

Dream Academy

"All It Takes"

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Cuddie I don't sleep right
Cuz' when I close my eyes I hear cries
>From my potna's who lost they lives
Visions of bloody brutalities realities
Now stay focused and hope it don't affect my salary
Calorie, they keep my pockets fat
I gots to stack a grip
Try not to trip and keep them gold-diggers off my dick
I'm gettin' sick cuz' I drink 24-7
The way I'm livin' now if I die there's no heaven
Gotta help my potna's in the pen
Cuz they livin' broke, this ain't no joke
On parole and I can't smoke
No sticky indo, roll down the window
Step back the green lights like Nintendo
Up in the game, like a professional
If you ain't havin' money I got to let you go
I need to let you know the rules before you percolate
Rule number one potna never should you pimpitrate
I spit this pimpin' straight cut, no additives
No matter how mad you get biatch
I'm a playa so I serve the game
Maintain, campaign, and have thangs

(Chorus)

1992 I was drownin' in big cases
No its 97' and I'm countin' them big faces
Switch places whupped the four-five and infrared
Filet Mignons and garlic bread
A hard head, big red and gorilla nuts
Got me mobbin' thru the bay like I don't give a fuck
I whipped equiped and stay dipped in butter salt
Peel if she real no scrill then I cut em' off
No fine-ass bitches wit them empty bank books
Worse than them hugly muthafucka's who can't cook
The game cooked, for 5 years in the fed
Now its time for these game hungry nigga's to get fed
Get bread, sew them sucka's down
Smile in my face, but clown me when they not around
me

Talk down on my every move, but I couldn't give a
damn
Playa's do what they want
The sucka's do what they can

(Chorus)

Twelve one, seven 0 my D.O.B.
And I been breakin' hoes since 83'
Money-makin' business handle it discreetly
Give you my home

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