

The Game Belongs to Me

UGK

I got Bobby by the pound, Whitney by the key
DJ Screw by the gallon, bitch the game belong to me
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DJ Screw by the gallon, bitch the game belong to me I got money on my beeper, dead trees on
my phone
They call me Mick Jagger 'cause I 'Roll a lot of stones'
It's a whole lot of clones but only one Sweet Jones
Turnin' whores to carnivores, they just can't leave my meat alone It's been a long time since I
busted on a glock
But every corner that I hit, I left it screwed up and chopped
Marooned up and dropped, like my Biarritz on top
Let the motherfucker bleed until it drip and let it drop
I'm still that young boy that had a pocket full of stones
But now I'm sick and simply rich, grippin' wood and flippin' chrome
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Bush on
Lay down the competition, take their cash crops and get my push on
Moved up to Bentley with more chrome from a Lexus key
All because we cornered the market on that Texas tee
And we don't bar no plexes, we way bigger than other men though
The diamond deuces on tinted windows, we in the wind yo
We 'Chevro way' the wind blow, that's the corner we been Joe
Don't know where you been bro, but it's no quiz to me, you win though When it's ten fo', good,
but in my Styrofoam good and muddy
We block bleeders, leavin' your neighborhoods good and bloody
We grippin' that woodler, bud it, sit back and scope it
Pay attention to Prince and pushin' everything about to pump it I got Bobby by the pound,
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wasn't shit
I just parked it in the grass and brought some brand new shit
A Phantom Rolls Royce, 24's with the bump
I ain't trippin' about the seat, I got them woofers in my trunk Cut in my swisher, codeine on my
whiskers
Fuckin' with that Smoke D, Bundy and that Vicious
UGK Records, it's an institution
Know a lot of niggaz livin' off of prostitution Pimpin' ain't dead, it just moved to the web
Bitch ain't gotta hit the track, ain't gotta give no tricks no head
Ain't got to give no tricks, no pussy, just cameras and screams
Easiest money you can get, it's the American Dream bitch Man I'm a middle finger figure, a
million dollar mission
Poppin' like Orville Redenbacher, with a whippin' in the kitchen
Yayo like Dontrelle Willis, we the trillest on the mound
I'm holdin' that whole South down, I know you feel us We the realest walkin' the planet
Can't stand it, pass away, wanna fight us
Start to swingin', wanna kill us, blast away, wanna stab us
Get to stickin' but make sure you cut us deep
'Cause I betcha we comin' back a couple hundred brothers deep Pimp and Bun, we run the
streets, which streets? Man, pick your hood
Don't matter, we represented, cross us? We gon' get you good
Them Down South veterans, ain't nobody better than
Gonna tell your next of kin or your brethren, let us in cousin I got Bobby by the pound, Whitney
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