

# The Game Belongs To Me

UGK

[Chorus]

I got bobby by the pound Whitney by the key DJ Screw by the gallon b\*\*\*\* the game belong to me  
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I got bobby by the pound Whitney by the key DJ Screw by the gallon b\*\*\*\* the game belong to me I got money  
on my beeper dead trees on my phone they call me Mick Jagger cause I rolled a lot of stones  
It's a whole lot of clones but only one sweet Jones turning hoosta corner boys just can't leave my meat alone  
It's been a long time since I hustled on the block but every corner that I hit I left I screwed up and chopped  
Marooned up and dropped like my purest on locked left the b\*\*\*\* a\*\* bleeding till it dripped the last drop  
I'm still that young boy that had a pocket full of stoned managed lick for sixty bricks gripping wood and  
flipping chrome[Chorus]Man I pull up in yo city and get my push on (what is that?)  
Lay down the competition take that cash crops then get my push on  
Pull up the Bentley Remo from a Lexus key all because we cornered the market on that Texas heat  
And we don't bar no plexes we way bigger then other men doe chunkDiamond deuces out tinted windows we in  
the wind yo  
Whichever way the wind blow that's the corner we been through don't know where u been bro but that's That  
beat from b-u-n-o and that 10 4 gooded buddy my Styrofoam good and muddy we block bleeders Leaving yo  
neighborhoods good and bloody we gripping that woola buddy sit back and scope it  
Pay attention the prince been pushing everything up and through here[Chorus]I just passed up my fine spurt I  
didn't trip I just parked it in the grass and bought some brand new sh\*\*  
The Phantom Rolls Royce got the new Bentley Coupe bought the drop from Chamillion  
I'm showing these broads what it do Cali in my swisher Permithazene on my whiskers messing with that smoke  
the bundie and that viscous UGK records it's a institution know a lot of pimps living off of prostitutionPimping  
ain't dead it just moved to the west girl ain't gotta hit the track ain't gotta get no tricks daily ain't gotta sale no  
tricks they bout just cameras and screens easiest money u can get it's the American dream b\*\*\*\*Man I'm a  
middle finger figure on a million dollar mission poppa Orville Redenbacher when I'm whipping in the kitchen  
Pimping yayo like don trill Willis we the trillest on the mount  
I'm holding that whole south down I know u feel usWe the realest walking the planet can't stand it pa\*\* away  
wanna fight us start to swinging wanna Kill us blast away wanna stab us get the sticking  
But make sure u cut us deep because I bet you we coming back a couple hundred brothers deep  
Pimping boy we run the streets which streets man pick ya hoodDon't matter we represent cross us we gone get  
ya good because down south veterans ain't nobody Better than gone and tell ya next to kin or ya brethren let em  
see it because[Chorus]

Songwriters

BUTLER, CHAD L. / FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / HARRIS, AVERY DIVELLE / JOHNSON,  
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