

The Game, Money Over Bitches

(feat. JT)

(The Game)

Huh, niggaz think they got the game sewed, yeah right
I'm air tight, fresh in them Air Nikes
If the Navi outside, I might be there
Black hoodie, black 9, black wifey airs
Rock guns like Caddy trunks, keep a spare
You see the lump under the Iceberg fleece and gear
And when the beef cook, I'ma put the piece to your head
And if you see a white truck that mean yo' sheets is dead
Then I'm goin goin, back back
to the block to dump the bucket and jump in the drop
Niggaz know I'm good with the glock, they call me Chick Hearn's
Cause if the game on knot, I'm callin the shots
I'll wear a shiny suit for a minute like I'm The LOX
Then get gangster with a swap meet bag and a Jordan box
And when I die, bury me with the glock, and a bucket of shells
In case niggaz want drama in hell

(JT)

Yeah, so when Compton niggaz and Fillmoe niggaz get together
Shit happens mayne; real talk from ya nigga Fig'
Doin it big and don't wanna split yo' wig

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

I'll give you anything you ask fo' - money over bitches
Tell me what'chu blast fo' - fuck around with snitches
What you had to smash fo' - niggaz tried to play me man
(1) Anything you ask fo' - all about this Bay game
(2) Anything you ask fo' - representin Bay game

(JT)

I be the boy with the most cabbage, pluck strings like I'm Lenny Kravitz
I'm in the streets where they goin savage
One, two, we dance on the rooftop
Let the Coupe ghostride then we come to two stops
Figga eight'n by the corner sto'
Niggarali from killer Cali you gotta let 'em know
Yeahh, ya hit me on my Sidekick
Inventory pilin up, niggaz tryin to buy shit
They got me diggin in my files
Pro Tools, ADAT tapes and big sounds
Jumpin on a plane, jumpin out a taxi cab
Stackin up this fettucini now these niggaz hella mad
"Fuck that nigga! He got another album on the board?"
Damn right, another album on the board
Fuck the bullshit, the Figgarali don't play
I represent the whole Bay every motherfuckin day

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

Count rubber band grands
I'm out big on the under, with my fam bam
And I, hover the lands
To expand, I'm from the gutter grime and the sand
No jams the flam's all busted
The dames want the bucks when, they see you stuffed in
your pockets, 'til they get them some
But testin my pocket, only gets you none
Cause I, got a pimp mentality
The scrubs wanna eat shrimp, and get my salary
They ain't knowin I'm tight laced in my shoestrings

Hate the way I'm flowin on the mic, cause I do gleam
All types of baguettes and bezels
We shine like life's {?} rebels
2005, me and my crew just pile the pots
Move like the ice loose, pimp these thangs to watch

(Chorus)