Psychopath "Nobody In This Game"

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All ya'll young mutha fuckers comin in the game
Think ya'll gonna change this shit
We the muthafuckin' Rydas bitch
That's mutha fuckin' Cell Block
That's Bullet
That's Lil' Shank
That's Foe Foe
And that's Full Clip

That's five muthafuckin' Rydas for life bitch Foe Foe bring the heat

When I speak I make the walls all crumble Sittin' in the 6-55 with the bumble Niggas haul off for a block of the cheese Pop a weak nigga right in his knees So will I die (bitch please) Gettin G's by any means nessesary That's why my cousin doin' time and my dogs got barried Ya'll bitches is afraid of da game Sittin' posted on the corner and sayin' Makin' money, fuck the fame Insane in the brain and quick to pull a gat So quick to lay your punk-ass flat I'm the poster boy for car jacks And my name is Foe Foe Anybody got a problem with me Bring it to my door And I'ma let my gun unload And watch tha back of your muthafuckin' head explode I'm from tha streets where you hustle for your rep Anbody wanna step they gon catch it you can bet It ain't nobody in this game that hold it down like us It ain't nobody in this game even close to us It ain't nobody in this game that'll bust like us It ain't nobody in this game nigga, game nigga

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Bitch I'm Full Clip But you can call me Dream Cast

Ahead of the game so far #1 looks last

See tha gat blast, hear lead whistle by ya ear

Deaf by the sound, vision blinded by the glare of a roller

Dusted the fuck down in ice chips Hatchet representin' in the window of the black Fuck a grip and them bustas get no love Rydas run this muthafucka throw ya hatchets up

Ain't nobody in this game worth speakin' about
Cause the Psychopathic Rydas always freakin' them out
We be like hustlin po po's and we slang them bobos
Leavin' muthafuckers missin' like the electrifyin Mojo
Killas don't talk but we be quick to lay them out
And then appear at your funeral like what you cryin'
about

We dressin' up all in black, we pack a hoodie attack And leave you layin' on the floor like a gorrilla came in an broke your back

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You couldn't see a fuckin' thug with a microscope
And there ain't a crew in the industry half as dope
As Rydas be Foe Foe on the side of me
Mashin' out of control and reachin' the vicinity
Witness real G's with real rhythm and real rhyme
And we takin over hoods one block at a time (Ryde wit me)

Well hold on before you fold up And get loked that's when the niggas grab the sawed off

Time to set some shit off take a pull of the blunt Hold the smoke till a muthafucka cough Chinky eyed sittin' in a hoopty ride Thinkin' to my Somebody Gone Die!!

Now which one of ya'll wanna catch the slugs I represent the unity of five heartless thugs

And we take what we want be it money or drugs

Can't nobody in da game even fuck with us

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