

Linoleum

"The Game"

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{Tommy Gibbs}

Like the seasons change, we go thru things
It's thug love, there's no type of love without pain
Few who trust, cats that you know gon' bust
We was fine till the streets studio gon nuts
We hemned up, livin the hand delt
Hold port, trying not to get caught and pinned up
Live the same life, same drama, same trife
I be that same nigga, same trigga, same knife
We been thru it, shit, we used to it
Real shit, lot of my niggas, ain't lived thru it
Stare downs, throw downs and spent round
Bent, don't remember how it quite went down
You see, once upon a time I ain't had no kill
I was into deep, ain't have no fear
On the grind, remember that beef, that time
Remember that bitch, son, rember that nine

Chorus 2X: Smoke

I said I came up in this game
Struggled just to maintain
And I'm glad I'm hear, whom should I fear

Here's what you said...

{Tommy Gibbs}

It's a flipside to every coin
Every nigga gotta choice to make, which path he take
It's a rough ride, cuz it's real on every side
Folks lose they lives, suggest you choose wise
Can a grew rigid nigga from public school
Caught beef, fucked bitches together, act a fool
As time goes on, he drift away
Can't move with a nigga, ain't goin your way
Now that's logic, middle of 'Merica, to the Projects
Birds of a feather always fly together
I'm trying to figure, how many more caps to peel
'Fore ya bitches realize it's real
Go ahead and laugh, I think you straight from ya past
You better find your road, 'fore they lock and load
Cuz you die, after shots explode

Just never dawned on you, how we never fuck with you

Chorus 2X

Here's what you said...

{Tommy Gibbs}

I stay conscious of men, who scream eaze but bring it
the end

We can take to the fist, fist lead to the semi

Spit real life shit, make ya life shit

Reminisce on this steel ya earth just strike with

Niggas that bust gats, niggas that car jack

Any nigga livin trying to change were he at

I can die in this game on the grind slingin crack

Or die in this game gettin paid spittin raps

Cuz you need muscle, shit a straight hustle

Niggas in the streets see you bling, they wanna touch
you

Respect that? no nigga expect that

Ain't shit to you to cap, niggas wanna get at

So I thug it out, this game turn it out

Same shit I hate, same shit I love about

It's a real thin line between death and life

Ain't no rules in this game, ain't no wrongs and rights

Chorus to fade...

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