

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.

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