Dominoes

clipping.

Khakis and house shoes, pork pie hat ace, deuce
Gold thin-rimmed bifocals, eyes in today's news
Ball on the TV, highball glass clinking
As ice melts in dark liquor tight joint pressed freely to
Thin lips, smoke wisps, counts points on fingers
With rings emblematic of juice he drops talking 'bout
Young blood, cuz cuz, game is to be sold
No pillow talking, real men don't freeload
They hustle, mouthpiece, enemies closer
Family first trust your fist before toasters
Always your first mind, don't get caught slipping
Don't talk to pigs get money over bitches
Pussy is good but don't let that ho run you
Back in the day you don't know what they've been through
No snitchin, shake hands, eye contact, fake friends ain't shit
No regrets, young'un, run to the store for some cigarettes
Drop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game on 'em
Drop that game on 'em - Money talk, listen to the OG
Drop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game on 'em
Drop that game on 'em - Cause he always gonna say it how it be
Drop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game on 'em
Drop that game on 'em - Telling stories 'bout the glory and defeat
Drop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game game
Like like like it's dominoes - And the game isn't spoken of
Smokin' out, pulling up, lean with it, rock
Wood grain, leather seats, ain't nothing stock
How many spokes 'fore they hear what you sayin'
How many tracks do a pimp got to stand
How many traps 'fore they catch on they bitch on
The position to get pissed on, there no Kelly here so no pissin' on
He pissed off them police by driving too slowly and
Flashing them rollies and gold teeth for the homies who
Don't care, put one in the air, put Sun in
The mirrors drive east get bossed up these sirens
Are serene she slurping her codeine with slurpee and

Coating her slurring like y'all don't even know anything about
Trill shit, yeah ho, real spit, deal dough for them
Fuckboys, fuck around with them fuckarounds get cut for it
Mafia, meet Noriega meet Yoruba make magic city
Savages with them karats making this ratchet shit look lavish
Cause it isDrop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game on 'em
Drop that game on 'em - Always Gs getting money in the streets
Drop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game on 'em
Drop that game on 'em - And they never scared to tell it how it be
Drop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game on 'em
Drop that game on 'em - Telling stories 'bout the glory and defeat
Drop drop drop that game on 'em
Drop that drop that game game
Like like like it's dominoes - Cause the game isn't spoken ofBeanpole on the playground, size six Chuck Taylors
Little girls and basketball, young'uns be players
Talking mess like kids do "yo mama's so fat"
Circle starts forming, he ain't gonna take that
Small fist through small teeth, fractures enamel
Lip swells up quick plus spit make him look camel-
-Esque got him some get back, elbow to left eye
Scrap till they pulled apart, no tears Gs don't cry
Pops didn't, never seen it, just sucked teeth and quick walk come
Back after click-clack sound grab keys and hit the block
Knuckle up, never scared, keep names out strange mouths
Replace it with blood make that fool one with the ground
Scraped knees, ripped clothes, school nurse, parent's called
He remembers all that sips dark liquor from highball
Glass khakis and house shoes pork pie hat ace, deuce
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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