

Sadat X

"Game's Sober"

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featuring Money Boss Players

[?1]

A while ago just want you to know

Just who you're listenin to (say whaaaaat?)

So listen let me tell you

Who I am and what I do

Chorus: Sadat X and ?2

[Sadat X]

Check it out the Wild see O W be O why's

[?2]

And we the capital M to the be 's to the P's

[together]

Money Boss and the Wild Cowboys goin down in history
well...

[Sadat X]

Makin moves with my cats it's the Money Boss Players

It don't pay to have money if you ain't stackin layers

When I say Wild Cowboys the name says it all

I'm like your favorite, tell your man whatchu want to tell
him

I run styles, stack piles, more than a thousand empty
vials

The new rhyme era, makes me the New York terror

Bronx niggaz hold ya corner if it's your girl get up on her

And bodegas across the street, holdin guns

[?3]

It's mad heat niggaz on the quest to get the riches

Fives threes or stitches

Dicin dumb bitches

Ridin in the sixes, windows tinted

On the Rover, but now it's over

The cocaine game is now sober so move over

You're better off walkin nowadays 'cause cars is coffins

So here lies New York for extortion and I'm off in

any nigga in my path, fast you can ask

Big Guy, see-Deb, and Lord, Trey Bag, and Cheeba Don

[?4]

Alyyo if you didn't know I'm from the Boogie

keep a hoodie and start a nigga

and flip a brick for the triple figures

It's the young cat, black push wigs facts and brackets

Bronx drug traffic, soldier heads wreak havoc

It's the SB, from the one-six-sluggy, but yo

I'm A-Solo with a pair of Peps and my Polo

Peep my flow so, the Mafioso sell coco

I'm chillin, prepared for all the snakes I might microwave

Chorus

[Cheeba Don]

I keeps it low creepin, the cuban link peepin

I plays the back of the Ac, with the tints half cracked

Blowin smoke thinkin, about BM's and rims

But my left and rights, ain't pushin nothin but some
Tims

Talkin bout (Cheeba), you got flow yeah (Cheeba)

You got dough yeah bankrolls fly clothes yeah

Chickenheads, swearin, they Buttafouco

Just because they got a sixty dollar pair of Parasuco

[?6]

Well it's your franchise, I play Tims and BM's

Knots, twenties and tens, blacked-out P's with rims

I spring drops plus invest in spots

So I can float yachts, while my crew play the lot

Five hundred grand, me and my fam livin flam

Money Boss comin through, with the grand new Land

I play the back seater, me and Cheeba smokin reefer

My crew got bricks, pushin sticks, lookin sick

Chorus

[?7]

Well bust the collaboration, the Cowboys and the
Players

Money Boss from uptown to watch these Bronx niggaz
lace this

Sadat pass that pot, twist up so we can rock

Get this louie and yo Mayor Rudy need to get popped

For any altercations, we bring the beef to the streets

That's word to mother, cause niggaz love the industry
beef

MC's is plastic just like the glock they packin

Makin noise with some Wild Cowboys but not from daps

[?8]

Aiyyo these prophets is makin profits, street
dimensions

Niggaz died to play BM suspensions

Niggaz minds is cluttered, ghetto blocks they stay
flooded

Crack sales prevail, niggaz murdered for half a
hundred

I live amongst players nigga these streets is ferocious

New York, New York -- fuck screamin coastes kid

Fuhrealla, you ain't a killa till you killed the killa

The Uptown endorses, the Money Bosser

[Minnesota]

Listen, like a player got bad bitches, the feds got
snitches

I play these streets for what they worth, BX my place of
birth

Bronx New York, stop the bank, went out and thanks
spendin mon

So fuck a bitch, hocus pocus watch this broke nigga
turn rich

All you clown niggaz banned Money Boss sets the
trends

False rehearsal, all your rhymes sound like a car
commercial

Lay my shit down, world renowned, take your paper

Minnesota I'm that nigga talkin trap with my Players

Chorus

Money Boss and the, straight flossin the

The Cowboys in the, makin noise in the

(repeat 2X and variations to fade)

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