

# Game's Really Over

Lil' Flip

Yeah its game over  
Ya'll ain't ready  
I can smell the fear  
Yeah  
Oh  
But you don't hear me though  
Its game over  
Yeah  
Its ya girl Glo  
Lil Flip  
Snoop Dizzle  
OK

When Clover Gees get up on the track its game over  
One hit then shorty spit so I came over  
But out of respect if you get me wet you gotta feel me  
Lil Flip, Snoop Dizzle and ya girl Glo  
Hit 'em where it hurts we got this locked fo' sho'  
You don't want no drama shorty still ballin'  
MTV, BET I can hear them callin'  
The most phenomenal  
Boricua Lamabodamo  
Like that Snow Man  
Go gettin' that dough man  
Niggas wanna get with us gotta come correct to get with me  
Now makin' hits with Flip and S-to the -N to the double -O-P-  
Dirty South, East Coast, to the Midwest  
Got everybody knockin' what I did best  
Lil' Mama, CTC, Clover G I told ya  
They thought they had us Flip but I gotta tell ya

(Game Over)

(Flip Flip Flip Flip)

Yeah  
Oh boy  
Remix  
Remix  
Yeah  
We got Clover Gees in the building  
Oh boy  
Oh boy  
Oh boy  
We got Snoop Dogg in the building  
Fo' Sho  
Fo' Sho  
Fo' Sho  
Fo' Sho  
My nigga Game in the building  
Oh boy  
Oh boy  
Oh boy  
Holla at 'em

Bitch what the fuck you still got ya clothes on for?  
Didn't you read the sign when you came through the front door?

No draws  
No bras  
No laws  
Just pimps and hos and balls in ya jaw  
Drink what you wanna drink  
Shake  
'Till it achy ache  
Now make ya coochie pop and get them suckas for they bank  
Not me cause I don't pay for no nookie  
I'm a pimp bitch I gets money out your pussy  
I'm fly as a eagle  
Livin' so illegal  
Pimp out the Cadillac blast out the Regal  
We turn a We-Low  
Everywhere that we go  
I do this for my motherfuckin' people

Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip  
Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip  
Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip  
Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip

R.I.P. DJ Screw  
Soon as I touch down in Houston  
I slow down my music  
Blow a pound with Snoop and Lil Flip  
Drive through the corner where he used to pitch  
Where niggas sippin' sizzurp watchin' roosters flip  
We notorious like B.I.G.  
So I'm a stretch my rubber bands 'till T.I. free  
Yeah (Game Over)  
Nah Game just started  
Fat red laces in my S Dot Carters  
I'm a tell you where my heart is  
In heaven with my little nigga Marcus  
That got shot for his Chicago Bulls Starters  
Regardless of the fact I got jacked for them Jordans  
Pimpin' war when he dunked on Starks in the Garden  
Nigga I'm the hardest  
On the mic in the hood  
If you wanna act retarded then I'm right in the hood  
With them Nikes in the hood  
Stuffin' white in the hood  
Sittin' on that cherry low rider bike in the hood

This ones for Yayo before he get home the whole world gon'  
Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip  
Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip  
Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip  
Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip

Ah shit its Flip and Snoop in this bitch  
First you buy it, then you roll it, then you light that shit  
You know I smoke like a cancer patient  
I went gold in two weeks now ya'll niggas hatin'  
You got Houston and Cali on the track  
Yeah  
Plus I know ya'll got my back  
I make 'em bouce all across the globe  
I got the Bentley GT and the baby blue Rolls  
Oh you ain't know? my liquor about to drop boy

I'm ridin' spinners cause my money don't stop boy  
I got ya baby mama showin' off her g-string  
I'm in my drop bumpin' "Nothing But a G Thang"  
I know you mad cause your gal love my voice oh  
I know you mad I'm on the cover of The Source no  
Its Clover Gees on top of my head  
Peep the rocks on my bed  
Cause the game over man

Game over, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip  
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