

The Good, The Bad, The Ugly

The Game

[Intro]

Yo you can keep asking them fucking questions all fucking day man, I told you that, I told you
the fuck happened, man
Told your partner the same thing, man
How long a nigga gotta stay here? Raggedy-ass precinct

[Verse 1]

It was money on the table with the bricks
I was in the livin' room fillin' on this bitch
Heard my car alarm going off on my 6
So my dogs start barkin' and some niggas hit the fence
So I take my dick out this bitch mouth and walked to the window
Pulled the blinds down and took one hit of the Indo'
Them niggas ain't doing shit, but stealin' my neighbors rims so
Walked back to the couch and told the bitch to bend over
That's what I'm rollin' with...
Nah, I ain't seen shit and I ain't snitchin' on nobody
Yeah, that's my four-five, but it ain't got no bodies
Them two dead niggas? Them is nobody
They should have torched 'em, then you wouldn't had no bodies
I mean look at these pictures, shit is so sloppy
Couldn't have been me, I do my shit like John Gotti
Feed a nigga to the sharks after dark

[Verse 2]

Man, fuck this shit, I thought I told y'all
It was money on the table by the bricks
I was at the kitchen table choppin' up some shit
Listenin' to Jeezy and I heard a little (*bullet sound*)
So I turned the radio down and cocked my four-fif'
Oh shit... Am I hit? Nah, just a hole in my Jordan fit
So I turn down all the lights and cocked my four-fifth
Seen some niggas jump in they Escalade and that was it
How much longer I gotta stay in this mothafucka?
Let me get a cigarette, I don't even smoke
But shit, y'all got a nigga stressed
I gotta stay in this mothafucka 'til I confess?
Shit, y'all bitches better get some rest
'Cause it'll be a cold day in Miami
'Fore I snitch on myself or the 'hood, you understand me?

Yeah, I fuck with the Bulls but I ain't Sammy
Niggas runnin' 'round the 'hood singin' they should get a Grammy
And you two motherfuckas should get an Oscar
With this good-cop-bad-cop shit, take me to process
'Cause I don't eat breakfast with no pigs
I watched First 48 so fuck your 25 years
No evidence, no bid, I don't know who split them niggas' wigs

[Verse: 3]

Already told y'all, it was money on the table with the bricks
I was walkin' to the bathroom to take a shit
Then I heard my dogs barkin', and some noise by the fence
So I ran to my room and reached for the four-fifth
Then I seen three niggas by my back door
Looked out the bathroom window and seen two more
So I reached for my chopper and some clips out the drawer
Guess I had to welcome niggas to the gun store

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>