

Game 6 by Dave East lyrics

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“Game 6”

[Intro]

It's that season, nigga

Fully loaded, uh

[Verse 1]

More losses I took than wins, 'stead of Porsches, I took the Benz
(Sometimes)

Crooked friends that I trusted, but fuck it, still got my grin (Fuck it)

Mama told me, "Smile, and when I swing on niggas hit they chin" (Woo)

Most don't recognize a shark until they swim and see that fish (Shark)

Tryna fill up banks, drink, then fill a [?] (Uh-huh)

Christian Dior, did all the decor I got from Kim (Uh)

Jones on the phone, conducting bidness, talkin' investments

I know it's hard to see me stressin', but I'm not far from depression (Not
far)

How many funerals can I go to before I lose it? (How many?)

How many days I miss with my daughters fuckin' with music (I don'
know)

I can't add 'em up, I burnt the tips right after I bagged it up (Burnt 'em)

At least ten years of my life, it felt like I had no luck (Uh)

Rappers ask me for features, don't know I'm actually Ether (Ether)

Never put in no time, niggas made it faster than pizza (Uh)

Just got back from Ibiza, the women been on me before my braids,
durag, and my siza (Uh)

A hunnid racks on that Visa (A hunnid racks)

Bein' surrounded by death have you attracted to Jesus (Woo, uh)

Talkin' to God, askin' questions that you ask as a fetus (Uh)

Since Butthead hung with Beavis I discovered my genius (Genius)

Like when Mr. Pitt told Ace Boogie, "Don't come to the cleaners" (I
mean)

2014, I got with Escow (Escow), strapped with velcro (Strapped)

I tattooed my body from my ankles to my elbows (Woah)

A lot of pain inside me, do I complain about it? Hell no

Before the rap, my cousin had a trap in Monticello (Uh)

That's Upstate New York, I got this beat from The Butcher (From my
nigga)

And I'm top floor in SoHo, you tryna see me, just look up (Uh)

Did a session, it was me and J. Cole just talkin' 'bout life (Life)

He was dolo, I pulled up with some homies, thought I was light (I
thought)

We went through a couple beats, then we found one, so we could write

No bullshit, I got some of the best advice of my life

And I love him for it (My nigga), I know magazines is givin' covers for it (I know)

Extra cash for the casino, just 'cause my mother want it

Nipsey was my brother, broke my heart, I seen that cover on him (Cover)

Dog food, niggas know the fiends is up, they love the mornin'

[Interlude]

Six A.M., six-thirty, seven in the mornin' (Gotta be up to know it)

If you know, you know

[Chorus]

In Jordan 14's, he slid [?]

'98, Game 6 style, this nigga won again (Uh)

No matter how loud the music, I heard my stomach rumblin' (Rumblin')

Shooter on the run for a month again, death is humblin' (Humblin', nigga)

Jordan 14's, he slid [?] (Woo)

'98, Game 6 style, this nigga won again (Game 6)

No matter how loud the music, I heard my stomach rumblin' (I heard)

Shooter on the run for a month again, death is humblin', nigga

[Outro]

Deluxe on the way, you know

Niggas like me only come once in a lifetime

Take a picture, nigga, yeah

How Did I Get Here, classic shit

This just exercise, you know, East Mix nigga

Dirt Gang

Shoota, what up, nigga?

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