

## 2Pac "Heavy In The Game"

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**(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)**

*[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?

Ooh, 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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