The Game Belongs To Me

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I got money on my beeper, dead trees on my phone They call me Mick Jagger 'cause I 'Roll a lot of stones' It's a whole lot of clones but only one Sweet Jones Turnin' whores to carnivores, they just can't leave my meat alone

It's been a long time since I busted on a glock But every corner that I hit, I left it screwed up and chopped Marooned up and dropped, like my Biarritz on top Let the motherfucker bleed until it drip and let it drop

I'm still that young boy that had a pocket full of stones But now I'm sick and simply rich, grippin' wood and flippin' chrome I got Bobby by the pound, Whitney by the key DJ Screw by the gallon, bitch the game belong to me

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Man I pull up in your city and get my Bush on Lay down the competition, take their cash crops and get my push on Moved up to Bentley with more chrome from a Lexus key All because we cornered the market on that Texas tee

And we don't bar no plexes, we way bigger than other men though The diamond deuces on tinted windows, we in the wind yo We 'Chevro way' the wind blow, that's the corner we been Joe Don't know where you been bro, but it's no quiz to me, you win though

When it's ten fo', good, but in my Styrofoam good and muddy We block bleeders , leavin' your neighborhoods good and bloody We grippin' that woodler, bud it, sit back and scope it Pay attention to Prince and pushin' everything about to pump it

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Uh, I done smashed up my flyin' spurt, it wasn't shit I just parked it in the grass and brought some brand new shit A Phantom Rolls Royce, 24's with the bump I ain't trippin' about the seat, I got them woofers in my trunk

Cut in my swisher, codeine on my whiskers Fuckin' with that Smoke D, Bundy and that Vicious UGK Records, it's an institution Know a lot of niggaz livin' off of prostitution

Pimpin' ain't dead, it just moved to the web Bitch ain't gotta hit the track, ain't gotta give no tricks no head Ain't got to give no tricks, no pussy, just cameras and screams Easiest money you can get, it's the American Dream bitch

Man I'm a middle finger figure, a million dollar mission Poppin' like Orville Redenbacher, with a whippin' in the kitchen Yayo like Dontrelle Willis, we the trillest on the mound I'm holdin' that whole South down, I know you feel us

We the realest walkin' the planet Can't stand it, pass away, wanna fight us Start to swingin', wanna kill us, blast away, wanna stab us Get to stickin but make sure you cut us deep 'Cause I betcha we comin' back a couple hundred brothers deep

Pimp and Bun, we run the streets, which streets? Man, pick your hood Don't matter, we represented, cross us? We gon' get you good Them Down South veterans, ain't nobody better than Gonna tell your next of kin or your brethren, let us in cousin

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