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Master P "Never Ending Game"

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All y'all gangster niggas

Y'all motherfucking gangsta bitches out there (the dope game)

I'm a let y'all know something (welcome to the dope game)

Something that'll never end, this shit is going on like fucking numbers

Black on black crime, nigga it go like this here We live an eye for an eye

You kill me, I kill you, my partners kill your partners And you dead ain't no love on my spot Me and my partners pushing rocks Got them 17 round glocks at your ass spitting like loogies

We packing heat, 32 round clips, my automatic uzi But I look into the eyes and I stare, I see death Goddamn thinking "the fuck? ", it could be me My little homie on the ground crying

I'm thinking I'm gone, oh my lord

My little homie tony's dying (ripped his heart out)

He never had a chance to see his life glow

And he never had a chance to see his wife bro

And his little kid is only 8

It ain't about me or you motherfucker

You gone peep defeat off the tree

Cause you die and you murder, how could you live on the streets

And you never hurt, another nigga with a glock g I'm thinking about tic-toc boom, there goes another one Send him to the moon

Ain't no rocket ship bitch, it's the temple of doom I mean the ghetto, cause it's wicked

Most niggas out there in the hood, trying to get a chicken

But never even seen a bird

They die for that cain and that weed and they water And they to fucking high, to see the enemy Niggas that pretend to be, fools don't come close to

me

Your best friend will kill you

I'm from that 3rd ward, caliope projects
Where they peel your caps like bananas
Police trying to stand on them buildings with them
radars and scanners
But they can't stop the murders
Thats happening in my hood motherfuckers
Cause everybody study capping in this
Everyday, all day niggas dying, mothers crying
But y'all niggas ain't realizing that the hood is murder
Find your ass in a 6 inch gurder
Cause niggas banging like charlie chan
You'd better pack a piece nigga
And welcome to the never ending game

The never ending game, (the dope game) the never ending game
Will I die up in my sleep, or die on these streets
Cause the ghetto ain't no joke
Niggas in my hood everyday getting smoked
Welcome to the never ending game
Will I die up in my sleep or die on these streets

And the ghetto ain't no joke Cause every motherfucking day another nigga gets smoked

And momma pray it ain't me But I'm addicted to this dope game, addicted to this green cheese

I be making mail like the mailman

This is for my partners in the hood pushing massive cain (ice cream)

Through the hood of the projects

Its fiends walking up for bubble ups

You think I'm bout to reject

When a nigga get some money, I got them gats cocked nigga

I ain't living like no dummy

If I die, I ain't scared to die, but don't ask me why

Will I retire and give it up realize

Thats this my only mission of money

But y'all niggas look at a nigga hustling like it's funny

But I got to feed the family

Even though if that take me getting fucking scandalous g

And I have to hurt shit

Put a nigga in the dirt, mean putting in work

Lay him down, and punch in your time card

Cause you never know when your ass bout to go meet the lord

So I live ruthless, reckless, and rangeless (dangerous) Don't give a fuck, my clique is ready to hang shit Off the rack, ain't no trap
Just a bunch of motherfuckers walking with gats
Through the projects and walky-talkies
Jacking shit motherfucker ungh, thats why they bark
Like dogs, watch a nigga hard
And I be slanging dope like I'm getting paid like lou
rollins

And the white folks can't stop this
And the taz can't stop this nigga, cause I'm in the hood
slanging rocks
Getting paid cause I'm major
And if I die fucking retire my shoes and hang up my
pager
And give 4 g's to my sons and kill my enemies
Y'all can't stop a nigga please, even if I'm dead g

Y'all can't stop a nigga please, even if I'm dead g And when I go out, I'm going out with a bang So fuck what you heard and welcome to the never ending game

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