

Game Over

Dabrye

[feat. Jay Dee and Phat Kat]

How da fuck you sound?
Detroit make the world go round
pull up them big trunks set up shop in your town
week later my wolves straight lockin' it down
bust those lead pipes that make those loud sounds
lay down clowns I'll turn your smile to a frown
blown' that good green y'all chip in and they know that ground
your the reason for the skin to come that time
they're homo veggie thugs sportin' teddies and nightgowns
smacking' you little ballerinas down to the ground
200 pounds of pressure
Man I'ma mess ya
Few hours later the paramedics gotta get ya

Yeah, take his ass straight to a hospital
A'int no fat and Jay's the ultimate obstacle
Cain't fuck with it -- it's impossible
It's on and popin'
You lost the show imposters

On my East side, West side
say it again
East side, West side (west side)
Nigga's doin' the flair
You're just a little€ boy
Fuckin' with a man
Call up them big fellas
never see you again
While you lames tryin' to say in the game
We playin' to win
Been heard once -- I say it again
While you lames tryin' to say in the game
We playin' to win (win)

Phat Kat and Jay did it again -- Uh
They can pretend while we get this though
All my hoes go get it
Pimpin' takes dough from the hoes and go spen' it

I takes it from the baby mama
I takes it from the cousin
I'll kick you sober in the motivator when I'm buzzin'
I make 'em, I break 'em, I came in the door
I said it before -- don't let it be short
'Cause it's not the game to play
No, it's not the game (Hoax)
It's just the way that we play
Gotta pimp-smack baby on the daily for cake
Maybe it's just the way that we lay it down
'Cause just like that
Hoe's come out the puss like that
Head up in the rib -- I push
Like the mack I am it's bitch, choose or loose it
with truth in the music who could refuse it?
who keeps the fuse lit?
New shit, nigga
Wanna walk the walk, well make sure your shoes fit
Tighten your laces, boy...
and if your lips is loose I got plenty of shit to tighten your faces
Huh -- let's face it, you're basic, boy.
Jay, spit it
Don't hate, bitch
Make some noise. (oh)

Yo- yo, This is dedicated to all the Detroit hoes
[I'm - I'm from the City of D-D-D-etroit]
Who got your city on lock?

Check it out:
Yo -- from the 3-1-3 (Hard)
Let's get it up like it's Monday night in The Key
With 22's, 23's
It get's sicker than that (Hard)
Bounce with the shoes from the jeeps
It get's slick like that
It's for my life, nigga's (Hard)
from the 3-1-3
Who got the city on lock?
I'ma give you the key (Hard)
Dealin' with Kat -- it don't get sicker than that (Hard)
Uh -- Let's get it popin' like it's New Year's Eve
To my jeep nigga's hoppin' and get 2 year lease
Beep - Beep
You ballin' that you deal all in

I like to cash her out, mash her out
I hit dem all and then bail out
and if a bitch talks shit I'ma smash her mouth
What? Red man promo style.
B-I-T-C-H's will get it K solo-style
Nigga, nigga hot shit from Dabyre
Let's show these mufucker's that it's true and not just a hobby
And then take the trim straight to the Atheneum
and let 'em just sit in the lobby
Spit game is just plain, y'all simple miss
Stop it
I give it to you like Pop Bitch and Mobb Deep
And that's why I fucked yo bitch
East side my nigga's is cut-throat wid it (Uh)
West side:
Get live
Keep your hands clappin', it's your man's back in this
Check out time -- pack your shit
Or get in the black back handed smacks and dat
You don't want Kat and me to spit
It's game over.

Lyrics submitted by Jeff Kobberdahl.

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