

Closer To Home

"Dirty Game"

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[Gelo]

Still remember how I rolled for you nigga, took your life
in my hand

When you was down and out and feeling like you half
of a man

Couldn't stand your own reflection, imperfections of
being

Spent the night with the pipe, smoking down to the pain

Plenty thoughts in the dome about taking you on

Already lost a baby mom, the job and the home

Knowing I can't work no miracles but thinking I'd try

Cuz I done watch you lose it all in the blink of an eye

You drink and you die, you smoke and you breathe

You can't believe how your ass went broke over coke
and weed

A GB rolling with you, get you rehabilitated

Fat steaks, lifting weights is all it takes and you can
make it

Hate it that you're hooked, but look you gots to make it
through

And regardless of where withdraws is taking you

Breaking you down, don't come around that often

Guess there's nothing out there stopping when you
chasing a coffin

Shit

[Chorus x2: Gelo]

Friends come, friends go

It's a dirty game

Win some, lose more

It's a damn shame

If you're rich or you're poor

It's still the same

One day you'll know

That people change

[Gelo]

I done put my life back to back through many attacks

Shooting this craps, snatching them sacks

Used to pack the same heater when we banged on the
blocks

Had the same ass dope that we slanged in the socks
Can't stop, the money's too good but the hood's too hot
Stayed busy trying to make a could out of could not
Would not have played you out for nothing up in the
world
Found out you're running your mouth to my little baby
girl
How it took me by suprise, realise that you're a traitor
Double agent on the inside, the worst kind of hater
But I'm greater than you'll ever be, that's why they
come back telling me
How they seen you a couple days and all the ways you
was selling me
Girls names, phonenumber, who I'm hitting on the
under
Wondering why my homey wanna ever play me phony
But fuck them and fuck you, everybody in your crew
I gots to do what I gots to do, fuck what you're going
through

[Chorus x2]

[Bandit]

That's why I roll alone, can't trust no one
Watch my back day to day cuz these streets no fun
You never can tell a shiesty individual
This is real from the note of a criminal
Cuz they're the ones that smoke blunts with ya
See the picture, now they wanna grab the guns and
come and hit ya
Or better yet when you make it real big
Fake fools come around from the days of kids
Plus I can see it inside your face
You at the wrong time plus the wrong place, gun in ya
face
Shoot up the place no matter what the race
In these streets we keep it live like an LA car chase
Phat Bandit pulling cards with the homey Gelo
Down to die, staying high like the Hills of Chino
All for the money, all for the fame
All against the rules for life cuz it's a dirty game

[Chorus x2]

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