

# The Game, Dope Game

(Lil Wayne)

Money to be made best believe a nigga glockin'  
I run it myself like a quarterback option  
I pitch her ten G's tell a bitch to go shoppin'  
She buy herself some clothes and she brought me back a chopper  
See niggas tryna kick it but no I don't play soccer  
I'm all about my cake I'm tryna marry Betty Crocker  
A package on the way you know my whip game proper  
And off of one key I see seventy thousand dollars  
Now I was shootin' dice smokin' on a joint  
I bet with Yo Gotti he hit five straight points  
We over here hustlin' we over here grindin'  
You rap about money and a nigga might sign you  
Rap about me and a nigga might find you  
Banana in your ass with your head right behind you  
Dope game bitch let his mama worry about him  
You could holla at me or Feat

(The Game)

As if he f\*\*kin' come at us with real murder shit  
John Mohammed Lee Malvo when me and the kid split  
Surgical when I'm in a convertible state of mind  
Lock me in the pen watch the murder rate decline  
I'll do mine like Shyne soon as I hit the bricks  
You better have fake on that Bad Boy shit  
I got niggas that'll kidnap kids to get dough  
And dress up like SpongeBob in a six-four

It's f\*\*ked up what they did so I'm on one knee  
God bless the brother of rich fo'  
Ain't no love lost I'm still Don sippin'  
Readin' the LA Times and Louis Vuitton slippin'  
Sittin' behind bars for the simple fact that the  
Hip Hop police is drivin' behind Scar's  
Air Force One's in the Bentley GT  
It's the reason I'm still rap's MVP

(Malice)

Ugh.. so much glamour that I can't stand the  
Bright from the ice the chain xenon lamp ya  
Impression in your mind like a freeze-frame camera  
The white tee tight like you seen on Pampers  
What's under the couch probably free off santa  
Whatever it cost baby we got answers  
Line outside full of jojo dancers  
We Got It 4 Cheap that's the re-up anthem  
By far the coldest '06 Lotus  
Zero to sixty hokus-pokus  
The feds don't know so they stick they noses  
While we off the coast proposin' toast-es  
Hoes and mo' shit the family close-knit  
And deep like the who too you cockroaches  
Just like the flow the fo's ferocious  
I'll tuck you in homie buenas noches