

In da Game

Three 6 Mafia

ChorusDope game cocaine

Dope game dope dope cocaine...Gangsta BooDope game

my game

hoes lame

its a shame

how the Gangsta Boo is gonna click up on you bitches manne

Gangsta Boo is not the kind of bitch that will like get punked out

looks are so decieving

stupid bitch do you wanna fizzind out

how can ya bust a playa

playahataz better listen close

if you try to buck me bitch

Im outie with you fucking soul

yes the devils daughter

kind of caught up bitch that wish the slip

slip yo ass in a coffin

because you run your fuckin lip

Hoe my game is thick

so stupid bitch dont ever test me hoe

if I fucked up once

you fuck up twice

so hoe you gotta go

Listen deep this pimpin

really quick before I split your dome

hoe you trying to cross me in this game

and stupid hoe its onJuicy JJust a flodgin ass nigga

with a lot of cheese

heard he stackin g's

everyday pushin plenty keys

Nigga dont know me

cause I aint no phony

and I aint the nigga you can whoop and call me toby

low key

on his ass

waitin for the night to come

so I can kick down his door and make him give me some

bitch I with a little young nigga age thirteen

fucked up in town while I watched yo ass ride clean

now that Im grown up

from the hood I gained nuts
nigga you gonna drop off that dope
or feel the pain of a hollow tip
rip through your shit or your fuckin brain
thats what you get
when you choose to play the dope game
bitch!ChorusDJ PaulIm at the cut
droppin the fiend down with the monkey nuts
Im tired
Im hittin 'em short
I gotta get over
I dont give a fuck
the shit goes on from sun-up till sun-down
and on the tweleve I geuss
but now its time cut the shit
wheres my mind at my best
I gotta test
a nigga to see what he got can a fool
make you straight a couple of g's
I need more cheese
I layin it down on his face
but dont waste time
I gotta roll straight through the shit
sometimes I wonder will it end
cause I rob for petty shit
Im riskin my life pullin yo card
after yall push him off the wood grain
a pop off his smile a one eight spot
Im dodgin the cops
watchin my bizzak fools kinda like a snitch
but when I do my boys
I find there house and go up in that shitLord InfamousCheck it out
nigga Im kickin in doos
bodies are froze
bloody ya clothes
gun to ya nose
all of you niggaz you really need to give up more money and dope
face the floor
forty-four
into ya head
droppin 'em dead
Infamous fled
put them to bed
with the weight
then escape

count the stacks
shine my gat
after I jack
like a rat
on the creep
all you dopehead niggaz will get put to sleep
when I sneak
give up the dope or get a hole in yo cranium
you see this mean artillery you know containin some
shit that makes me flexible to make your life ejectible
and with this bullet in your brain you be dead either comotose
so when you pushin candy with the Scarecrow comin to smoke you manne
simple and plain
youll get stanged
if you in the dope game
bitchChorusIn da game
trapped in da game.....

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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