

I Got Game

Nate Dogg

I got game, more game then you can ever conceive
I don't play, better not be playing with me
I got hoes (From sea to sea) all around the world (In different area codes)
I'm so tight, just pass me the Hennessy

Up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie to the rhythm of the boogie dee b
eat
I can't imagine all these other motherfuckers think that they got more game
than me
I been all around the world, had every kind of girl, it takes a lot to impre
ss me
Up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie, hope you know you're going home
with me
I got pro's from East to West, when I flow I flow the best
Ask the first motherfucker you see

I got game, more game then you can ever conceive
I don't play, better not be playing with me
I got hoes (From sea to sea) all around the world (In different area codes)
I'm so tight, just pass me the Hennessy

Pass me the Henn dogg...yeah
G-A-M-E that's my thang, and it ain't no rules when you in this game
Fo real, like Shaquille, cause you know the deal, 213 in your motherfuckin g
rill
It's still, D.P.G. now I'm living well off
Despite a few homies fell off
I'm on the right track cause I'm the foefather
Bite you on your ass like a motherfuckin Rottweiler
Flip a new style and reshape and refolder
Hold easy cause it's that ea-sy, believe me
Snoop D-O-Double-Gee-zee, fall off in the party
going solo and then I leave 'em four bree-zee
Let's take 'em back to the spee-zee
The honey come hide out off the church for the evening
Good Evening, ladies and gents, players and pimps
Shame on a nigga I run game on a bitch

I got game, more game then you can ever conceive
I don't play, better not be playing with me
I got hoes (From sea to sea) all around the world (In different area codes)
I'm so tight, just pass me the Hennessy

Niggaz be talking shit like they got the gift
Trying to keep up with the Jones's the Yester Smith
Like a stick shift switch fast on a fag, rucate rap, style ran up the ass
I'm a give you a pass cause I now that you'sa bitch
But next time you trip I'm a prepare the big ditch
And you and a punk should call you're team
I ran the machine named you off the team
You live in a dream nigga picking you to pieces
One tech shot leave your crop in love pieces
So recognize royalty, poetry in motion, roast MC's like chronic bud leafs
Nothing but thugs and G's when I come around
Mess around put you in a hospital gown
You'sa clown, you're sound you're whole shit's plain
It all sound the same, nigga you need game

I got game, more game then you can ever conceive
I don't play, better not be playing with me
I got hoes (From sea to sea) all around the world (In different area codes)
I'm so tight, just pass me the Hennessy
(2x)