

# The Game, .38 Special

I could talk your baby mama out her panty drawers  
Every day it's Cripmas, my son know his daddy Santa Claus  
Busting my clip if I decide to up it and set it off  
My ex bitch thought she was the best until she seen I was better off

.38 revolver, watch it wind up, baby  
On the horn like a rhino, get you lined up, baby  
Throw your Rollie in the sky, then your time's up, baby  
Like them drivers in LAX, we throw them signs up, baby  
Don't sign up to get signed off  
I wish death on you and them niggas that lined off  
It be the nigga in the picture with you  
That'll take you out the picture, used to kick it with you  
Why you niggas wanna flame me?  
'Cause I got it out the mud like the military trained me  
And here's something you should know  
Me and 50 ain't never did a show  
Imagine if we did  
We would've passed down that BMF power to our kids  
I had that G-Unit bandana wrapped around my face  
Niggas kicked me out the group then, murder was the case

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Ten boat, baby  
Niggas put you on The Game, now the tempo crazy  
I've been all around New York in my Timbos lately  
Big steppin' out the Porsche, tinted windows, baby  
Westside highway, blowing endo, baby  
Stick on me, it's The Game, not Nintendo, baby  
Put on any instrumental and watch him go crazy  
Drac' on me, I've been drilling since the intro, baby  
I'm a pimp though, baby, ain't no limp though, baby  
I tell these hoes, "Run my money over Venmo", baby  
And this shit go crazy, I know them niggas gon' hate me  
I take a brick and make it flip until your bitch come break me  
They say he's that nigga, the K is Jack Ripper  
If they play my shit backwards, they play me back, Jigga  
They say he that nigga like Dre, 3 Stacks with him  
If they play this shit backwards, they playing me back, Jigga

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