

Red Nation

The Game

Throw your muthafucking Cincinnati hats in the sky
Nigga don't ask why
Red laces in and out of them Air Max nine fives I,
Walk on the moon, flow hotter than June
Any nigga want drama I kick up a sand dune
Peace to my man 'Tune for giving his man room
Now we hittin' switches to the Spring Break, Cancun
Get it, nah forget it, soo woo I live it
Made the letter B more famous than a Red Sox fitted
But that was suicide, I don't live in Judah's eyes
Half of these rappers weren't trappin' when I was choppin' the do or die
Suge had me in, I went Puffy like Zab Judah eye
Dre called, told my baby momma "won't you decide"
She chose Doc, first day I pulled Jude aside like its Aftermath for life
And all I do is ride
Before I turn on him I kill Satan
And stick my red flag in the ground it's red nation!

Now blood the fuck up
Everyday's a gamble motherfucker, tough luck
And we gon' fuck the world til that bitch bust nuts
I can't tell ya whats good, but I can tell ya whats, what
And that's, B's up, hoes down
Lookin' in the mirror, I'm no where to be found
Blood, I'm a dog, call me a blood hound
Throwin' blood in the air, leave blood on the ground

Niggas'll trade they soul to be Drake or J. Cole
Live and die for this shit, word to Tupac Shakur's halo
One blood, plural, nigga I'm spendin' Euro's
Ferrari got an ice cream paint job, Dorrough
I'm up out the hood, where they pull guns on you like
Come up out ya hood, it ain't never all good
We roll up in backwoods, nigga get to actin' stupid
Get thrown in the back woods
Los Angeles, home of the scandalous
Pimp, hoes and gamblers
Ninety eight degree's on Christmas
Nigga we rollin' cannibus

Swisha sweet ain't it, I told her I'm Charles Louboutin
The bitch fainted, pulled her panites down, stain it
That's my Chi-lingo, yeah I'm bi-lingual
Ball by myself nigga Ochocinco
Dancing with the stars, bullets and fast cars
And everybody bleed out here, word to God

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Russia got a Red Flag
US got Red Stripes
Last train to Paris, round the world in these red Nikes
Che Guevara of the new era, test me
Louisville slugger, you'll get buried in my New Era
Got that natty on tighter than a magnum
Walk in the club saggin' with a thirty eight magnum
Red Ralph Laurens, the double R sittin' on a hill like Lauren
Her and the car foreign
Got my red Dre Beats on, tryna put my peeps on
And I keep it hood like this Phantom is a Nissan
Where my nigga Jim Jones at?
Roll up the weed son, so many bloods in Compton had to get a NYC song
And while I'm out here, I might as well go shopping
And put this new bad bitch I got her some red bottoms
And all these hatin' ass niggas want me dead
Cause I'm Malcolm X before he turned Muslim, red!

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