

# The Game, Fortunate

Yo, Ye

Yo

Yo, I'm at the London, I need you to swing by, pick me up

On my way

Aight

Look, let me tell you why they call it Lambchop

'Cause I'm a G.O.A.T. in the roaster, sandlot

Big dawg, baseball, sniffin' 'til your face off

Only makin' short stops, the Apple call me A-Rod

This is thirty for thirty, out the six-god

Everybody Thanos 'til you show up with a hit squad

Brick squad, ten-seventeen out the trunk

Timbaland know the chopper go bra-rum-ba-bum-bum

Billie Eilish, I go stylish, Ivan Drago

Wrist rocky, nigga, I go viral

Suicidal doors up, touch the Eiffel

On a cross next to Yeezy like they crucified you

Michael, Michael Jordan, Tyson, Michael Myers

Grab the mic and I'm a killer for hire, man

On the freeway, dippin' with IMA

Don Cheadle when I'm grippin' the iron, man

Ye

I'm him, I'm him

I'm, I'm, I'm him, I'm him

I might have to drop the Yeezy swim

Just, just to get Yeezy to swim

She said "Yeezy need to drop it in her windpipe" (Her windpipe)

Still ain't met a ho that I didn't wife (Didn't wife)

"Since his momma passed, he ain't been right" (Been right)

Rich nigga shit, this a different life (Different life)

Shit too cloudy when you get your ice (Get your ice)

Old school Audi, man, that shit nice (Shit nice)

Two joints hangin' out the balcony

If a another bitch give me The Alchemy

Tell me this her favorite book what I'm bound to see

What, what, what, what

How many niggas had it out for me?

Did you tell your girlfriends that you down to leave? (To leave)

You so fortunate

'Cause we doin' it big, notorious

You so fortunate

You got a picture with Ye without forcin' it

You so fortunate

She the drink champ, she Nore'd it

I can tell, I can, I can tell (She the G.O.A.T)

I can tell, I can, I can tell

Ayy, I'm so fortunate

I put the stars in the ceilin' like a ornament

Yeah, hour-glass body so proportioned

I'm under thirty with a thirty like the Forbes and shit

You know I'm with The Game if all my niggas throwin' up the letter B (The letter B)

You know I'm with Ye when I say it ain't nothin' that you tellin' me

Make a white nigga switch his Pornhub to ebony

I went from Berettas and the shotter to keepin' that Beretta clean

Like fuck a bank, I count it like calculators

We movin' one step ahead of you, every move calculated

Don't ask me 'bout the opps, we slid, they evacuated

You come on the block, you gotta check in like a baggage claim, nigga

Big Dreez (Big Dreez)

Timbo the king  
Nigga, Ye had us in Miami writin' for a month  
We kept a sixteen as told

I told her give me neck like flamingos  
Tú tienes novio, Numinatti lingo  
Diamonds like a stripper name, star like Ringo  
I'm with Ye lookin' for a Christian to mingle  
Gray sweats, mink coat  
They gon' see the AK-47 talkin' all that jazz, I'm Caralingo  
Last night, I was in the Chi', sippin' Barefoot  
How I end up all the way in Paris with a pink toe?  
Just got a passport, ain't even ask for it  
When you runnin' 'round with Ye, he got the cash for it  
Balenciaga in the living room  
I ain't even open the box yet  
Box card, box cutter, got these niggas boxed in  
What you expect from a (nigga) out the projects?  
No contest, I told her in bed, I'm Embiid  
You just gotta trust the process

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