

# Red Nation - Explicit Version

## 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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