

# 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...