

Dope Boys

The Game

[Produced by 1500 or Nothin']

[Intro]

Yeah, gangsta gangsta, yeah
Wassup? Yeah
Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Yeah, yeah

[Verse 1]

Coming fresh out that Pyrex pot
Black Air Force 2s and the White Sox
Fitted on my forehead, try me, go 'head
I'll bring out them polka dots, put Kwame on your forehead
Yeah, it's the new king of everything
And bitches don't say no to me, I'm like a wedding ring
Maybe it's how I pour that Patron
Maybe it's how I smell of Paris Hilton cologne
Maybe it's how I write shit when I'm in the zone
And I'm sick of blow jobs, bitch leave me alone
And tell Dr. Dre to pick up a phone
Before I climb through his window like, "Nigga, I'm home!"
Running the rock like O.J., nigga it's a throwback
Fuck a Aston Martin, show me where the stove at
Get a jar, some baking soda, nigga hold that
The world is my grandma's kitchen, time to cook crack

[Hook]

The dope boys in the building (wassup?)
The dope boys (wassup?) the dope boys (wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (yeah, wassup?)
The dope boys (wassup?) the dope boys (wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (people, wassup?)
The dope boys (wassup?) the dope boys (wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (wassup?)
The dope boys (wassup?) the dope boys (yeah)
The dope boys in the building (haha)

[Verse 2]

You couldn't smell that crack coming out that motherfucking Porsche truck
I stop traffic with the rims that I'm sitting on

Them ain't high beams, bitch my wrist is on
The same shit that Ludacris is on
Disturbing the peace if my stash missing stones
Yeah, count that work like a paycheck
Niggas couldn't play The Game in a tape deck
A boss never touch work if it ain't taped yet
That's how you get fucked, I practice safe sex
And I take ya boy Curtis' bitch with my tongue
Lick lick lick like Shawwna and have her sprung
Show her my anaconda and have her sprung
And put it all in her stomach and just "Ughh!"

[Hook]

The dope boys in the building (wassup?)
The dope boys (wassup?) the dope boys (wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (yeah, wassup?)
The dope boys (wassup?) the dope boys (wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (New York, wassup?)
The dope boys (L.A., wassup?) the dope boys (Chi-Town, wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (yeah, Detroit, wassup?)
The dope boys (ATL, wassup?) the dope boys (MIA, wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (yeah, wassup?)

[Verse 3]

So roll that coke white carpet to the hood
It's the Dope Boys reunion, the dress code's strictly:
"White tee, Air Force 1s and some Dickies"
I'm from the city where the skinny niggas die
Only birds and Nextels chirp in the sky
And we ride for the letters on our fitted cap
Niggas hit the stash, get a strap and go get it back!
That's for the gangstas, the hustlas, the ballas
From Downtown L.A. to Uptown Harlem
And D-Boy money ain't raining, it's storming
So stop the music when the champagne pouring
And hold them glasses high (yeah)
And when a nigga ask you why, you tell them

[Hook]

The dope boys in the building (wassup?)
The dope boys (wassup?) the dope boys (wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (yeah, wassup?)
The dope boys (I'm back!) the dope boys (I'm back!)
The dope boys in the building (yeah, wassup?)
The dope boys (nigga, wassup?) the dope boys (motherfucker, wassup?)
The dope boys in the building (tell 'em I'm back!)
The dope boys (cause I'm back!) the dope boys (it's a wrap!)
The dope boys in the building

[Outro]
The dope boys, the dope boys
The dope boys in the building
The dope boys, the dope boys
Yeah, wassup? Wassup?
Hahaha, yeah
The King, is back!

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