

# Dope Game

## Young Hootie

Check one,check two,lets take a cruise  
I done did the game every which way but loose  
Nuthin left to do except collect my cash  
And I bet that ass that the Mexico gon` last  
Put the past on paper,threw away the pager  
Cuz these boys keep callin from locs to cookie baker  
Mama saved em from the hate,now Ive hard with the pain  
Im in the place in your face tryin to sell you a tape  
I break records in Texas crippin in Caddies and Benzes  
And a pretender if he step up to the bullet bartender  
I bet I check and wreck a sucker riding bumper to bumper  
I might dump the whole clip and miss and hit your uncle  
I aint trippin,flippin,sippin on Purple Lipton  
Diggin women in the drop lemon,g livin  
I was driven to my last nerve,hittin curbs  
Puttin twenties on a grass hurst  
End of verse  
No shame  
Welcome to the dope game  
This is where we dont play  
Leave your boys with no brains  
Whoridas  
I remember long ago I bever got no love  
Still I knew that one day I`d be popular  
I used to stand in the circle trying to smoke your bud  
Just hopin that the blunt wouldn`t pass me up  
I used to ask for a sip of your syrup  
I used to never walk around with the white cup  
Now I eat eighteen steaks, on silver plates  
Girls fannin my face, others give me grapes  
By the grace of God, I was given the job  
To run through the rap game like corn on the cob  
So blessed in my test, I bought my sets in the southwest  
  
I ain`t got no credit cards except Mexican Express  
I ma dress my baby girl and rock the whole damn world  
If you needs track Happy P got my referal  
Your head twirl to the sounds of the SP Mex  
Ridin in the Lex with a dog named Plex

Southside to the North, at the old golf course  
The valet the white Porsche with the bulletproof doors  
No shame  
Welcome to the dope game  
This is where we don't play  
Leave your boys with no brains  
Whoridaz  
It's the L-O-S-C-O-Y  
Pack the pistola, oh me oh my  
My nina shine like the sun, I never ask for a crumb  
For breakfast my chef makes me eggs-fuyon  
I've come from the hills of ghetto thrills and chills  
Three wheelin, dope dealin, killin nuthin but squeels  
My third wish was to break this curse and myth  
Now I'm worldwide status on your satilite dish  
Punk checker, chump wrecker, got the salt and pepper  
Left a mark in the game and never been a half stepper  
Leopard skin on my couch, be like Oscar the Grouch  
From the streets, pullin rocks out my kangaroo pouch  
But I told these boys, never at my house  
Whether it's the ounce that puts leather on my couch  
A thousand dollas a week, my baby girl's allowance  
Dope House bouncin cash to my forgein accounts  
No shame  
Welcome to the Dope Game  
This is where we don't play  
Leave your boys with no brains  
Whoridaz

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