

Drug Test

The Game

I'm in this muthafucker doing what I wanna
10 bottles, 10 bitches go with my persona
Pull up in that Enzo then I do donuts
I'm that cool, cashews, make 'em all go nuts

Baby got ass I need me a shot of that
Lil mama get gangsta for me
Stuff it in your Prada bag

That's right
She got something that I wanna see
That's right, so if she leave
She fucking with me, that's life
Twerk somethin', work something', hurt somethin'
She wanna check, check this shit out like a verse coming
They rip they neck and run they mouth when they heard something
Dre dropped another one and fucked around and murdered somethin'
Club filled with dead bodies, if not than you a zombie
I'm not gon' feel sorry, you pass out from it
Get drunk, get blunted
Do what you wanna do, drug test on you

Lotta money when I talk
Big mills, big deals
'Bout a hundred in a vault
Sit still, that real
Lotta haters throw salt, they lost
Big Game give a fuck how you feel
I fear she just might just pop that pill
And feel on me all night till the tip spill
Tip scales with her waistline, sex with the bassline
She gon fuck a snare drum one drink at a time

Blow right, hoes fight over my name
I got my dough right, hustle running all in my veins
It's forty days, forty nights if I'm making it rain
I reign supreme, a bottle and some bomb-ass weed
Than we gooood!

If you got drugs in this muthafucker, ohh
Let me see your hands in the air
Narcotics in the club and the ladies love us
So let's get high off something, high of something, high of something
Till your muthafucking brain don't function
High of something, high of something
Ayy, what I supply taking you high?

Fireworks when I spark
Yellow tape, lotta chalk
Thought you said you a boss, big deal
Bitch chill, pulling out that black card
Showin' off big spendin', letting alcohol spill
I feel she might just get too faded, x-rated that's what I like
Glad that you made to this ceremoney at hand
Take a sip let's plan for the future
Introduce you to Snoop get you right and...

May I, kick a little something for G's
And, make a few ends, as I breeze through
The shit on my hip is a fucking preview
And guess what it lead to

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