

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Drama"

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

Roll down-a my family tree with me. Keep flippin' the page to page--see nothin' but strugglers. I never knew no hustlas like my daddy and mama. So I gotta drop my Pz, 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, it threw in a crackpot. But lately, it's keepin' my people up off the hinges.

Can I get a witness baby? And I'm out the door, gots to go make me some money on my own. Somebody tell me now where we went wrong. God, bring my family back because they long gone. It's on. Now Pops don't even come around, but I know Pop's got problems. That's why your little nigga's still down with ya. But it hurts to see your family takin' a beatin'. My sisters keep sayin' they hungry--gotta come up on some way to feed 'em. Big Will, Rod J, take a ride, slide down '71, callin' welfare. When the check came, Mom, she hounds everyone. So bang bang, had to get down for my thang, swang with a me thugstas. Pump, we never did love ya. St. Clair struggler. Yeah, your hustla, baby.

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I can't get away from all this drama surroundin' me, houndin' me, heavily comin' down on me. Drama been poundin' my brain, callin' my name. These demons, they seem to be followin' me, come in all shapes and sizes, enemies, my friends, it don't suprise me. I try to help niggas make better, but they ain't appreciate it. Guess they'd rather stay back in the ghetto. Well, oh

well. If that's how you want it, nigga, then go ahead,
but don't fuck with me. I'm up in this bitch like Michael
Jackson, I wish they'd (leave me alone) before I show
the otherside of me. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang.
That's how it be. Nigga gon' get violent, but if my so-
called ex-friends wanna try me, bloody riot is how we
like it, you all invited. Get so heated, you'll feel the
temperature risin', so heated we spit back flames.
Front page article, all the police could find of them
bitches was particles for fuckin' with me. And I'm down
to stand on the frontline to 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,
I'm a fuck up your sister, your daddy, your mama, your
brother If he want some drama, come on, come on,
come on.

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