

# She Belongs to the Game (feat. Young Lito)

## Troy Ave

But I love her though!  
This the part the DJs gonna kill on the intro  
So sad, so sad, so sad  
That chick ain't yours  
You mighta fucked that girl  
You mighta said you love that girl  
But she belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
So nigga what you frontin' for?  
Ey nigga what you frontin' for?  
She belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
I don't be cuffin' these hoes  
I just be bustin these hoes  
That's just the way that it go  
Too real nigga in the feels nigga  
Porsche 911 with the wood grain (shifter)  
Drop top boy I ain't tryna save money  
It's a damn shame that you tryna save honey  
She just wanna roam  
Give a nigga dome  
Without an insecure nigga blowin' up her phone  
Where you at, who you with, whole lotta questions  
Got her in a chicken wing no it's not a wrestlin'  
Super fly nigga, punk nigga hold the ropes???  
She ain't under arrest, let the girl free  
Let her come out and fuck with a real g???  
Gettin' dirty in the shower  
That chick ain't yours  
You mighta fucked that girl  
You mighta said you love that girl  
But she belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
So nigga what you frontin' for?  
Ey nigga what you frontin' for?  
She belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
A crack star turned rap star  
I'm that???  
We went to jail and turned Allahu Akbar  
Did it for protection  
I did it with affection  
Hit it with that good ol' long hard erection

Shawty ask 'Why you such a motherfukin' playa?'  
Imma text you the answer  
I'm gone baby, later  
Out yo door to get bread  
When you come home there's no food stink of fed  
Up get it, up live it  
Readin' books like a sucker  
Your girl sound asleep cause a real nigga fuicked her  
You reach for the booty and she tell you don't touch her  
You put the pillow on your face and yell 'Oh brother'  
She don't like flowers or movie dates  
She like my dick in her mouth and gun on my waist  
One??? empty it out she lovin' the taste  
That's the shit to put a smile on her face  
That chick ain't yours  
You mighta fucked that girl  
You mighta said you love that girl  
But she belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
So nigga what you frontin' for?  
Ey nigga what you frontin' for?  
She belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
Thought you had a wife huh  
Busy trickin' tryna change that whole life huh  
But that don't stop her from creepin' every night hu  
Shoulda knew that that bitch wasn't right bruh  
How could you wife her  
Hov done had her  
Ab done had her  
We all hit it player you ain't the only batter  
Yeah you her man but you don't even matter  
If you knew the shit we did you'd prolly stab her  
Then turn around and take her back anyway  
Knowin' we could have that bitch any way  
Misionary, doggy style, any day  
Don't worry, crack a smile, you'll be OK!  
So sad, so sad, so sad  
So sad, so sad, so sad  
That chick ain't yours  
You mighta fucked that girl  
You mighta said you love that girl  
But she belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
So nigga what you frontin' for?  
Ey nigga what you frontin' for?  
She belong to the game  
And when she's with me I let her do her thing  
(So sad, so sad, so sad)

So sad, so sad, so sad) x2  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>