

# 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'm a 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'm a 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'm a 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'm a 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