with these niggas, they're so fake and they phony
Can't play no games with these bitches, they treat me like I'm Tony
Can't play no games with these niggas

[Future:]

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Kilo in the kitchen, pussy niggas Merry Christmas
Bitches taking pictures cause we keep on getting richer
Say a nigga name you know you fucking with them killers
Walking through the club only salute the real niggas
Ain't no bottles on your table, pussy boy go get your gwolla
Hoes don't credit pussy so you can't pay her tomorrow
Bitch just bought a house she can't afford to run her mouth
I run all these fields, I run the game, not just the South
Bow down to the biggest, Belaire I be spilling
Counting all this paper, no games with these pussy niggas
Double M, we poppin', shoppin' buying new clothes
Heard your shit keep flopping and your crib got foreclosed

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Can't play no games with these lames, I'm getting money like Tony
Three chains on my neck these bitches brushin' up on it
Hundred grand on my watch, you don't feel me then fuck 'em
If you playin' with work, we either feed 'em or touch 'em
I play no games with these hoes, get a ticket a show
Feds follow a nigga like it's a brick at a show
VIP choppa, Rollie be matchin'
Ho know we fuckin', so don't even ask em
I play no games at the bar, all I see is Ciroc
Three bottles for Diddy, three hoes in the car
No love for these skeezers, we party and fuck 'em
Every day is a party so every day we like fuck 'em

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Niggas sellin' dope just tryin' to come up in the game
Say it's for the fam but spendin' a hundred on the chain

Niggas go for self when they caught up in the fame
Run back to a nigga when them shots get to sprayin?
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!
Now we holdin' hands
Success another gamble, bitch I took a chance
Jumped straight off the porch, jumped right in the kitchen
Then I got a Porsche, my bitch wanted a Bentley

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