

## **Bizzy Bone "Hellafied Game"**

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Bizzy Bone - Hellafied Game

Shit after what happened to lil Capo/  
I almost quit this shit (you know)/  
(Bizzy Bone music dot com)  
Seventh sign ruthless regime  
(Bizzy Bone music dot com com)  
This is for you Capo  
(chorus plays background)  
And we sing the name of capo confucious as we preach  
The seven that cannot be divided by any number or any  
one  
(Ha ha ah)

They come to me only for money  
Don't give em a nickel (don't give em a shit)/  
My brother was doing it with me until he was taken but  
(CAPO!!)/  
No time to be sleeping around (man these broads aint  
shit)/

They come to me only for money  
Don't give em a nickel  
They show me the colors  
My nigga, my brother was doing it with me until he was  
taken but it was a struggle  
It figures no time to be sleeping around  
and be fuckin with brothers  
another one bites the dust  
stick em up, pickin and kickin em up  
dirty indeed, breathe, puff  
where do we go when we do what we do  
gimme lickety and roll up the weed for me too  
don't you want me to smoke it an drink it in front of you  
pull out mah jammy and stick it in one of you sunny and  
dunny a money in one of you  
in seconds no time to waste, that talking, it'll get your  
face, criminal action, catch a case  
minimal passion when he was mashing  
could my people really be laughing  
paying attention to what he was saying to keep from  
crashing (baby)

Baby let me throw my ashes  
I was thinking of I could put in words to match em'  
I watch em' look at the thievery stealing  
My father said always catch em'

Hook:

It's a hellafied game, to hell if I fall  
Pray everyday I hope my memories is still what you see  
the hell if i know it I wanna be here everyday im gonna  
miss everybody  
What about your friends  
My enemies seem to be creeping deep within (x4)  
(I only trust god)

Only put trust in god/  
never the one to dodge/  
up against all the odds/  
standing alone in a spiritual form/  
I rather be my dammy dawg/  
rather be my family and im not lying just to be looked  
upon  
It's someone singing another song  
specifically getting mah weakness on/  
women be right beside me plotting/  
nobody wants to sidekick/  
cool when they first met you/  
now they want the respect that I get/  
screaming we need to be going though stuff together  
so we can vibe with/  
whatever get off that dumb shit/  
you need to be paying more attention to this/  
what am i mad, little im pissed considered it/  
while im puffing on tropical im trying to be logical/  
and I got these people trying to hinder me positive  
negative  
it needs to be an obstacle give me progress im feeling  
hollow allowing me time to swallow  
my enemies' time to talk I open his eyes so he can see  
he talking in front of a wall  
he talking he want to be me  
he walking want to be a rapper, and an actor, and then  
write a book  
mah people in it and plus my equal he raunchy and he  
got the look

(Hook)

Lie to me, die for me, cry for me  
a son of assassin keeping an eye out on me  
never denying they trying to get close to me hopefully  
finding from keeping a diary

having a friend around to the end of the time chilling  
and smoking off fine weed/  
go to the tele and flip open the celly they callin me  
always was there for me/  
selling me yelling me they care for me saying they care  
for me please pray for confrontation  
heavily armed you niggas aint feeling me, baby be real  
with me/  
see give them the whole story before we leave/  
nigga you know where we going/  
and this where we opposed to be /  
baby mama she hating me/  
confining in her is out of the question/  
baby it's been a blessing to say that I believing in god/  
the only friend invested/  
unconditional love, verbally test it if you will  
need to be changed and trying to chill/  
don't be plotting on making a meal/  
now that we made it and all of the rappers are keeping  
it real/  
they'll never take me alive/  
i'ma rap till be killed maneuver the benz they see me  
dead on one still seventy-one on my way to Westville  
follow me all around the field/  
mumbling hunger pain, spinning the wheel/  
somebody right beside me wanting a record deal/  
he need to chill/  
only if its god's will/  
that's the way he'll make the bill/  
that's the way they'll make the buck/  
but niggas don't give a fuck/  
everybody aching a rush  
but bizzy bone can never be touched

Hook:

It's a hellafied game, to hell if I fall  
Pray everyday I hope my memories is still what you see  
the hell if i know it I wanna be here everyday im gonna  
miss everybody

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