

## Lil Flip "Never Let The Game Go"

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(feat. Z-Ro)

Say Mike Dean, dig these blues..

[Z-Ro]

Here I go again, running off at the mouth about busters  
Motherfuckers just mad at me, cause they diamonds  
ain't up in clusters

Too many times I done paid my dues, giving a damn  
still paying 'em fool

Could it be the reason I'm so cold in the rap game, this  
motherfucking pain

I'm screaming Jesus, I need a better way of life

Cause at the rate I travel now, I can't decipher day from  
night

Still the King of the Ghetto, the ghetto is where I lay my  
head at

Evade FED's at, and break bread at

These son of my bitches got a nigga fucked up, my  
attitude is already rude

And too many people make me paranoid, so I wet a  
bitch and I wet a dude

Straight like that I don't give a damn, I'm gangstafied  
from Toderhead enough said

Flipping in a gangsta ride and when it get gangsta, a  
gangsta will bust heads

It's in my blood I'm a mo'fucking thug, even though I  
know better

My only love is for my guerillas, and for the cheddar  
So all you mark ass niggaz, get the fuck up out of  
dodge

Get your life right with God, then if you want war let's  
go to war

[Z-Ro]

It be a bunch of drama, on my block

My partna accidently shot his mama, on my block

Trying to survive in the land of the lost, hoping I could  
at least find me

Cause back in high school, ain't nan one of my teacher  
reached me

I wan't cutting up in class, I had money on my mind

Visualizing a motherfucking come up, ready to get up  
and grind  
Chasing paper like a motherfucker, me and buddy Ro  
Moving ounce after ounce, after ounce of that yayo  
Making money what I love to do, but my freedom is  
pending  
And if I get caught slipping, my freedom is ending  
nigga I'm playing it safe  
One hundreds and fifties, and twenties and tens and  
fives  
And ones up in my safe, 3-57 and a 4-0  
And a 4-4 up in my waist, a maniac  
Trigga happy, and don't give a fuck what I be aiming at  
Ridgemont for li' forever, I'm claiming that  
(Ridgemont for li' forever, I'm claiming that)

[Z-Ro]

My niggaz be killing eachother, behind these busted  
bitches  
I would rather be spending my time in a drop top,  
something live on switches  
With a sack of that shit, so I can calm my nerves down  
Dealing with bitch nigga after bitch nigga, I'm ready to  
release rounds  
Out of the mini-one form I shoot till it's over with, ain't  
nobody gon stood up  
Another one bites the dust I'm throwing that P.U.D. up,  
nigga what  
I'm ready to kill and I'm ready to die, the cause for my  
life  
The reason I'm anti-social, and built a wall around my  
life  
Ain't nobody with me, Z-Ro the Crooked in the flesh  
Mo City Texas ain't no fashion show, niggaz come to  
give me death  
It'll be a battleground, with nothing but dead enemies  
or myself  
Cause when I be clicking, I be feeling a strange energy  
within myself  
I never be giving a damn about it, because it be feeling  
so live  
And if I be doing that there, don't fuck with me and  
take me out of my vibe nigga  
Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-fo'  
Never gonna let the game go, fa sho

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