

# 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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DJ Screw by the gallon, bitch the game belong to me Man I pull up in your city and get my  
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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