

# The Good, The Bad, The Ugly

## The Game

[Intro]

Yo you can keep asking them fucking questions all fucking day man, I told you that, I told you  
the fuck happened, man  
Told your partner the same thing, man  
How long a nigga gotta stay here? Raggedy-ass precinct

[Verse 1]

It was money on the table with the bricks  
I was in the livin' room fillin' on this bitch  
Heard my car alarm going off on my 6  
So my dogs start barkin' and some niggas hit the fence  
So I take my dick out this bitch mouth and walked to the window  
Pulled the blinds down and took one hit of the Indo'  
Them niggas ain't doing shit, but stealin' my neighbors rims so  
Walked back to the couch and told the bitch to bend over  
That's what I'm rollin' with...  
Nah, I ain't seen shit and I ain't snitchin' on nobody  
Yeah, that's my four-five, but it ain't got no bodies  
Them two dead niggas? Them is nobody  
They should have torched 'em, then you wouldn't had no bodies  
I mean look at these pictures, shit is so sloppy  
Couldn't have been me, I do my shit like John Gotti  
Feed a nigga to the sharks after dark

[Verse 2]

Man, fuck this shit, I thought I told y'all  
It was money on the table by the bricks  
I was at the kitchen table choppin' up some shit  
Listenin' to Jeezy and I heard a little (\*bullet sound\*)  
So I turned the radio down and cocked my four-fif'  
Oh shit... Am I hit? Nah, just a hole in my Jordan fit  
So I turn down all the lights and cocked my four-fifth  
Seen some niggas jump in they Escalade and that was it  
How much longer I gotta stay in this mothafucka?  
Let me get a cigarette, I don't even smoke  
But shit, y'all got a nigga stressed  
I gotta stay in this mothafucka 'til I confess?  
Shit, y'all bitches better get some rest  
'Cause it'll be a cold day in Miami  
'Fore I snitch on myself or the 'hood, you understand me?

Yeah, I fuck with the Bulls but I ain't Sammy  
Niggas runnin' 'round the 'hood singin' they should get a Grammy  
And you two motherfuckas should get an Oscar  
With this good-cop-bad-cop shit, take me to process  
'Cause I don't eat breakfast with no pigs  
I watched First 48 so fuck your 25 years  
No evidence, no bid, I don't know who split them niggas' wigs

[Verse: 3]

Already told y'all, it was money on the table with the bricks  
I was walkin' to the bathroom to take a shit  
Then I heard my dogs barkin', and some noise by the fence  
So I ran to my room and reached for the four-fifth  
Then I seen three niggas by my back door  
Looked out the bathroom window and seen two more  
So I reached for my chopper and some clips out the drawer  
Guess I had to welcome niggas to the gun store

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>