

The Game (feat. Carl Thomas)

Tash

[carl thomas]

Treats me the same

Treats you the same

Ohh, treats me the same

Treats you the same

Ohh, nobody

Ohh, nobody[tash]

You know what? it's hella lonely at the top when you rich without a girl

It's me against the world, but that's how my world twirl

So let that shit spin cause i'ma play it to the end

Sometime you gotta make decisions: your woman or your friends?

My friends come first

My females is secondary

The last girl I had was this bad ass secretary

Her name was yvonne - that bitch thought she was the bomb

But I knew it wouldn't work, I never took her home to moms

You know havin a ball not givin my all

Holdin hands down the hall at the crenshaw mall

She used to look at me and saw no flaws at all

We was close - she walked around my house in her draws

But after all the good times you know comes the rain

I had to cut that bitch off for some shit I can't explain

I blamed it on her trip and she blamed it on my fame

I got cupid lookin stupid

But that's a part of the game[carl thomas]

Ohh the game owes nothin to nobody

So I'm tellin you this from the start

If you find you've been decieved by another

Then you better just trust in your heart[tash]

So all the ladies wave your hands if you down wit your man

I know them two kids you got wasn't part of the plan

What this world is a twist; if it ain't that it's this

I like the kinda girl that tatoo niggaz names on they wrist

Tash on your tit

That's the kinda girl I need

After work, feeds her seeds then smokes a little weed

Low key; that's how my girl gon' be

But I ain't found her yet and she ain't found me

So I'm lookin

For all the sexy hoes that ain't tooken
Carl put me down with this bad broad from brooklyn
But all I do is hit - no spark, no flame
I got cupid lookin stupid
But that's a part of the gameChorus[tash]
I know this love song I'm writin ain't flashin your excitement
But when you least expect it love will strike you like some lightning
That's why I'm here to warn ya
These girls in california, they'll take you to the cleaners
If you let 'em put it on ya (put what?)
You know the little wifey deluxe
That'll have your friends and family rentin a tux
That's why you gotta keep it p.i.
So even if your buck stop
You got the type of girl that'll walk you to the bus stop
True love-
That's kinda hard to find when you rhyme
I'm 27 now and it's 1999
But i'ma find mine; matter fact, what's yo name?
-trust in yo heart- but that's a part of the game

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