

One Night

The Game

I only fuck with you, on two occasions
When I'm drunk, when I'm high
I would be broke, if I would be with you
That is why it's for one night

I'm a motherfucking gangbangin nightmare, wake up motherfuckers
I traded in my white Nike Airs
For a rare pair of Converse, back to the hood
My own niggas acting like I turned my back on the hood
I used my rap money to put crack in the hood
Even brought the nigga Dr. Dre back to the hood
I showed niggas the Bentley then let you drive it
Gone for two days and I ain't even check the mileage
When we was fighting with Crips it wasn't about no dollars
It was about selling dope to put our kids through college
I'm sittin on the block, reminiscing for hours
Wiping my tears cause now half of my niggas is cowards
And I was still fucking with niggas, after I got shot
and didn't get one hospital visit
My homey Snoop told me it'd be days like this
It hurt my heart, to say this shit

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Red bandanna in my back pocket, I'm for real
This ain't a pastel color khaki suit, and I ain't Pharrell
I don't front about shit I pull my gun up out shit
And let everything fly to keep my son up outta this
I thought you loved me nigga, talk is cheap
Remember, the bulletholes in my son's car seat
My baby momma found four shells, I ain't get
one keep your head up, all I got was keep it real
Keep it real my niggas?
Last year alone I spent one point five mill' on my niggas
After the bullshit, I stayed right there
Took you to award shows, there go J right there
Where? Right there! I had all you niggas in suits
Cleaner than a pair of fresh Nike Airs
I'm supposed to enjoy this shit but it's quite clear
The last twelve months been a fucking nightmare

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This shit worse than arguing with my bitch
I done been through mo' ups and downs, than the Impala switch
Get yo' hand out my pocket nigga, go fish
I was born by myself so I don't owe y'all shit
Nigga you tell me, what you want me to do
Drop my son off at home and come bang with you?
Oh now it's fuck Game, nah nigga fuck you
I put that on my life, matter fact, that's on Paru

And the reality is, I could die too
And end up in the cemetery, right beside you
We can both ride, angels flying over my head
Stoned but the devils inside yo' box
You wanted my shine so I gave you ice
Then I gave you a second chance and you played me twice
Couldn't be a real homeboy to save yo' life
I should've took Dr. Dre's advice

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Black Wall Street for life
Only fuck with you on two occasions
When I'm out of my mind, or when I'm high
I only, fuck with you...