

Da Game Been Good to Me

UGK

You lost yo' spot when you went pop
CD flopped, you ain't hot.
But the game been good to meeeee...
(Hol' up, hol' up bitch!)
You lost your cars, and yo' house
Now you sleep on yo' mama's couch
But the game been good to meeeee...UHH, first album went platinum, now you can't go gold
Made ya deal with the devil, but you sold yo' soul
You rent a lotta cars, rent a mansion and them hoers
You say you sold your Phantom, bitch they took yo' Rolls
Get disrespected everywhere you go
Big bodyguards when you come for the shows
They already know you got shit on your name
Nigga, you a pussy, they gon' take yo' chain
Take yo' piece, rings and watch
You play rich, boy you need to stop
I ain't dissin nobody, no particular name
Ya shoe fit nigga, get the fuck up out the game - lil' BITCH!
(Pussy nigguuuh.)I'm a Down South MC, I'm cold on the mic
I say it how I feel and I do it how I like
I write what I see, what I do, and what I know
And keep it one hundred off top from the do'
Now whether at a show, in the booth, or on the street
No matter where I go and no matter who I meet
Everybody tryna tell me how they feel 'bout the South
On the cool, them haters need to shut they fuckin mouth
'Cause we grip grain, nigga we pop trunk
We to' straps and we ready for the funk
Some niggaz two-step, some niggaz dance
Some niggaz just ball wit' a bottle in they hands
Sell a couple ringtones niggaz, that's bread
You hatin on paper get that FUCK up out yo' head
Worryin 'bout my cheese, getcha own stack
It's goin down in the South, you don't like it
Click clack, motherfucker!
(Pussy nigguuuh.)You got caught with that work on 10
Made a deal with the state to turn your foul partner in
But he took 15, befo' you could tell
He ain't witchu no mo' hoe, you got twenty in a cell
I sent you a lawyer, you ain't listened that time
Ain't no appeal, but they dropped it to five?
Who you had to fuck to give back that time?

Textin me from a cell phone - bitch, yo lost YO' FUCKIN MIND?
How dare you tryna get me on conspiracy, Jack?
If the feds hit me, I'ma hit yo' ass BACK!
You fight witcho tounge, I send 'em killa
Transcript writer, I'll kill you nigguuh!(Smoke sum'hin, bitch.)Got caught with the shit, twenty
years
Youse a snitch, you turned biiii-tch.
The game been good to meeeee...
(Hol' up, bitch!)
I took yo' hoe, she's a pro
Bought me all, of yo' dough.
The game been good to meeeee...
(Pussy nigguuh.)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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