

Dope Boys

The Game

Yeah, comin' fresh out that Pyrex pot,
Black Air Force 2's and the White Sox
Fitted on my forehead, try me, go head
I'll bring out the polka dots, put Game on your forehead.
Yeah, it's the new king of everything,
And bitches don't say no to me, I'm like a wedding ring.
Maybe it's how I pour that Patron,
Maybe it's how I smell a pair of Silver Cologne.
Maybe it's how I write shit when I'm in the zone,
And I'm sick of blow jobs, bitch leave me alone.
And tell Dr. Dre to pick up a phone,
Before I climb through his window like "Nigga I'm Home".
Runnin' the rock like OJ, nigga it's a throwback,
Fuck a Aston Martin, show me where the stove at.
Get a jar, some baking soda, nigga hold that,
The world is my grandma's kitchen, time to cook crack.

The Dope Boys in the building.
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
Yeah? The Dope Boys in the building.

You couldn't smell that crack comin' out that motherfucking Porsche truck.
I stop traffic with the rims that I'm sittin' on.
Them ain't high beams, bitch my wrist is on.
The same shit that Ludacris is on.
Disturbing the peace if my stash missing stones.
Yeah, count that work like a paycheck,
Niggas couldn't play The Game in a tape-deck.
A boss never touch work if it ain't taped yet.
That's how you get fucked, I practice safe sex,
And I take ya boy Curtis bitch with my tongue,
Lick lick lick like Shawna and have her sprung.
Show her my inner-condom and have her sprung,

And put it all in her stomach and just ugh!

The Dope Boys in the building.
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
Yeah? The Dope Boys in the building.

So roll that coke white carpet to the hood.
It's the Dope Boys reunion, the dress code's strictly,
White tee, Air Force 1's and some Dickies.
I'm from the city where the skinny niggas die.
Only birds and Nextels chirp in the sky.
And we ride for the letters on our fitted cap,
Niggas hit the stash, get a strap, and go get it back!
That's for the gangstas, the hustlas, the ballas,
From Downtown LA to Uptown Harlem.
And D-Boy money ain't rain and it's stormin'.
So stop the music when the Champagne pouring.
And hold the glasses high,
And when a nigga ask you why, you tell 'em

The Dope Boys in the building.
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
Yeah, what's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
What's up? The Dope Boys in the building.
What's up? The Dope Boys. What's up? The Dope Boys.
Yeah? The Dope Boys in the building.

The Dope Boys, The Dope Boys.
The Dope Boys in the building.

The Dope Boys, The Dope Boys.

Yeah, what's up? What's up?

Haha, yeah

The King is back!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by TAYLOR/DOPSON/EDWARDS
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>