

Mavis Staples

"Letter To The Game"

Visit "[Letter To The Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1:

I send niggaz to go inside ya bed
The bullets will coincide wit' your body
My muthafuckas will go upside ya head
I be tryna control my desires:
Bitches, money, and liquor
Purple on the side, my dedication to niggaz
They wanna follow, I ain't ready to lead
When it was time to pop off I was ready to breeze
But there was some'n in my soul that was telling me to
squeeze
Seen him dead, laying different, I knew he couldn't
breathe
Nigga you fuckin' wit' a G
My alias Biggavel'
Better ride your own wave, I got bitches to feel
Bring my people out the hood
Drop a few on the scale
Even brought a couple niggaz that was ruthless up in
jail*
Heard a story 'bout my nigga
Who would knew he would tell
It's cuz of you bitch that my nigga in jail
Federales came through the fuckin' pen
Tried to shoot me a L
Got me stuck, tryna recruit me to tell

Hook:

You told me you need me, ow
You told me you loved me, ow
This my letter to the game
Why'd you lie to me
I let you ride for free
Things ain't the same
She said you better take me back
You better cut me slack Max, ow
You also said 'til death do us part you will never walk
away

Verse 2:

Take a look at the matter, it's so edgy

Take a look at my swagger, I'm so ready
Take my picture, I'm bad and I'm so heavy
I'm so ready, ready for the game
Slick-talker, I ain't have to trick 'fetti for ya dame
Bitches, they tell me I look good, I'm sexy in the Range
It's like I'm cruising jet skis in the lane
If the water wasn't frozen you could ski off the chain
Muthafucka, I'm still here, like a 3 off the brain
Make a lil' some'n, I could still eat off of 'caine
I don't need you, I'm cakey up in the innie
I'm the Boss Don bitch, I wear the pants in the family
Naw, I ain't content with being rich, and I'm good
I love my niggaz cuz they treat me like Richie in the
hood
With Max B, you gon' know I'm with chips up in the hood
Stack keys, stack cheese, that grip up in the hood

Hook

Verse 3:

Fuck the police, coming straight from the streets
Fulla crack, a young nigga gotta bag cuz he black
Gotta bag cuz he whack
Feds caught him slippin', got a pass cuz he rap
The boy Max home and I'm glad that he back
Glad that he focus now, glad that he rap
I seen him Hummer-stuntin' in that bad Cadillac
Pops tryna flea the game but they drag daddy back
I'll put your body parts in them Glad baggie sacks
Nigga the Dips come through in the latest toys
You fuckin' with them boys
I'm the realest nigga out
Load, cock back, time to air this nigga out
No, uh-uh, I ain't tryna feel this nigga out
I ain't tryna meet at the table and hear this nigga out
Tryna clear this nigga out
Put the gun to his chin and air it in his mouth

Hook

Visit [Mavis Staples](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.