

# The Blues

## Artie Shaw and His Orchestra

[The Game] I give niggas the blues  
Like an L.A. County jumpsuit  
Hop inside the Phantom like the nigga Donald Trump do  
And just cruise control until I lose control  
These rubberband tires sittin' on 2's and 4's  
I pick and choose my foes  
And with abusive flows I set traps, so no rat can climb through his hole  
Touch my cheddar bring out Beretta's  
Try'na floss be a boss  
We do six hundred or better  
Chopping up raw lettuce  
My bitch got a coke fetish  
Still a fan 'cause she runnin' through lines like Jerome Bettis  
Iced out Coogi sweater, Air Ones, Louis, checker belt  
Got me swimmin' through these bitches like Mike Phelps  
Drop top Phantom so the world know I'm hazin'  
Catch contact high while I listen to Miles Davis  
Lay my head back and just cruise  
Tommy turn down the muthafuckin' bass and give niggas the blues  
Yeah I give niggas the blues  
Drumma Boy adjust the bass and give niggas the blues  
I give niggas the blues  
I give niggas the blues

[Young Buck] Been through it  
The picture you see now I drew it  
Service myself change the oil and transmission fluid  
Mel Gibson on these hoes on these 24's  
I'm still the truth in this game full of Pinnocchio's  
Filed bankrupt, like what you gon' take next from me?  
Then I bought a 'Vette for me, call it IRS money  
It's money, power, respect  
Lil' buddy you wrong  
Respect, power, and money  
Now what the fuck is you on?  
This a "Dessert Storm" I get my Clue on  
Standin' in a room full of Bloods with my blue on  
Revolver on my waist but the barrel on it too long  
Can't even fuckin' move, I ain't used to havin' no suit on

I'm doin' what I do, y'all done think I moved on  
With or without a crew  
My bills is still due on the first like you  
Pull up in anything bitch I'm B.B. King  
And I break the rules  
I will give niggas the blues  
I give niggas the blues  
Take Drumma Boy beat and give niggas the blues  
Yeah

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