

Wouldn't Get Far

The Game

For you, baby, I'd find you
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I done been around the world, been around the block
Been around hos that fucked Biggie and Pac
Like Vida Guerra
Ass took her to the top
She'll give you some brains
You let her throw up the Roc
Let her put on your chain, she'll throw you some cock
Picture that, like Megan Good and Jamie Foxx
Hype said "It's a wrap," she still on the set
Puttin' oil on her legs, like she Gloria Velez
She was eye candy in the Double X-L
Hopped off the page and on the skateboard with Pharrell
I knew she (wouldn't get far)
'Cause five hundred dollars can't get you that (far)
How you get that (far)?
And all these new video bitches tryin' be Melyssa Ford
But they don't know Melyssa Ford drive a Honda Accord
She a video vixen, but behind close doors
She do whatever it take to get to the Grammy Awards
Ha ha

(You wouldn't get far, far, far)
Fuckin' them rap stars
You know who you are
Put your hands up, ladies
(You wouldn't get far)
If you kept your legs closed
(It would be just a waste of time)
But you know
(You wouldn't get far, far, far)
Fuckin' them rap stars
You know who you are
I wrote this song for you
(For you, baby, I'd find you)

(For you, baby, I'd find you)
For you (for you), and you (uh)
For all y'all

Pop quiz, how many topless, black foxes
Did I have under my belt, like boxers?
Not to brag, but, if it add up, one, two
Nigga, that's mad nuts
Game, you mad nuts
How you gonna call out all these
Bitches knowin' damn well they gonna call me?
The only dream of the ghetto prom queen
Was to make it to the screen, maybe get seen
Maybe get chose by a nigga from a team
Head so good, he don't ask for a prenup'
Now ask your self this question, uh
Would you be with Jay-Z if he wasn't C-E-O?
Would you be with F-A-B-O if he drove an E-O?
Would you ride with Ne-Yo if he was in a Geo?
Well, why the hell you think these bitches comin' at me for?
But since they all fall in my palm, I'll take a trio

(You wouldn't get far, far, far)
Fuckin' them rap stars
You know who you are
Put your hands up, baby
(You wouldn't get far)
If you kept your mouth closed
(It would be just a waste of time)
But you know
(You wouldn't get far, far, far)
Fuckin' them rap stars
You know who you are
I wrote this song for you
(For you, baby, I'd find you)
(For you, baby, I'd find you)
For you, and you
For all y'all

I done have my share of bitches with long hair
Short 'do like Kelis, a Halle, and boomerang, yeah
I been around the block in a Bentley, drop top
On Miami Beach, when Lil' Kim was fuckin' with Scott
I got the scoop on Hoops, whatever the case
She let you spray in her face as long as you Bathin' Apes

And ain't nobody tryin' to take Beyonce from Jay
But I know a bitch named Super Head, fucked back in the day
The things niggas do when pussy sittin' on they face
Stab you in the stomach
She must a had a pussy like Wonder Woman
On that superhero shit, fly as Gabrielle Union
In the back off my six, fo' Impala
Forget the double D's, I put 'em right in your face
Like that model bitch De Cara
And she ain't win the show, but she ridin' in that Gelatta
That's why I fuck 'em today then forget 'em tomorrow

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(For you, baby, I'd find you)
(For you, baby, I'd find you)
For you, and you
For all y'all

God damn, you know what I'm sayin'?
I was sittin' back and watchin' Kanye video
And I see the same bitch that was in the homeboy Busta Rhyme's video
Then I flipped the motherfuckin' channel, checkin' out my uncle Snoop Dogg's video
And I see the same bitch that was in MY video
You know what I'm sayin'?
And then, you know what I'm sayin', to make that even more fucked up
I'm watchin' Oprah coverin' Hurricane Katrina
I see the same bitch on Oprah, floatin' away on the hood of a Camry
That was in the nigga Lil' Weezy video
I mean, damn! Everywhere I look, everywhere I go, I see the same hos
Don't get mad, I'm only bein' real, yeah

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