

## Kiley Dean

### "Niggas in Tha Game"

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(\*gun shots\*)

(\*talking\*)

S.L.A.B., Slow, Loud And Bangin'

Some real shit, ha-ha

You missed me, motherfucker

Many men (C. Ward), many many many many men

Wanna be like me, but they can't fuck with the M.O.B

It's C. W-A-R to the D

[Chris Ward]

It's hard to see, I'm hard to be

Hey you um fraud to me, and that's fraud as can be

And I don't care for no apology, fuck you and your  
bribery

You should of knew that from the get go, I'll set up a  
robbery

I'll have your home hit, leave your dome split

Leave your vest and chest a mess, once the 4-4  
chrome spit

Niggaz beefing with me, like they got a bone to pick

Well holla at me I'll be in the hood, me and my

Yellowstone click

[Lil' O]

My enemies can't even fathom, what I think in my mind

Cause if they saw what I saw, they would sleep with  
they nine

See Lil' O's like a gorilla, in the heat and combined

You disappear, just for speaking on mine it's not a  
game

So let's put it in the open, I'm addressing the issue

You cry babies, let me get you some tissue

I'm 30 seconds from getting the pistol hopping out,  
letting you grissle

I told you suckers that my weapon will whistle, for  
disrespecting a pitbull

But I'm so fly, I could piss on a missile

So if you plexing bitch make it official, I'll two way you  
right back

Like ha sucker, I'm coming to get you

And if they catch me nigga, fuck the judicial

[Skrilla]

As long as there's blood in my veins, and air in my lungs  
I'ma be stuck in this game, and weighing a gun  
I hold my head to the sky, as I blink at the clouds  
Then hit the roof, and get to thinking out loud  
What you know about choking on stones, or rubbing up zones  
Or disconnecting dizzy broads, before for to your phone  
On in the kitchen broad bitching, bout the odor is strong  
You cook it slow and hit the do', before she notice you gone  
I'm holding my own, it ain't nothing above me  
Go toe to toe with a track, until my knuckles are bloody  
It's a must I get ugly, if you mess with my nuts  
Full speed when I bleed, mashing the pedal for thrust  
Got my mind made up, to keep the crime rate up  
Laws struggle steady hoping, that my rhymes pay up  
As long as the water is hot, and the dishes are clean  
My position's in the kitchen, dog I'm living my dream

[Hook]

Niggaz in the game, wanna act like we not a G  
But I done told em, ain't no fucking with S.L.A.B  
And if they do, they gon be next to be resting in peace  
Cause ain't no way you haters, taking my life away  
That's why we quick to click on niggaz, that's bumping with us  
It's ride or die, and I'll be sure that you riding with us  
Slow, Loud And Bangin' on them niggaz, we cock and we bust  
And if they run up with that nothing, they fin to get rushed

(\*talking\*)

These bitches gotta go, I ain't playing no games  
This time around, put that on my life  
take every single one of you, hoe ass niggaz out

[Trae]

These issues I'm living, got me losing focus but I keep my cool  
Straight up I got my mind made up, I don't wanna be six feet laid up  
But it seem to keep testing my patience, barely missing they death  
And soon to be, they gon be touched and that be quiet

as kept  
My mind frame in another world, and it don't plan to  
come back  
And the day it come back, my enemies fin to be under  
attack  
This life I'm living ain't no joke, so I ain't fin to play no  
games  
I got a perfect aim for these cats, so they can feel my  
pain  
That's why I grind full time, one life to live to get mine  
So I'm full speed to the job, until it's time to lay it down  
And to them cats that sent a slug, right through the  
side of my car  
It ain't over you got it coming in the war, I don't bar

[Jay'Ton]

These niggaz fake they act like cakes, just like some  
hoes  
Their the type of niggaz, that don't really last that long  
That's why my nine on my side, when I'm ready to ride  
I walk around with my head high, with nothing but pride  
Cause I'm a thug ass nigga, busting at snitch niggaz  
I'ma be a grave digger, for niggaz hating my figgas  
My enemies gotta go, they better duck when I'm  
coming  
My mission is to eliminate haters, when I be rushing

[Lil B]

You niggaz can run but you can't hide, I'ma leave your  
chest open  
Within fifty feet is my range, infrared beams scoping  
Choking you haters, that's trying to hate on a G  
Lil B I'm still that nigga, that'll rep S.L.A. to the B  
Wanna plex then grab your gun, we known to keep a  
nigga on the run  
Leave em stunned wet and done, just like a fresh hot  
cinna-bun  
Say playboy these streets talk, don't make me have to  
come to your house  
Break you off when the glock cough, Slow, Loud And  
Bangin' won't take a loss

(\*talking\*)

Old hoe ass nigga, fuck around  
And run up in your motherfucking house  
And duct tape your spies nigga, put one  
In your motherfucking brain  
Talking down on the name, nigga

[Hook]

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