

Game

"Business Never Personal"

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Yo, when I'm out in Oakland, catch me in the silver and
black Coupe
With two Desert Eagles and an ounce of glue
When I'm out in San Fran, the P.D. real nervous
'Cause they know I'm packin' heat under the Willie Mays
jersey

Nigga, it ain't nuttin' for me to empty a clip
Or wave my guns in the air and just enter ya strip
I know about gangs, had shootouts with plenty of Crips
I sold crack and been out of town with plenty of bricks

So ain't nuttin' you can tell me, about the game
Come with beef and leave here without your brains
And I'ma drive upstate and try to bounce this 'caine
In that Shelby the same color as moutanin rain

And you know I got the South clickin'
'Cause ain't nuttin' like niggaz with gold teeth
And them down South chickens
So fuck with my D and get found wit'cha mouth missin'
This ain't about you and me it's about business nigga

It's business never personal, real live on blocks
If we ain't movin' the rocks, then we movin' the stocks
Cross a hustler motherfucker you'll arrive in a box
It's the true to life struggle 'til we arrive on top

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They don't understand me, like the Birdman I got
candy
Put the herb in, I got family
I'm doin' 85, in the 50 mile an hour lane
Tryin' to handle my business, the Figaro stack change

Independent tycoons, tycoons, yeah
My niggaz puff trees, snort coke and chew shrooms
Bad to the bone, to the bone

And can't trust a nigga for shit 'cause Fed's on the
phone

My whole crew dirty, fuckin' with amphetamines
Catch you slippin' blow your whole crew to smitharines
Now the streets knowin', knowin'
And I'ma run this shit back with my foot broke like
Terrell Owens

Still blowin'
Like Mike Jones of the Swishahouse, gold knock them
bitches outs
We take trips out to Houston and D.C.
For the West coast, nigga can you feel me?

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