

Game Over (feat. Lil Herb)

Lil Bibby

Both]

Gang! You already know what the fuck it is man, NLMB
150 Roc Block shit man

You know no niggas fucking with us man

I tried to tell niggas man, it's over

Game over shitHerb)

All I know, get money fuck bitches and

Keep it a 100 plus 50 with my niggas man

No Limit, 150, we them niggas, man

Herbo, Lil Bibby, we at it againAll I know is get money and stack it

In the trap Lil Bibby make the pack flip

Chopper hit 'em, make a nigga do a back flip

These niggas, they bitches, they actors

But they do it good, they can probably get a Grammy

Like Fredo, niggas bitches, what you need, panties?

Dirty Crush, Pacquiao knock me out, Manny

Bad bitch, 5'5, light brown candyAll my young niggas hitta's, I ain't talking Sammy

Baby .9 in the booth, yeah it come in handy

Love red bones but I'll fuck Brandy

Tryna' creep on this niggas but I had a crammyGot a .4-5, two Glock nines

Tryna' argue? I ain't got time

Pull up on a nigga by the stop sign

Slide the doors back then it's shots fired

It's Chiraq, this shit serious

Just bought a thirty clip for the SIG

I'll kill bitch and I'll kill her kids

It all depends what her nigga did

We're killa's, we don't show no sympathy

Murder one or all my enemies

I lost my niggas, I can't feel a thing

Aw, they deep? Lil' bro go clear the scene

He saw the shots but ain't hear the beam

He saw the shots but ain't hear the beam

Beg my pardon, I been sipping lean

Red or purple, I don't sip the greenHold up, turn the beat off

Lil' bro do a hit then skeet off

These niggas keep hating, I just feed off it

Fo' fo' war dog, tear the meat offAR 15, tear his head off it

Your money short, come with it, I'mma wear it off

And every time I see the cops I'mma play it off
I don't pay no damn note, bitch I pay it off
Real black tints, I just hide in the whip
New M6, no miles on my shit
Can't waste no time with a bitch
Money coming, I'm just piling the shit
It keep coming now I can't get enough
Bitch suck me to death, now I can't get it up
My shooters on the line like Ginobili and stuff
Two fours in my pop, off the Kobe I'm stuck
These niggas so funny man
Nigga wanna talk man then a nigga get dropped down one
Say what you got to say, what they gon' say?
Niggas already know what it is man
We been doing this shit man
Niggas know we been the hottest, we been getting money
We been pulling up on whatever blocks, wetting shit, gang!
I'm going back in, Free Crack 2, the mixtape
Before this rapping we was playing with poles
Chasing back and we gon' take a soul
Keep up with us cause niggas can't no more
They like: "This another Play They Role!"
I'm getting money, all my cases old
A nigga can't never say he told
Used to weigh the grams, now they weigh the gold
Rob who, fill his face with holes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>