Speakers On Blast

The Game

It's not usual, the game be, all up on some South shit
Straight west coasting, you can tell by my outfit
Red 'nati fitted, "Blood in, Blood out" shit
Empty jelly jars, nigga, bird in the couch shit
The mad rapper, Oscar the Grouch shit
Except when I'm hopping out of cans, I'm pulling out shit
Dippin' the four though, double X 3-D Polo
If hip-hop was the league, I'd be the motherfuckin' logo

Your last shit was so-so, you should sign to Jermaine
I've been hard since I was solo
Niggas they feel my pain, I make it rain without the strippers
Go against the grain, and push your shit back like some clippers
I bang and then I hang out at the Staples like Blake Griffin
You can tell I'm getting money the way that glass house is sitting
I mash out the strip then like Nash when I'm dippin'
Feeling like God's son, the way that it was written

[Chorus]
Them boys want they music on blast
Don't turn it down, turn it up every time them cops pass
Mashed on the gas, am I getting high, don't even ask
'Cause I got another ounce up in the stash
Them boys want they music on blast
Don't turn it down, turn it up every time them cops pass
Mashed on the gas, am I getting high, don't even ask
'Cause I take two hits, and then I pass

I see the cops in the rear view,
Why can't a motherfucker chill in the car
Feelin' like Missy, why you all up in my grill
They must know that I got bird stashed all up in my grill
Camouflage by the armor all while it's sparkling off my wheels
And I fuck hoes that prey on Dwight Howard and Shaquille
Not them throwback rats they be on showin' on college hill
For real, I think my first album sold five mil'

And you say to yourself that he is broke
Well how the hell am I ballin', like Spalding
I did a couple of movies, now agents calling and calling

Can't get to the phone right now because my boss is all in this bitch mouth
When did we start taking these tricks out?
Now she gon' run her big mouth and tell her girlfriend
You had her all up in the wind blowing yo cheese on Louie Vuittons
And now that bitch is in the wind and after the next draft,
She gon' start that cycle again
How you claimin' that bitch when she with him, come again 'cause

[Chorus]

Daddy fat sex, my balls are on your chin,
But can you tell me where my dick's at?
Gat or ghetto, head hunter, head buster through the chit-chat
I skip to the lou, my darling bring the thunder,
I'm the lightning that strikes twice
Motherfucker, call me master
'Cause I run the plantation and I'm whooping niggas asses
If they disrespect the presentation, below the Mason-Dixon,
We facin' the basses that were missin' pimpin'

You can embrace it or come face to face with total devastation
My mojo is never fadin', I'm in my Optimus Prime transform
Switch it up, heat it up, speed it up, that means I'm gone
Light years, ahead of your Buzz, Toy Stories and club songs
Black home, the A-T-L-iens are phoning home
But I feel like a librarian,
'Cause style's are being loaned out like books
A castle full of crooks, rape and pillage
They'll do anything for money while misleading the village

[Chorus]

Not from New England, but I pack a patriot
Not from Atlanta, but I got the cater
Not from Chicago, but I'm a bear
I'm a bay area nigga, 49er, Raider
I'm about my bread man, I ain't no sucker
Now these bitch ass niggas soft as table butter
I'm about my riches, magazines, street hustler
You can ask your uncles, daddies, mothers, and your older brothers

But I used to flee through that yellow white, yo right
Sellin' that shit below the retail price
I'm a rare breed like the bike club, get it right
Desperado like Tori Amos, shout out to dynamite
I got my red cup, and some green

What kind of green you smoking pimp? Blue dream
My nigga let me hit that there hemp, do your thing
How many woofers in your trunk? 4 15s

[Chorus]

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