

# Drug Test

## The Game

I'm in this mothafucker doing what I wanna  
Ten bottles, teb bitches, go with my persona  
Pull up in that Enzo then I do donuts  
I'm that cool, cashews, make 'em all go nuts  
(Baby got ass, I need me a shot of that  
Lil mama get gangsta for me, stuff it in your Prada bag)  
That's right, she's got something that I wanna see  
That's right, so if she leave, she fucking with me  
That's life, twerk something, work something, hurt something  
She wanna check, check this shit out like a verse coming  
They rip their neck and run their mouth when they heard something  
Dre dropped another one and fucked around and murdered something  
Club filled with dead bodies  
If not then you a zombie, I'm not gonna feel sorry  
You pass out from it, get drunk, get blunted  
Do what you wanna do, drug test on you

Lotta money when I talk  
Big mills, big deals 'bout a hundred in a vault  
Sit still, that real, lotta haters throw salt  
They lost big Game give a fuck how you feel  
I fear she just might just pop that pill  
And feel on me all night till the tip spill  
Tip scales with her waistline, sex with the bass line  
She gon' fuck a snare drum one drink at a time

Blow right, hoes fight over my name  
I got my dough right, hustle running all in my veins  
It's forty days, forty nights if I'm making it rain  
I reign supreme, a bottle and some bomb-ass weed and we good

[Chorus]

If you got drugs in this motherfucker  
Let me see your hands in the air  
Narcotics in the club and the ladies love us  
So let's get high off something  
High of something, high of something  
'til your mothafucking brain don't function

High of something, high of something

Fireworks when I spark, yellow tape  
Lotta chalk thought you said you a boss  
Big deal, bitch chill, pulling out that black card  
Showin' off big spendin', letting alcohol spill  
I feel she might just get too faded  
X-rated that's what I like glad that you made it  
To this ceremony at hand, take a sip lets plan  
For the future, introduce you to Snoop get you right and

May I, kick a little something for G's and  
Make a few ends as I breeze through?  
The shit on my hip is a fucking preview  
And guess what it lead to

[Chorus]

Yeah DJ Khalil lets go

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