

## Drug Test

## The Game

I'm in this muthafucker doing what I wanna  
10 bottles, 10 bitches go with my persona  
Pull up in that Enzo then I do donuts  
I'm that cool, cashews, make 'em all go nuts

Baby got ass I need me a shot of that  
Lil mama get gangsta for me  
Stuff it in your Prada bag

That's right  
She got something that I wanna see  
That's right, so if she leave  
She fucking with me, that's life  
Twerk somethin', work something', hurt somethin'  
She wanna check, check this shit out like a verse coming  
They rip they neck and run they mouth when they heard something  
Dre dropped another one and fucked around and murdered somethin'  
Club filled with dead bodies, if not than you a zombie  
I'm not gon' feel sorry, you pass out from it  
Get drunk, get blunted  
Do what you wanna do, drug test on you

Lotta money when I talk  
Big mills, big deals  
'Bout a hundred in a vault  
Sit still, that real  
Lotta haters throw salt, they lost  
Big Game give a fuck how you feel  
I fear she just might just pop that pill  
And feel on me all night till the tip spill  
Tip scales with her waistline, sex with the bassline  
She gon fuck a snare drum one drink at a time

Blow right, hoes fight over my name  
I got my dough right, hustle running all in my veins  
It's forty days, forty nights if I'm making it rain  
I reign supreme, a bottle and some bomb-ass weed  
Than we goood!

If you got drugs in this muthafucker, ohh  
Let me see your hands in the air  
Narcotics in the club and the ladies love us  
So let's get high off something, high of something, high of something  
Till your muthafucking brain don't function  
High of something, high of something  
Ayy, what I supply taking you high?

Fireworks when I spark  
Yellow tape, lotta chalk  
Thought you said you a boss, big deal  
Bitch chill, pulling out that black card  
Showin' off big spendin', letting alcohol spill  
I feel she might just get too faded, x-rated that's what I like  
Glad that you made to this ceremoney at hand  
Take a sip let's plan for the future  
Introduce you to Snoop get you right and...

May I, kick a little something for G's  
And, make a few ends, as I breeze through  
The shit on my hip is a fucking preview  
And guess what it lead to

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