

## Close To You

### "Drama N My City"

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chorus [G-Spade]

Nothin' but drama n my city dawg  
On every boulevard and every ward  
We sendin' niggas to tha morg  
Nothin' but drama n my city dawg  
I pity y'all  
If y'all bustas ain't cocked, these niggas play it raw

[G-Spade]

Every ward n my city bustin'  
Niggas livin' for somethin'  
But dyin' for nothin'  
Head bustin'  
Cuz they thought you said somethin' (Bitch what you say?)  
That's why a nigga packin' that steel  
We wear white handkerchiefs on the battlefield  
Now then  
Them niggas steady droppin' like flies  
From my hood to your hood, niggas losin' they lives  
(Niggas losin' they lives)  
So I keep on cock  
So I won't be the next one to fall off my block

[Valario]

Oh Shit! I heard shots  
The spot's hot  
Wit' constant killin'  
Blood spillin'  
Another dead body left unforgiven  
On both sides of the river  
I'm lettin' 'em go, lettin' 'em rip  
Lettin' 'em hollow shot flip  
Dawg, it's real n the field  
Choppers choppin'  
Bodies droppin'  
Niggas screamin' help  
When they gettin' dealt  
Nobody come  
Until the red rum is done  
There's drama n my city

[Halloway]

Nothin' but 3-5-7 totas  
And cutthroatas  
Smokin' niggas like doulja  
N a city of us souljas  
Shots rang from the East to the Westbanks  
But I ain't even trippin' cuz I roll n a tank  
God bless ya if you slippin' greatly  
That's that ass from the U.P.T., accross the canal  
They blast  
Wit' my mask and my vest on  
Cuz I ain't tryinna get my rest on  
If it's on, then it's on

chorus 2X

[KLC]

I'm they lay back mean man  
Pockets full of green man  
Niggas on my city have you leanin' like a kickstand  
I'm on some of that "you want for that shit"  
Because the city that you live n  
Got niggas given n  
You see I'm straight from the 3rd  
You heard  
Where niggas talk wit' a slur  
And they mean every slur word  
So get your mind right when you enter my city  
Cuz every city's pretty

[Melichoir]

I give a fuck, I'm tired of livin' on my ass  
This is stress of the game, they got me movin' fast  
It ain't easy, you best believe it's gon' get harder  
Instead of livin' on the streets, I rather put n slaughter  
Magnolia, Calliope is where a nigga be  
You fuck around and get taped to an oak tree  
Damn, that's nothin' but drama around my way black  
You keep playin' you get hollows up you fuckin' spine

[Reginelli]

Reginelli, I'm born and raised n they U.P.T.  
Magnolia, Melphanine to the CP3  
If you fuckin' wit' these niggas, you won't get no sleep  
Besides, we play the game raw, so if you beef wit' me  
Fake niggas get it real  
Playa hatas gettin' killed  
Bitch, bullets fly at will  
Bitch, I hope you play it real  
They got drama n my city

Dead bodie on the curb  
Wit' bad tempers and bad nerves  
Niggas get what they deserve

[Gotti]

40 Calibers and Smith-and-Wessons  
From when these fuckin' cops is stressin'  
Lord bless me, but these coward's testin' me  
Automatic guns fire tearin' holes through your flesh  
Retaliatin' on my enemies, when they say death  
Southern hospitality, so I'm snathin' your breath  
The Commission, and The Family nigga, rippin' the  
track  
We finally grew now watch this paper stack  
I stay strapped  
The Magnolia Projects is where I hustle at

chorus 2X

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