

The Game, Gutta Boyz

(feat. Sean T)

(We gangsta daddy!)

(Sean T)

Yuh!

I'm sippin on that 'notiq the color of Hulk man
And the blueberry smoke got a nigga twerkin
You niggaz is perkin - so you doin it big?
You roll deep but when I see you it's just you and your kids
I roll sick, my rims feel like helicopter propellers
And my pockets run deep like a Mercer teller
Haters trip when they see the whip dippin by
The paint on it change like the I-95
I'm just Clyde, without the Bonnie, I got the hollowpoint
heat for you niggaz and the po' for the mamis
Sean Gotti, I'm puttin an end to camaraderie
I'm lettin off heat, 'til them eyes get watery
Some gon' ricochet, some gon' hit, y'all gon' get 'em
Fluids gon' disperse out like refreshin club serum
I'm deadly as bite venom but I'm far from a snake
I'll hit you up on your birthday while you cuttin your cake

(Chorus: The Game)

We gangsters nigga; you see the cars, the whips
The chains, the fuckin broads we with
We gangsters nigga; we'll come through your hood
a hundred deep and empty the whole clip
We gangsters nigga; we got guns for the beef
And my niggaz'll put you under the street
We gangsters nigga; so you better watch what you say
'Fore I empty the whole glock in your face

(Sean T)

Streets is tough, but ain't no hopscotch lines on the ground
Just burner shells, and police siren sounds
Niggaz know who I am in the town; it ain't a circus
But it might as well be, cause you know I'ma clown
I'm a terrain boss, I know most niggaz envious dawg
And if a nigga owe me change you better give me it dawg
If you feelin like you wanna leap, make like a frog
You niggaz lame, transparent like Wonder Woman's plane
I'm a stunna in this game, a federal figure
Blowin doj' in the hummer, 50 K on my fingers
I'm like a NASCAR winner poppin Mo' and Bill{?}
D-Squad don't give a fuck about nobody else
I pull a {?} to contain your whole, clique for hours
The end result will probably be, pinewood and flowers
So I'll advise you deduct your QP's and powder
We gangsters and we jackin cowards (yup!)

(Chorus)

(Sean T)

S.T. nigga D-Squad, G.G.D
Don't get it twisted motherfucker yeah we do creep
We ride out thug, shit we don't die
We lay low like mechanics tryin to fix up rides
A lot of cats say I'm sick in the head, when I anger it's on
Poodles gon' be up missin or dead
I chop haters up, like an old-ass sample
Or creep through your village, like Stallone in "Rambo"
I'm like piranhas on red meat, I'm on you niggaz
You afros? Then I guess I got to comb you niggaz

So break bread, when you see me dawg hit the flo'
I'm like a nigga off the X, unpredicta-ble
Imitators always hollerin how gangsta they is
But got about as much courage as the Lion in "The Wiz"
Shit I'm into pullin shanks on you fake Jake cats
Me and my burner hold it down man we go way back

(Chorus)