

Paramedics

The Game

2 niggas down, 2 niggas run it
Call me snowman, 100 miles and gunning
Here come the paramedics!
It goes 1 for the money, 2 for the dough
All you got is 3 niggas kicking at your door
Here come the paramedics!
It goes 1 for the ghetto, 2 niggas run it
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Here come the pain! I've got a name
Ever since an adolescent I've been deep in the game
All I need is more weed, a little something for the pain
So good like a hook from T-Pain
They say you're nobody til somebody kills you
I say "go be somebody, even if it kills you... "
They say "death smells like bad ass weave"
Another watch, another chain: last thing a nigga needs
I swear to God, a couple right by the night stand
Clip my half a hundred, case another hundred grand
And get some rest when your conscious keep waking ya
The evil kicks in and them demons start shaking ya
Every night, dude, I wake up in a cold sweat
Get dressed and hit the club in a cold vest
God damn, girl, you so sexy, cold shit
But why they still riding to your old shit?
Party by the beat, all still riding with ya
Party by the big riders, still siding with ya
Party by the real niggas still hustling to ya
I know you're here in the day, ain't nothing to ya

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See us riding like some mobsters, with the trunk full of choppers
Give a nigga a couple shots, and I ain't talking about vodka
Hanging out the sunroof, Snowman driving
Nigga live through these shots: Put his ass on Survivor!
Fresh up at the trap, I ain't never been a rat
Get cheese like a mouse, so I'm honest throwing stack
Let you suckers make it rain, I'll make it Katrina
And pile all them hoes in the back of my Beemer
Hit the freeway, bumping "Ghetto Boys", with the V12 steaming
Top down, in the rain, California dreaming
I'd be lying if I said I still flip birds
... Well nigga I still flip birds!
Word to the doors on this I'm sitting on
Ain't a rapper alive me and Jeezy ain't shitting on
Who else you know shit out Benjamins, and piss Patron?
Put Michael Buffer between us, and let's get it on!

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(Hey Snowman, these niggas hustling backwards
I'm a pull the K out, and turn em back around)
Look, if I give you half a chicken, can you break that bitch down?
Tell the truth, it's me nigga, ain't nobody else around
Jeezy said it's a recession, so we hustling that Mayweather
My the best pound for pound, like Mayweather
Undisputed: I never lost a brick
UPS, FedEx and duct tape to a bitch
Put her ass on that greyhound
Tell that ho to stay down
Sleep the first 48, and wake up in the A-Town
Give a fuck about a bitch
Die for the paper, hustle relentless
Nigga, I take the sky from a scraper
The Gerber out a baby mouth, the fire out of Satan's house
These rappers turned saints, we pull them fucking gauges out
Black Tims kicking in the door, at your lady house
He at the strip club, well fuck it, we gon wait it out
You tipped him off, so now all the K's is out
We shot him down from the neighbor's house

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