

Game "Drama Is Real"

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Drama is real, like not wakin' up
Breakin' up grounds when this patriot thrust
Your mouth is on shut, your emotions are hidden
For you to handle your business, you are more than
driven

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If you kill it, no more standin' on that corner like a stop
sign
Every time you spotted, they call it shot time
Not at the gym but in the grim reaper's hands
You important if a bullet hits, injured your plans

This is not an adventure, but a full time duty
If you seen how niggaz hit the club, they pullin' out Uzis
Sometimes bruising and grazing, mostly takin'
No more sleep for the shooter, no more of hangin'

No mo' trustin' hoes, you ain't known fo' ten plus
No mo' smokin' with the homies, no mo' late night clubs
'Cuz the victim, is ready to stick him like a mousetrap
I'm 'bout to rap, you better be 'bout peepin' out cash

This is blood on my Nikes solid, murdered a nigga
The stash spot smokin', I done, murdered a nigga
San Quinn, got a hurt for the nigga, it get worser for
niggaz
We take this beef shit further than niggaz

Streets are shady, they got curtains for niggaz
All of a sudden ass killers, never heard of these niggaz

Have your whole family cryin' a river, we'll murder you
niggaz
We take this beef shit personal nigga

I ain't met a nigga, yet could fuck with this rap vet
I'm the realest since I came in the game on Kam back
Rest in peace to Mausberg, gotta live with that
Keep the M2 on my hip, I live with that

Eat with that, sleep with that, come get me
Four fifty, put somethin' through your son, Easter
basket
Six in your truck, get you each a casket
Put termites in your box, let 'em eat your cabbage

A wife right here, see if she can weave through traffic
Everybody gotta die, when the beef is active
If you know Game, you know I'll never give free passes
But I give choices, how you want it, metal or plastic

Life is real, pedal to traffic, no spots on my tail
Cops on the payroll, show me and Quinn live well
And I can still get a nigga the hill, your bitch as well
Shotgun got mo' punks than shells

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I see the Escalade, got 'em runnin' downhill, snowball
niggaz
We throw vapors out of truck windows, blow our figures
Suede corners out the sunroof, the fifth or the Ruger
Broad daylight, blow the windows out of your Cougar

Move in the S5, plus five, leather dust fly
Spark up a dutch, Game, put niggaz in a coffin, too
much
Turn niggaz kids into orphans, too much, in God we
trust, nah
Keep the fifth close like Starsky and Hutch

Your daughter cryin', it's just tuck, but so what

Blow the dutch, southpaw bust out your whole fronts
Have you eatin' soup for months, broken jaw, lick your
shit out of straws
I guess I got that same ol' harm

I ain't for play, this Game is raw
Specialize in death jackets, here, try these bullets on
And next time have all my cheese, 'cuz if you owe
Specialize in death jackets, here try these bullets on

And next time have all my cheese, 'cuz if you owe
Specialize in death jackets, here, try these bullets on
And next time have all my cheese, 'cuz if you owe me
Guns O U T, we all gon' squeeze

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