

Imt Smile

"Dope Game"

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(D'Wayne - talking)

Mac Mall, and me, D, once again

I'ma send this one out nationwide, representin the bay

To all the ballas, all them ghetto stars

All the turfs and tracks and sets

(D)

Daddy was a hustler, uncle was a dealer

What was I supposed to be?

When everyone around me, is always makin money

Faster than ya eyes could see

Now you're actin funny, no more church on Sunday

At night you pray

Standin on the corner, bound to be a goner

And this is how it's gonna be

(Hook - D) 4x

In the dope game, dope game

(Be a star in the)

(Mac Mall)

It's goin out to all the local D-boys and track stars

Hustlin youngstas runnin up to cars

I know it's hard

I was once forced to hustle, too, like you

Pushin hard to the week souls who choose the glass

tool

Over life, love and loot

Waste it all in one poof

Chasin clouds a smoke but really runnin from the truth

I see mothers abandon kids to go on drug ????

And even when I was all in I wondered when it would all
end

Same sucka who passed the law

Pick the dope and though I talk

He come jack me when I'm posted on my block

For all those who sell rocks

White girl ??? yola

See the enemy ain't competition, all them crooked
rollas

Cause man the White House, got us strung out, thas

real talk
It's hittin playas on them streets that we walk
I say the White House, got us strung out, thas real talk
It's hittin playas on them streets that we walk

(Hook)

(D)
Now I want you all to understand
Fly things we all can have
But don't get it twisted
That don't make a man
Because if you don't respect yourself
Then you won't respect nobody else
And you will see what happens
Mac Mall speak on it

(Mac Mall)
Nigga wake up, the revolution callin us
It's life or death so don't ya be tardy
I try to tell 'em learn the planet of illuminati
But mothafuckas in the hood just wanna be Gotti
And catch bodies
Sell dope foreva but never raise his kids
And think it's fly to pull some time in the pen
I try to tell him that that New World Order is near
But off that product, he can't think clear
Either know, or either don't care
Nigga think he free, still got the slave mentality
Smokin on the way out
Runnin from reality
Do you believe in the Holy Trinity
All the profit, Muhammed, and pray to the East
I doubt it, cause you don't even know who you be
Just anotha blind nigga in a jungle a concrete
Do you realize the original man
Instead you rather be a dealer, a killer, a gangsta for
satin
But he ain't tryna hear me, nigga scared a the truth
He lust for loot, and never once pray to Jesus
The government put arms in my hood like Babe Ruth
Young niggas kill each other like it ain't shit else to do
In the dope game

(Hook) to fade

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