

Bone Krayzie

"Drama"

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(Chorus x 2)

The drama just goes on and on
Drama be just part of my life
It's been like this since I was born
Yes I can run but I can't hide
Gonna be like that until I'm gone
Drama always seems to find me, find me, find me

(Verse 1)

Roll down my family tree with me
Give it up page to page
See nothin but struggles
I never knew no hustlers like my
Daddy and Mamma so I
Gotta drop my P's
But I think way back in the day now
When moms and pops had my back
They stayed down
And gave us a place to lay down
But then
Then when the wind blew in
They (?) with a crackpot
But lately it's keeping my people up off the hinges
Can I get a witness baby
And I'm off the dope
Cause I'm gonna make me some money my own
Somebody tell me now where we went wrong
I'll bring my family back because they long gone, it's on
Now pops don't even come around
But I know pops got problems
Thats why your little niggas still down
With cha
But it hurts to see a family taking a beating
My sisters keep saying they hungry [hungry]
Got to come up on some way to feed em
Big (?) take take a ride slide down 71 callin welfare
When the cheque come mom she hound everyone
So bang bang
Gotta get down for my thang
Swang with a my thugsters
Pump, we never did love ya

St. Claire struggler
Here your hustla baby

(Chorus x 2)

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(Verse 2)

I can't get away from all these dramas surrounding me
Hounding me
Heavily coming down on me
Drama be pounding my brain
Calling my name
These demons they seem to be following me
Come in all shapes and sizes
Enemies my friends it don't surprise me
I try to help niggas make better
But they ain't appreciate
niggas they rather stay back in the ghetto
Well oh well
If thats how you want it nigga
Then go ahead
But don't f**k with me
I'm up in this bitch like Micahel Jackson
I wish they'd leave me alone
Before I show the other side of me
Bang bang bang bang bang
Thats how it be
Nigga gonna get violent
But if my so-called ex friends wanna try me
Bloody riot
Thats how we like it
You all invited
Get so heated you feel the temperature rising
So heated we spit black flames
4-page article
On the police
Couldn't find that them bitches was particles
For f**king with me
And I'm down to stand on the frontline and get wild
One of the first to get up and get down
Niggas ain't knowin' the anger inside me
And then when I finally snap nigga out
F**k up your sister your daddy your momma your
brother
If he want some drama
C'mon c'mon c'mon.

(Chorus x 2)

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