

# The Game Belongs To Me

Ugk

I got Bobby by the pound, Whitney by the key  
DJ Screw by the gallon, bitch the game belong to me  
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I got money on my beeper, dead trees on my phone  
They call me Mick Jagger 'cause I 'Roll a lot of stones'  
It's a whole lot of clones but only one Sweet Jones  
Turnin' whores to carnivores, they just can't leave my meat alone  
It's been a long time since I busted on a glock  
But every corner that I hit, I left it screwed up and chopped  
Marooned up and dropped, like my Biarritz on top  
Let the motherfucker bleed until it drip and let it drop  
I'm still that young boy that had a pocket full of stones  
But now I'm sick and simply rich, grippin' wood and flippin' chrome  
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Man I pull up in your city and get my Bush on  
Lay down the competition, take their cash crops and get my push on  
Moved up to Bentley with more chrome from a Lexus key  
All because we cornered the market on that Texas tee  
And we don't bar no plexes, we way bigger than other men though  
The diamond deuces on tinted windows, we in the wind yo  
We 'Chevro way' the wind blow, that's the corner we been Joe  
Don't know where you been bro, but it's no quiz to me, you win though  
When it's ten fo', good, but in my Styrofoam good and muddy  
We block bleeders, leavin' your neighborhoods good and bloody  
We grippin' that woodler, bud it, sit back and scope it

Pay attention to Prince and pushin' everything about to pump it  
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Uh, I done smashed up my flyin' spurt, it wasn't shit  
I just parked it in the grass and brought some brand new shit  
A Phantom Rolls Royce, 24's with the bump  
I ain't trippin' about the seat, I got them woofers in my trunk  
Cut in my swisher, codeine on my whiskers  
Fuckin' with that Smoke D, Bundy and that Vicious  
UGK Records, it's an institution  
Know a lot of niggaz livin' off of prostitution  
Pimpin' ain't dead, it just moved to the web  
Bitch ain't gotta hit the track, ain't gotta give no tricks no head  
Ain't got to give no tricks, no pussy, just cameras and screams  
Easiest money you can get, it's the American Dream bitch  
Man I'm a middle finger figure, a million dollar mission  
Poppin' like Orville Redenbacher, with a whippin' in the kitchen  
Yayo like Dontrelle Willis, we the trillest on the mound  
I'm holdin' that whole South down, I know you feel us  
We the realest walkin' the planet  
Can't stand it, pass away, wanna fight us  
Start to swingin', wanna kill us, blast away, wanna stab us  
Get to stickin but make sure you cut us deep  
'Cause I betcha we comin' back a couple hundred brothers deep  
Pimp and Bun, we run the streets, which streets? Man, pick your hood  
Don't matter, we represented, cross us? We gon' get you good  
Them Down South veterans, ain't nobody better than  
Gonna tell your next of kin or your brethren, let us in cousin  
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