

Spit Game (GTA Mix)

Royce da 5'9"

Uh, yeah, uh huh, "Pretty Ugly", "Royce Da 5'9" what, 1-2, we spitt game nigga, we spit game nigga, we here
nowNow take a look at me, how Philly see me ballin' --P.U.
Yeah you heard wit they call em' Pretty Ugly the Philly cat wit tha chip toof'
That wear low shirts,Guess jeans-n-tim boots
I only drink 151 rum passion, no christ ima thug-n-I don't like flashin
I can get a bad bitch for somethin' a little cheapa'
And my whole bidy smellin like reefa'
Dro ain't babage I gotta bad habbit
Tryna fight it I ain't even took a jab at it
Why quit? I love ta talk shit
I love big hips when I'm takin' a long hit
Spit game all night and my mine been right
Ya'll dudes ain't that tight and I'll put it in black& white
I'm tigherd of rappa's tryna make offa's
I ain't here ta see ya'll I came ta talk ta ya bosses[Chorus]
I said momi,-- don't chu hear my game
I'm tryna get chu ta try me--so you can play my game
Boom-boom-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-boom-boom-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-boom-boom-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-boom--boom-la-
la---la-la-laI said here's a peace of me and I'm gonna take it(nigga)
Here's a peace of my heat that I won't take
He's been sold a dream'a he had the prevalege to hold the neena
He's been exposed ta penis
Grown niggas speak wit they hand 'causez they know how ta bring it
Know how ta fold his fing'as slingin the oldest english
My co-fee, smokin a roll that's how it be
When tha hoe start smokin the co she I'm me
She prolly sip on tha nutta,she prolly winey
Chickens still love us but we still slip on the rubba's
Why is'nt the bitches sensitive lova's
We keep these bitches flyyy-we keep em' on the cova's
Niggas is humble this is our label so snap out
Niggas try ta cova' tha card table and they crap out
In japan like I'm the man you be lucky ta know
That I be fukin these hoes like yo-tochy-you-toes[Chorus]I spit game this is real shit no riddles
Girls at the bar mmeet me in the middle
Back that ass up shake it juss a little
Come on show me somethin make ya titty's jiggle
Ya gotta love the way I spit it 'causez my game is tight
It's Pretty Ugly I'm the same dude ya friend like

Ain't nottin change I'm the shit baby it's my time
Spt game the boy Pates Royce Da 5'9" Wat' in ya mind ta make you think that my click be trippin(boom)
I'm the bomb 'causez my dicka will be kickin
We can split 50/50 of sticka's, payin fo' bitches
My lips is fo sippin strictly and ain't fo lickin
Came fo bitches and now you swallowin go
Till I holla (ahh) part of tha flow
I'm takin this action but chu' wanna know that
I'm sorry Ms.Jackson but cha' daughter's a hoe[Chorus]

Songwriters

MONTGOMERY, RYAN D./THELUSMA, ANDY/MANN, CHARLES M. Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>