

# Playalitical "Fade Away"

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Playalitical - Fade Away (feat The Game)

Verse 1 [Playalitical] In 2 years I touched more lifes than the meth epidemic/ Code Green the enourmous gimic/ I live it up like I was born in an abortion clinic/ I make moves and abuse the contorsion limit/ scorched I almost lost it when the road split/ felt like I was at the end the world had me by the roach clip/ until my ghost is countin dead roses its over close it that the bidnosis/ hits is hypnosis stick you wit a stiff dosage/ getin the word out I had to pay the ghetto postage/ less bullshit more westcoast shit/ and we aint here to negotiate it/ to not feel the ill is sin gut a goat/ if you refuse to be fead then we'll shove it down your throat/ eat it when the seasons dead we'll seiz it/ the disease will spread yes its needed/ fans is to weeded/ you don't know what you like you like what you know your bein breast feeded/ by bitches in videos I cant believe it/ I backspace the board typos get deleted/ im from a place where bums collect shells and cans/ and hoes still sell it wit swelled up glands/ Im "Playalitical" spit out the spam/ this is hiphops purity without the scans.

CHORUS: I know most a yall hope that I fade away, but you cant stop whats mean to be/ its bout to go down right now in a major way you wana dough me come on lets see/ im gon swell this shoe box keep this blunt lit/ blow out the boom box spit that playa shit/ playa shit/ playa shit.

Verse 2 [The Game] Yo it's the nigga wit the nasty flow/ in a clean rag 6 4/ if the D's spinnin I can bag a hoe/ top down so my rag will show/ whatever in the dutch purple or orange hairs its just a bag of dro/ hit snatch wit my cackies on/ a latin lounge marc Jacobs linen and don magleys on/ ima gangster in the burbs they love it/ 20 wit a baby face and sit on bass like Kirby pucket/ you cant buy a Ferrari fuck it/ cop ya from Jay the bricks come wit luois vouiton luggage/ need a order I can cover it the dimes is free/ the quarters is 75 the ball is live/ aint nobody fumbelin on my block we in the field like bigs and marshall faulk we runnin the rock/ nothing

less than a 100 a pop/ anything less you a cop/ shoot  
you and take your vest and your glock/ motherfuckas.

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