

# Fuck Wit Me

## The Game

Yo, it's the nigga with the nasty flow and the clean rag six-four  
With the D's spinnin I can bag a ho  
Top down so my rag can show, whatever in the dutch  
Purple or orange haze it's just a bag of 'dro  
Hit snatch with my khakis on, Aladdin Lounge  
In Mark Jacobs denim and Don Magli's on  
I'm a gangsta and the birds they love it  
20 with a babyface and sit on base like Kirby Puckett  
You can't buy a Ferrari fuck it, cop lle' from J  
The bricks come with Louis Vuitton luggage  
He order rock and cover it, the dimes is free  
The quarters is 75, the ball is live  
Ain't nobody fumblin on my block  
We in the field like Biggs or Marshall Faulk, we runnin the rock  
Nothin less than a hundred a pop, anything less you a cop  
Shoot you and take your vest and your glock, motherfuckers

What'chu know about stackin G's; you got to come fuck wit me  
Puffin on sticky green; you got to come fuck wit me  
My team is just oh so clean; you got to come fuck wit me  
What'chu know about stackin G's; you gots to come fuck wit me

I'm in the streets like the place is mine, told to cover my tracks  
I push paper to increase my shine  
I'm on my chief, jumpin out the wagon like Tyco  
And get the kind of paper that these niggaz'll die fo'  
Bossed out, camouflage under my vest B  
Motorbike, fast cars, broads and jetskis  
Rule #1, keep your eye on your cash flow  
Cause rule #2 will get rid of your best so  
None of 'em best show, ridin in stress mode  
'less they got petrol, pushin that Benz slow  
Pick up the Game, let's count some cash  
Then we, get to the do', then you put on your mask  
On some other shit, ridin wit'cha boy now  
We on the West coast, seek and destroy now  
It's like when Cal-Berkeley whooped on that Georgetown  
We had a riot in the streets fin' to blow now fo'sho' now

What'chu know about stackin G's; you got to come fuck wit me  
Puffin on sticky green; you got to come fuck wit me  
My team is just oh so clean; you got to come fuck wit me  
What'chu know about stackin G's; you gots to come fuck wit me

The underboss, ill too fast  
Buildin my stocks off the blocks and the wears will sag  
Not Gil but tryin to top, the nerd Bill Gates  
From the city of project buildings and them mossberg K's  
San Francisco, West coast, Northern Bay, California  
Man it's Get Low so best to toast, or torch'll spray on ya  
Uhh, makin mafia moves, skate from the cops  
Yeah they tried stoppin ya dude  
But nah, the ball, it don't stop  
A shot callin if I fall then my thoughts gon' flock  
Yeah, underboss with Game and Doc Figgaro  
Clear and I'm the in-di-vi-dual  
Holdin weight, in the dope state

Tokin the 8-8, oh, fold  
Watch our bread and our team skyrocket  
Visualize I can rip beam on the cash and not 8 guys can't stop it

What'chu know about stackin G's; you got to come fuck wit me  
Puffin on sticky green; you got to come fuck wit me  
My team is just oh so clean; you got to come fuck wit me  
What'chu know about stackin G's; you gots to come fuck wit me