

Chingy

"Conversation"

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[Paris]

Still in this bitch, ninety-eight is just another year
I murder money drama bitches, that fall in piers
Comin out the city where no pity be a way of life
When niggaz quick to bust a cap in you to earn they stripes
Ain't nothin changed in these West coast killin fields
I seen so many homies die that I ain't got no feeling
So I handles mine, pack a strap and keep on strivin
And quick to let these niggaz if it get down to violent
Cause these haters ain't no friends to me, they make it plain
But I refuse to be a victim of these ghetto games
Break away from all the stress, bullshit and aggravation
And now I'm quick to blast if you want a confrontation
But it seem like every time I turn around it's drama
Hella flowers, coffee drinkin, and cryin momma
Somethin tellin me this madness ain't gon' never stop
So I keep strivin fo' the top

[Chorus]

Now everything you think you seein might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these niggaz shoot
Understand this rap shit is just another way
Just another lick where motherfuckers gettin paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
Back when shit was new, niggaz thought that it would last
Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherfuckers comin up, and it's like that

[Paris]

So what's the ticket out the ghetto for these young players
Slangin dope, playin ball or bein rhymesayers
They want the money fast, FUCK SCHOOL, that ain't what's happenin

So some of them niggaz got together and they started rappin
And it would be like who the tightest on the microphone
Makin demos in the basement of they momma's home
And 'fore you know it niggaz got theyself a record deal
And now they makin money, doin what they love for real
Limosines, fast cash, and autographs
Groupie hoes after every show be workin the staff
And magazines givin love cause they shit is best
Unless of course it's The Source and you from the West
Now momma's braggin cause they baby's on the television
And they livin every day, like it's Thanksgiving
But you know, what they say if it sound too good to be true it probably is that's the music biz

[Chorus]

[Paris]

I'm 28 and I've been in the game since '86
World tours, cash money, and hella hits
Done seen these rap stars disappear like civil rights
And go from po' to rich to po' again, overnight
So many perils in this game if yo' team is faulty
That's why my lawyer keep these motherfuckin devils off me
And freak bitches be, quick to set you up by playin that pussy game like, you the daddy or you rapin
See dumb niggaz get they money took, tryin to be that motherfucker on the television out with Robin Leach
A couple of cars, hella clothes, and before you know it
That nigga to' back, hella broke with nuttin showin
So here's a little game from a homey that's still playin
The mo' shit you see a nigga with, the mo' he payin
In this rap life, nuttin what it seem to be
I hope you motherfuckers feel me, that's reality

[Chorus] - 2X

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