

Bulletproof Diaries

The Game

[Raekwon]

Sit in the chair, yeah, yeah Uh-huh, yeah
Sit my alligator jacket on the flo'
Let that shit crawl around, what up Game?
How are you my nigga?
Let's get this money, you heard?

[The Game (Raekwon)]

Money in zip duffle bags, shotgun shells
My killas gorillas, niggas couldn't see 'em with gazelles
Frontin' ass niggas, go hang with Pharrell
Tryin to be a (Cowboy), you catch bullets like Terrell
Owens, call it T.O., he leakin like a project sink
Busted open like a hot dog link
Bing, it gave me time to think yeah, I
Did my fuckin' prison thing
Came out still on point, like the RZA rings
I'm from Compton but my ink pen live in Queens
Rep the dub like Wu-Tang, and I got (Killa Bees) (respect)
Black Wall Mafia, new millennium Genevieve's
Got a million dollars say LeBron don't win a ring (word?)
I know Kobe, I be on the floor, "Kobe!"
You know a nigga that can score 81? Show me
I got a (Cuban Link) to a fuckin' O.G.
And nigga you're too close, what the
Fuck, tryna blow me? (back up)
This the face off (respect the don) diamonds all in the charm
(Iced out) Where you be? (The strip club throwin' ones)
Where you from? (New York, where you from?) Californ'
(Big sharks) Me too (swimmin' in a pile of ones)

[Raekwon]

Yeah nigga, tomorrow man
Goin' to take you to go buy some 18-karat gold golf clubs nigga In the Bronx

[Raekwon (The Game)]

This the face off (respect the dons,
Hundred thousand on the arms)
Son where you be? (Under palm trees stayin' warm)

(Who you be?) Raekwon, who is you? (Amazon)
I'ma keep it (Compton) Staten ('til the day is done)

[Raekwon]

Yeah, frontin' on us nigga, it's like
It's like racin' a nigga in Afghanistan to go get some oil nigga
You goin' fuck around and get your head burnt

[Raekwon]

I'm a New York dinosaur, Staten Island artifact
Hip-Hop's never dead, the (Cuban) gave 'em heart attacks
Sleep in the woods, target cats come from under the V's
Sneeze wrong, course I'm clappin
Keep it movin homeboy, the mac's always actin
Spit in your face, go 'head lil' baby rappers
Can't fuck with us convicts, Stat-land
It's like actions, cliques'll die right with traction
It's Wall Street money and two gunny's
Slammers is extra chunky, yeah, me and my red monkeys
Silver back sales are few donkeys, all of us live comfy
Blow your head off like lunch meat
Chef in the game run the country
Take over the world little girl, better
Stay out our brunch meetin'
Fuck with they paper their gun squeezin'
Off top, leak from the cop, them nigga
Jumped, this is front season

[Raekwon]

Yo, man yo Game man
Let these niggas know man for real man We official man
They wan' be readin' our autobiographies in a minute, ya heard?

[The Game (Raekwon)]

(Yo what if I was from Compton?) What if I was from Staten?
I'd be King Kong knockin' down the buildings in Manhattan
(Gorilla warfare) Shootouts, real block shit
West coast assassin on some real 2Pac shit
My style's smokin' like, after a glock spit
Game get the blood money, fuck bitches and pop Cris'
Style like it's New Year's, cause this a new year
Look at the tracks, either Bigfoot or
The Game been through here
The Benjamins won't stop, and neither would a chrome glock
I kill a fire-breathin' dragon with a dome shot

Come through your hood in a Chevy Malibu, on stocks
We had a meetin before we got here, and shit gon' pop
Heads gon' roll, Patron gon' spill
Fitted caps gettin' peeled like the chrome on the wheels
Got a half a mil', sing your wounds won't heal
I declare war, nigga who goin' deal?

[Raekwon]

Yeah, y'all know what time it is man
"Bulletproof Diary" nigga, for real
Many may read this man
A lot of niggas might not make it home, you heard?
We speak for the real ones man, for the churchmen man
All them real general niggas man
All them niggas that's out there man
Don't get no rest or none of that man, for real
The Chef nigga, Game what up baby?
I love you, ya heard? Superman lover over here for you baby
You know how we do it, we go all over the fuckin world man
Get a lot of bread man, word up, hundred my nigga
We take you to Boca Chica or somethin' man, know what I'm sayin'?
Sip on some motherfuckin', Don Julio or somethin', you know what I'm sayin'?
With two foul rings on, you know what I'm sayin'?
Couple of mean Guatemalans with us
Half Guatemala, half Somalian nigga
Niggas ain't seen them colors man

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