

Hard Liquor (Interlude)

The Game

(Hard liquor)

Dre you must've been of the hennessy when he did this my Nigga

(Hard liquor)

(Hard liquor)

(Is there anymore (hard liquor)

(Make sure that it's mixed and twisted with a little bit of lemon juice on ice, on ice, on ice, Yeah)

[Verse 1:]

You know me I turn them 40 bottles upside down
Like niggaz with dead homies till it's empty like my 4 pound.
Niggaz thinkin I'm drunk
Reach 4 my N.W.A chain and get your ass beat with da pump.
Tell security it's Game plus 50
And he probably gets fucked up every night like Bobby did Whitney.
Fuck poppin crystal
I got a bottle of henny
Me and my nine stay together like Hardaway and lil'Penny
I ain't here so u can ask about Em or Dre
I came to see some bitches shake their ass like BeyoncÃ©.
So let me be hov' 4 a minute
Get up in your hoe 4 a minute
And u could be my hoe 4 a minute.
Like I'm Diddy
Be J-Lo 4 a minute
From the windows to the wall gettin low while I'm in it.
All I gotta do is hit em with a Jay-Z line
Like u deserve to be my sunshine.

[Chorus: J Love]

See her on the Floor

She's sexy

Tell her where the af-

Ter party is

But make sure that you see her friends before,

Before, before, mmmmmmmh

[Verse 2:]

I'll spend a hundred dollars take a bitch to the hyatt,

Then treat her like Busta like her ass on fire.
I'm a gangsta mah,
I wanna see you wiggle your butt cheeks both hands round your ankles mah.
All I wanna see is ass and titties.
Shake it like they do in magic city
With T.I. in that mothafucka,
I'm like fifty PI in'this motha fucka.
You the them gold D's on that Porsche Truck
I show you how gangstas fuck
My 45 to the back of your weak
Both of your arms in handcuffs
Take a bottle of Cisco to the head
See how you like getting fucked with a pistol to ya head.
Tell ya girls I fucked your brains out,
We can do a manage-a-trois, pull the whips and chains out
I tear that frame out
I ain't no stunt man
I pull that range out
"BITCH"

[Chorus: Jay Love]
See her on the Floor
She's sexy
Tell her where the af-
Ter party is
But make sure that you see her friends before,
Before, before, mmmmmmmh

[Verse 3:]
I got 40's like the liquor store,
Pour it on your weave like that bitch in the g-thang video.
You look wet, let me help you out your Von Dutch's
I know you used to niggas spinning but tonight I'm fucking,
The truck stop, the rims spin, I know they hate me fuck em.
It's killa cally nigga haters come a dime a dozen
Load em shells then I get drunk pissy,
This bottle of Hennessy got me wanting to fuck Missy.
I'm a gangsta I can turn that bitch out,
Play with her pussy then drop extasy in her crystal,
60 seconds later I'm kicking that bitch out.
Then ride down the show with the 4-5th out
Stop at the store
That bitch emptied my Cris out
Give me 50 feet or I'll empty this clip out.
Niggas wanna know what this LA shit 'bout

Just visit when the Bloods and Crips' out

(Is there anymore any more (hard liquor)

(Make sure that it's mixed and twisted with a little bit of lemon juice
On ice, on ice, on ice, Yeah)

Lyrics submitted by erica.

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