

The Game (feat. Carl Thomas)

Tash

Treats me the same
Treats you the same
Ohh, treats me the same
Treats you the same
Ohh, nobody
Ohh, nobody You know what? it's hella lonely at the top when you rich without a girl
It's me against the world, but that's how my world twirl
So let that shit spin cause i'ma play it to the end
Sometime you gotta make decisions: your woman or your friends?
My friends come first
My females is secondary
The last girl I had was this bad ass secretary
Her name was yvonne - that bitch thought she was the bomb
But I knew it wouldn't work, I never took her home to moms
You know havin a ball not givin my all
Holdin hands down the hall at the crenshaw mall
She used to look at me and saw no flaws at all
We was close - she walked around my house in her draws
But after all the good times you know comes the rain
I had to cut that bitch off for some shit I can't explain
I blamed it on her trip and she blamed it on my fame
I got cupid lookin stupid
But that's a part of the game
Ohh the game owes nothin to nobody
So I'm tellin you this from the start
If you find you've been decieved by another
Then you better just trust in your heart So all the ladies wave your hands if you down wit your
man
I know them two kids you got wasn't part of the plan
What this world is a twist; if it ain't that it's this
I like the kinda girl that tatoo niggaz names on they wrist
Tash on your tit
That's the kinda girl I need
After work, feeds her seeds then smokes a little weed
Low key; that's how my girl gon' be
But I ain't found her yet and she ain't found me
So I'm lookin
For all the sexy hoes that ain't taken
Carl put me down with this bad broad from brooklyn
But all I do is hit - no spark, no flame
I got cupid lookin stupid
But that's a part of the game

I know this love song I'm writin ain't flashin your excitement
But when you least expect it love will strike you like some lightning
That's why I'm here to warn ya
These girls in california, they'll take you to the cleaners
If you let 'em put it on ya (put what?)
You know the little wifey deluxe
That'll have your friends and family rentin a tux
That's why you gotta keep it p.i.
So even if your buck stop
You got the type of girl that'll walk you to the bus stop
True love-
That's kinda hard to find when you rhyme
I'm 27 now and it's 1999
But i'ma find mine; matter fact, what's yo name?
-trust in yo heart- but that's a part of the game
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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