

Luniz

"So Much Drama"

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Nik Nack is in the house for the four
My niggaz locked up, left a kilo, it's good as sold
Stole gumbo pot, creamery rise to the top
My limo even slide through on the late night for that
high

I wanna zoom zoom, bumpin', Luni tunes, candy paint K
5
Bitches, I stay high, playa hate
Callin' me a balla, shot calla
'Cause I'm slangin' all the major weight

Blam, close the door to my residence
Po-po start searchin' low but found no evidence
They tryin' to wash me an our county like Downy
Quick to pick a nigga Nack up like Downty

Don't clown me, bitch
Dyke hoes wanna lick my clit
But end up gettin' stuck in the gut with a dick
Down for my shit, tricks wanna get 'em up with me
Because they heard their baby-daddy fucked with me

But I'm out on you hoes wit the 10 g belt
The only thing I'm concentratin' on is checkin' my mail
What the hell? What the fuck do you mean?
Your boyfriend is a dope fiend
And he smoked up all my ice cream

Oops, upside yo' head fo' gettin' licked like a lollipop
Let yo' nigga cut, where's my shit? now you get lollip-
hopped
By everybody on the turf, oh yeah, about that skrilla
Hell yeah, that welfare check is mines on the first

It's so much drama in the streets
And I can't tell you why the funk be deep
Do you really know where ya goin' to?
Or do you like the things that life is showin' you?

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Fuck around and trust yo' under-folks
Like dope fiends, you leave yo' cream with
Post, you come back and yo' whole bundle goes
Or this niggaz add dirt to the list
Getaway clean but one wanna keep everything

He gots to cook it 'cause we need the good shit to post
Tryin' to bake a whole thing, this fool claim that the pot
broke
But here goes 5 G's and dubs
You can probably catch mo' 'cause I chop slugs

Blood bubbles, so I charge it to the game with no
shame
Even though we got away with a whole thang of cocaine
I got fucked in the deal, somethin' cool, why me?
'Cause that 5 G's he gave me was boo-boo

Too much drama in the streets of the Oak
Niggaz will tell you what they want you to hear
Not what you should know
Instead of sellin' mo' cream, niggaz is sellin' mo'
dreams
Lyin' just to kick it sellin' weight with no fiends

Now this is somethin' that I don't understand
Why the fuck would that nigga Master P
Call himself the 'Ice cream man'?
Bitch, don't you hear the music?
That's jankie as fuck, he musta been off the fluid

Niggaz steadily tryin' to take shit from the next man
Don't play a hate, just give a pound and let the best
stand
It's too much skrilla in the land fo' niggaz to be hatin'
Captain Savin, I just don't understand

'Cause when I was a youngsta, money was so damn
hard to find
Hooked up with my young comrades and we was
steadily on the grind
When I wanted to bubble, fools start trippin', talkin' shit
They never woulda thought I'd be the mothafucker with
all of the grip

Check this out here you jive ass turkeys man
Hoe's slobberin'-obberin' in the O, there's only one
Mobb, man

Don't hop on the back of the ice cream truck
And get yo' ass booted off

I can't stand punks on a manhunt that destroy
Lay low 'cause my 44 will make yo' ass glow like Bruce
Leroy
Since they bigger, many figure that I can't throw
But they don't know about this bow-legged skinny
nigga

Mad because I'm foldin' grip plus rollin' thick
Still up on that late night loadin' clips, holdin' shit to
myself
Shotgun bullets be bad fo' them health
So save that gang-bang shit on somebody else

Where I peep thugs have drugs to sell you
Don't fuck wit the L U N I Z, that's what they tell you
Peep the murder we wrote, we roll with C note
And Noo-Trybe to fools slide at my show
Because I make the whole fuckin' O hoo-ride

Slide to get the remedy, M.D., twamp, twamp
Make you wanna pump, pump on the enemy
Been havin' suicidal tendencies the whole day
Alazae will have a nigga on lock down like O.J.

Slang a gang of caine like the Cubans, they hate when
I'm crusin'
Don't fuck around and get yo' life ruined
Fool, so take yo' last look, you get yo' ass whooped
Your Rolex took 'cause broke niggaz make the best
crooks

You best look over your shoulder, high-rolla with that
cola
'Cause my soldiers come with mo' force than Yoda
No bloopers or blunders, we fed to head with mo'
bread than Wonder
And strapped with a Mac-11 and go under

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