

2 Pac "Heavy In The Game"

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[all parts with Lady Levi speaking are strictly best guess]

[1] [Eboni Foster] Game's been good to me
[2] [Eboni Foster] I don't care what it did to them
The game's been good to me

[Lady Levi]
Oh, you tink life is yours?
Life ain't na somethin you can rap with
Ooh come na ordinary game
Da game na somethin you can rap with
Me's a player you know?
I do not, play in no game
Me just, make money, dollars, everytime seen?

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Now how can I explain how this game laced, plus with
this fame
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude
changed
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin to make a livin
These busta tricks don't want no mail
They spendin they riches on skanless bitches
Who'll stay petrified in jail
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket
Jealous-ass bitches, playa-hatin but we still kick it
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin no sleep
But still, I get my money on major, continuously
Communicatin through my pager, niggaz know me
Don't have no homies cause they jealous, I hustle solo
Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas, listen
Ain't nothin poppin 'bout no work nigga, I ain't no joke
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga
Heavy in the game [1]

[Lady Levi]
Who da bumba claat him a come try take mine?
Oooh, me see you rushin up [1]

I throw 'im blood claat P.M. to A.M.
All, all da bumba come ya take dis ting
For ya take dis ting for joke? [2]
Oh! Dat's right

[Verse Two: Richie Rich]

Well lemme shoot some of this how heavy type of shit..
Certain niggaz wanna stick to the game, yousea trick to
the game
Waitin upon your turn, so when will you learn?
Ain't no turns given, niggaz be twistin and takin shit
Puttin they sack down, then puttin they mack down
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland
baller
Rule number one: check game, and fo' sho' you gon'
respect game
Be yo' own nigga meanin buy yo' own dope
Cause that front shit is punk shit, somethin I never
funked with
Be true to this game and this game will be true to you
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to
you
That jackin and robbin, despisin your homie
Ain't healthy, niggaz be endin up dead 'fore they get
wealthy
But not me though, I'm sewin somethin major
So what I reap is boss -- that's why my public status is
floss
Went from a, young nigga livin residential
To a, young nigga workin presidential [1]

[Lady Levi]

Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good
You know that's true 'im look good every time
Ooh, pussy war? Step up [1]
Can yi know I'm servin up blood claat
Playin yi fuckin games
Ooh, we take game, we WON [2]
Any by now, all, yi haffa forget fi we WON
Everytime

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse
My only way to stack mail, is out here doin dirt
Made my decisions do or die, been hustlin since junior
high
No time for askin why, gettin high, gettin mine

Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five sales
Cause life is hell and everybody dies
What about these niggaz I despise -- them loud talkin cowards
Shootin guns into crowds, jeapordizin lives
Shoot em right between them niggaz eyes, it's time to realize
Follow the rules or follow them fools that die
Everybody's tryin to make the news, niggaz confused
Quit tryin to be an O.G. and pay your dues
If you choose to apply yourself, go with the grain
And come the riches and the bitches and the fame
Heavy in the game [1]

[Lady Levi]

Boy, ya nah bitch!
Major that's true we look good everytime
When we at Beers Diamond
And Tupac drives vintage car [1]
And fi dem frame dem look good, oh no?
This whole world ya call on
Gonna mass on a face [2]
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!
Flush it! .. Oh!
Nobody wan come test me y'know
True dem we a drive pretty car
Wanna no part of any ting
And now you wan come drown a gun
But ya see we know, you haffa show 'im MAXIMUM respect
For when a blood claat run or when a pussy walk up
We look good everytime
Nuff dollars, DOLLARS
Y'know about dollars dem right?
But we nah talk no shit
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?
Cause action, action speak louder dan words
You know da record!
Don't blood claat ting at ALL

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