

Krayzie Bone **"Drama"**

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The drama just goes on and on
Drama be just part of my life, life
It's been like that since I was born

Yes, I can run but I can't hide
Gon' be like that until I'm gone, gone
Drama always seems to find me, find me, find me

Roll down-a my family tree with me
Keep flippin' the page to page
See nothin' but strugglers

I never knew no hustlas like my daddy and mama
So, I gotta drop my Pz
But I think way back in the day now
When Moms and Pops had my back

They stayed down and gave us a place to lay down
But then, then when the wind blew in
It threw in a crackpot but lately
It's keepin' my people up off the hinges

Can I get a witness, baby? And I'm out the door
Gots to go make me some money on my own
Somebody tell me now, where we went wrong

God, bring my family back because they long gone
It's on, now, Pops don't even come around
But I know Pop's got problems
That's why your little nigga's still down with ya

But it hurts to see your family takin' a beatin'
My sisters keep sayin' they hungry
Gotta come up on some way to feed 'em
Big Will, Rod J, take a ride, slide down '71, callin'
welfare

When the check came, Mom, she hounds everyone
So, bang, bang, had to get down for my thang
Swang with a me thugstas, pump, we
Never did love ya, St. Clair, struggler, yeah, your
hustla, baby

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I can't get away from all this drama surroundin' me
Houndin' me, heavily comin' down on me
Drama been poundin' my brain, callin' my name

These demons, they seem to be followin' me
Come in all shapes and sizes, enemies, my friends
It don't surprise me, I try to help niggas make better
But they ain't appreciate it, guess they'd rather stay
back
In the ghetto

Well, oh well, if that's how you want it, nigga
Then go ahead but don't fuck with me
I'm up in this bitch like Michael Jackson
I wish they'd before I show the other side of me
(Leave me alone)

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, that's how it be
Nigga gon' get violent but if my so called
Ex-friends wanna try me, bloody riot is how we like it
You all invited, get so heated, you'll feel the
temperature risin'

So heated, we spit back flames, front page article
All the police could find of them bitches was particles
For fuckin' with me and I'm down to stand on the front
line
To get wild, one of the first to get up and get down

Niggas ain't knowin' the anger inside me
And then when I finally snap, nigga
I'm a fuck up your sister, your daddy, your mama
Your brother, if he want some drama, come on
Come on, come on

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