The Game On Lock

Lil B

The whole world on my dick, I cannot wait
Keep the .45 on my side like a prom date
Me and two shooters, twin Glocks with the rubric
Don't look when he's shooting, just pop in and do it
Got the same gun that Pac did in juice
Seen niggas snitch, cops let him loose
What I gotta do I don't respect those rules
Fake niggas hate mirrors I can see right through
Come on my team you can push white too
Late nights I was out, late nights with the snake bites
Don't get back 'til you gettin' all the cake right
Seen a pimp nigga make a bitch really hate life
Wanna be a g, I'mma show you what this k like
Wanna see red like I'm pressing on the brake lights
Grew up in the 90s, way too grimy
Really love the hood but they hate when you shining
My gun gon' blind 'em
Niggas did me bad that's the fucking last time I'mma show you 'bout mine
Had to slow down cause it's all about time
People stuttered on me but I still push a line
You talkin' bout a bitch but it's money on my mind
Niggas in jail doin' time like Shyne
Tip off the court cause they still dropping dimes
You can fuck his bitch but you can't touch mine
Niggas like me understand Spike Lee cause he got game
Made dope in the house so he got flame
Growing up that's how I got my name
Bagging up zips everywhere my hideout
Clips in the bag just in case I ride out
We coming with .9s and guns from Texas
We all in the hood like that 2 door Lexus
You can play the game just don't forget the exit
The cops gon' arrest you
What you gonna do when you laying on the stretcher?
You lost your soul, just a picture on the dresser
So many niggas die
I think niggas like killin niggas they faggots
I'm really from the hood what the fuck is ratchet?
I don't gotta make jokes I'm not a bastard

I did a lot of dirt and I got a lot of baggage
Got this shit on lock, yeah
Got this shit on lock, yeah
I got this shit on lock, Lil B
Got the shit on lock
One nigga cop out, everybody watch out
I'mma bring the Tec like the high school drop out
You don't wanna block out, you can't block me
Bitch niggas deaf cause all you do is watch me
I'm in the hood like Africans at swap meets
"He ain't hard" but them niggas couldn't knock me
Got hit hard but them niggas couldn't drop me
Next week drop a half a million cause I'm sloppy
I keep the gun like the kids with Tamagotchis
King like Rodney, serve two fiends with the Johnny
Serve a little cream at the party
Stay in the street like them boys riding Harleys
Shouts out to my nigga on the motorbikes
I love you for life
Shout out to Mike, head first when I dump at night
Any piece I write I'm based for life
Got this shit on lock, yeah
Got this shit on lock, yes, yes
Got this shit on lock, yeah
Got this shit on lock, yes
You know dog, they ain't fuckn with me
Yea yea man
Aye man, I'mma tell you like this
This Illusions of Grandeur part 2 mixtape
Illusions of Grandeur 2
Going all the way in
Thugged out, 2012
2013 fucka
It's your boy Lil B, history all day
Anytime I touch it, fuck em
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/