

D4L "Game Owe Me"

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About four or five years ago I made a promise to my
momma
I would neva sell no mo dope and tha world so cold
Where tha real die young and the hate grow old
But they all die slow, I wonder how it get so close

And its hard to focus when ya got bout four, five hoes
'Bout six, seven pounds of tha dro, Faybo unleashed a
roll at tha do'
Tha game old, speakin' of tha game, no smoke
I always keep four four, they don't know tha life I know

From tha dro smoke, new po smoke, maybe no smoke
Whether it's my folks or your folks, never go broke
Betta owe six with tha smoke they owe me
And my mind and my heart and my soul

Check out now Mook-B, y'all know me grabbed tha mike
since '93
Hatin' ass niggas wouldn't let me eat but I kept it real
Stayed true to tha streets, stayed down, sucked up tha
frown
'Cuz I knew tha game was gonna bounce back around

Still in it till tha mothafuckin' finish, you can best
believe
I'm gonna get me a ticket, the game owe me
Speak money, paid dues to be a five star G
Worked hard didn't get shit free

Made a lot of bitch niggaz in tha industry
Suckas weren't hearin' or feelin' me

I ain't rappin' on tha mothafuckin' booty shit beat
Now I got a hit bitch gimme off E, hey, hey

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Here we go, hit me now
Most of these boys be like hangin' around,
[Incomprehensible]
Plotin' and planin', thievin' my trays for all my maynes
Used to be my gat man, my errand boy, my neophyte
After I C E B O triple X drop and heat all night

We made a pact when I was grindin', you was broke
man
I'm sellin' weight and gettin' money in tha fat lane
We can pop that gat, we can pop that steel
We can pull that twelve front gauge

When u had blond hair hoops it is and actin' bitch made
My track got hot, my weight was up, bottom matchin' at
clay court
Five deep, I'm getting no sleep and constantly mashin'
on tha hoes
It's D4L, mack a therma real feel pimpin'

Red snapper fillet mignon and eatin' barbecue
shrimpin'
Limos in tha drive way sittin' from tha night befo'
Meter runnin', it don't matter 'cuz in getting mo' and
mo'

The game been good to me, the game still owin' me,
hear me now
I shed so much blood, so much sweat, so much tear
Tha game been good

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Game owe me, I ain't gotta lie
Who says a man ain't supposed to cry?
Lord ain't gon' put no more you can't stand
Get on one knee and raise yo hand

2004 my mama got sick
Start them bells all types of shit
Wanna ride good, wanna look good too
Game owe me, I don't know about you, believe it,
believe it

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