

# The Game, One Night

(Chorus)

I only f\*\*k with you on two occasions  
When I'm drunk, when I'm high  
I will be broke, if I would be with you  
That is why it's for one night (one one one one...)(Chorus)

I'm a muthaf\*\*kin' gang bangin' Nightmare  
Wake up mudaf\*\*kers, I traded in my white Nike Airs  
For a red pair of converse, Back to the hood  
My own niggas actin' like I turned my back on the hood  
I used my rap money to put crack in the hood  
Even brought the nigga Dr. Dre back to the hood  
I show niggas the Bentley, then let you drive it  
Gone for 2 days and I didnt even check the mileage  
When we was fighting with Crips it wasnt bout no dollars  
It was about selling dope to put our kids thru college  
I'm sittin' on the block reminiscing for hours  
whipping my tears 'cause now half of my niggas is cowards  
And I was still f\*\*kin' with niggas  
after I got shot and didnt get one hospital visit  
My homie Snoop told me it be days like this  
It hurt my heart to say this shit

(Chorus)

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When I'm drunk, when I'm high  
I will be broke, if I would be with you  
That is why it's for one night (one one one one...)

Red bandanna in my back pocket I'm for real  
This aint no pastel color kacki suit and I aint Pharrell

I don't front bout shit, I pull my gun bout shit  
And let everything fly to keep my son up out of this  
I thought you loved me nigga, talk is cheap  
Remember, the bullet holes in my son's car seat  
My baby momma found four shells  
I aint get one keep your head up  
All i got was keep it real, Keep it real my niggas?  
Last year alone I spent 1.5 mil on my niggas  
After the bullshit I stayed right there  
Took you to award shows there go Jay right there  
&quot;Where?&quot; &quot;Right there&quot;  
I had you niggas in suits, cleaner than a pair of fresh Nike Airs  
I'm suppose to enjoy this shit but it's quite clear  
The last 12 months been a f\*\*kin' nightmare

(Chorus)

This shit is worst then arguing with my bitch  
I done been through more up and downs then an Impala swith  
Get your hand out of my pocket nigga, go fish  
I was born by myself so I don't owe yall shit  
Nigga you tell me, what you want me to do  
Drop my son off at home and come bang with u?  
Oh now it's f\*\*k Game, Naw Nigga f\*\*k u  
I put that on my life, matter of fact that's on Piru  
And really is I can die too  
And end up in the cemetery, right beside you  
We can both ride, Angels flying over my head stone  
But the devils inside your box  
You wanted my shine so I gaved you ice  
Then I gaved you a second change & you played me twice

Couldn't be a real homeboy to save your life  
I should of took Dr.Dre's advise