

## Speakers on Blast

### The Game

It's not usual, the game be, all up on some South shit  
Straight West Coasting, you can tell by my outfit  
Red 'nati fitted, "Blood in, Blood out" shit  
Empty jelly jars, nigga, bird in the couch shit  
The mad rapper, Oscar the Grouch shit  
Except when I'm hopping out of cans, I'm pulling out shit  
Dippin' the 4 though, double X 3-D Polo  
If hip-hop was the league, I'd be the motherfuckin logo  
Your last shit was so-so, you should sign to Jermaine  
I've been hard since I was solo  
Niggas feel my pain, I make it rain without the strippers  
Go against the grain, and put your shit back like some clippers  
I bang and then I hang out at the Staples like Blake Griffin  
You can tell I'm getting money the way that glass house is sitting  
I mash out the strip then like Nas when I'm dippin  
Feeling like God's Son, the way that It Was Written

Them boys want they music on blast  
Don't turn me down, turn me up every time them cops pass  
Mashed on the gas, am I getting high, don't even ask  
Cause I got another ounce up in the stash  
Them boys want they music on blast  
Don't turn me down, turn me up every time them cops pass  
Mashed on the gas, am I getting high, don't even ask  
Cause I take 2 hits, and then I pass

I see the cops in the rearview, why can't a motherfucker chill in the car  
Feelin' like Missy, why you all up in my grill  
They must know that I got bird stashed all up in my grill  
Camouflage by the Armor All while it's sparkling off my wheels  
And I fuck hoes that pray on Dwight Howard and Shaquille  
Not them throwback rats they be on showin' college hill  
For real, I think my first album sold 5 mil'  
And you say to yourself "He's broke"  
Well how the hell am I ballin', like Spalding  
I did a couple of movies, now agents calling and calling  
Can't get to the phone right now cause balls is all in this bitch mouth  
When did we start taking these tricks out?  
Now she gon' run her big mouth and tell her girlfriend  
You had her all up in the wind  
Blowing yo cheese on Louie Vuitton, and now that bitch is in the wind  
And after the next draft, she gon' start that cycle again  
How you claimin' that bitch when she with him?  
Come again cause

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Daddy Fat Sax, my balls are on your chin, but can you tell me where my dick'  
s at?  
Come order ghetto, head hunter, head buster through the chit-chat

I skip to the lou, my darling bring the thunder, I'm the lightning that strikes twice  
Motherfucker, call me mass of, cause I run the plantation and I'm whooping niggas asses  
If they disrespect the presentation, below the Mason-Dixon, we facin' the basses that were missin' pimpin'  
You can embrace it or come face to face with total devastation  
My mojo is never fadin', I'm in my Optimus Prime transform  
Switch it up, heat it up, speed it up, that means I'm gone  
Like gears, ahead of your Buzz, Toy Story and club songs  
Boy, gone, the A-T-L-ians are phoning home  
But I feel like a librarian, cause style's are being' loaned out like books  
A castle full of crooks, rape and pillage  
They'll do anything for money, I bet misleading the village

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Not from New England, but I pack a patriot  
Not from Atlanta, but I got the cater  
Not from Chicago, but I'm a bear  
I'm a bay area nigga, 49er, Raider  
I'm about my bread man, I ain't no sucker  
Now these bitch ass niggas soft as table butter  
I'm about my riches, magazines, street hustler  
You can ask your uncles, daddies, mothers, and your older brothers  
But I used to flee through that yellow white  
Sellin' that shit below the retail price  
I'm a rare breed like the bike club, get it right  
Desperado like Tori Amos, shout out to dynamite  
I got my red cup, and some green  
What kind of green you smoking pimp? Blue dream  
My nigga let my hit that there hemp, do your thing  
How many woofers in your trunk? 4 15s

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