

Tamia

"The Circle"

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[Singing]

I'll always spit this gangsta shit
I'm always G'd up gansterish
I'll always have a gangsta bitch
That loves my gangsta ways
Now and ever

[Romero]

Some call me a dreamer, and it seems it's very hard to
achieve 'em
Some said it's impossible, I find that hard to believe
See I was starvin' wit this hunger to sharpen my stees
We all come up from a circle, surrounded by gees
Fully equipped, money, drugs, bullets, and bitches
Everything I ever wanted I would hustle to get it
Bustin' my knuckles on punk motherfuckers that
wanted to chunk 'em
Bullshit ain't nothin' till someone says somethin'
To someone ain't have it, grabbin' the heat up peelin'
the hammer back
Don't look so happy to see me when I come blastin back
I counter attack on coward ass rappers, who can't even
rap but can act
Y'all still need practice
My story is told and sold on the slums and street
corners
Bangin' beats full of funk you bums are sleepin on us
Ill just keep those names anonymous, keep away from
y'all piranhas always
biting and shit
And my so called homeboys they didn't even buy my
shit
While my mothafuckin haters still alive for it
It's the L to the O-B-O and the low-low minded for 'sho
Armani cologne and some barbershop bout to get
blowed

[Bad Boy]

Don't approach me dude, I'm not in the mood
Im fightin' the mind and if I lose I'll be out of my noose
I left school just to ride with the crew, lighting a few

Tryin to do whatever life tries in cube
Im not you so you can't be me I'm MVP, you ain't scarin
nobody with your
MVP'S, I'm high grade the ice alone dipped in the grave
The prograde and I put that on life that I will not
change
I'm not the same cat, witness the power of the brain cat
Only the wise willing to stare me when I say that
Only the light will teach me what the brain can't
The only prize stays in the same man
My name tatt it's all related to the same crap
I know I'm not a killa and I don't intend to change that
Don't make me have to bring the game back
You fuck around and get your plates tapped or get your
plates capped

[Romero]

We all came up from a circle surrounded by Gees
Killaz,dealers, and ballers playin parts in your dreams
All in a circle all of our anger, all of our verses
All for one purpose, to this mob that will hurt you

[Kishwah]

The way I grew up was rough, mobbing homies was my
circle
Used to handle blocks with 'em until my knuckles
turned purple
But they gave me game at a very young age so I'd
survive
That's real, no lie, its cuz of them that I'm still alive
They showed me to be cold,inhumane and cruel
The knowledge obtained in the streets wasn't
explained in school
Like how to use game as a tool against some fool the
same as you
I'm the flame and fuel proving there's no change in
rules
We were here before you came and we'll be here when
you leave
City game won't ever change
That's so playas please believe
Hates like a disease, it can't be treated or cured
That's so you take heed to my word, that's why I need
to be heard
I need the whole world to listen up and pay attention
To the lesson I'm about to teach your ass, class in
session
Welcome to How-To-Keep-It-Real-101, first thing is keep
a steal
Never leave without your gun, trust no one cuz no one
should be trusted

Seen the hardest fool, admit to the crime when they
got busted
Never let your gun get rusted, busta you should learn
to clean it
You don't want that shit to jam, understand man I mean
it
Throw a condom on your penis, before you decide to
hit it
When it comes to the AIDS if she's got it, trust me you'll
get it
If I said it, I meant it and I hope you learn something
Like to you soldiers with no stripes it's time to earn
something

[Ese Brown]

I live my life right out on the page, read dawg
These are my days
These criminal ways they got us criminal cases
We gots to hold gauges and smoke 0's ain't no
changes
We in the motherfuckin same places
The same thugs, same gangstas the same drugs
It ain't no secret where we from, this Clik to da 1
Circle of guns, sicker than fuck looking for any funds
We spit this shit in front of everyone
Every word is meant how I said it son
You motherfuckers ain't ready for it, but here it comes
This shit is thicker than 1, cuz all my dawgs sleep in the
same slums
Doing licks with the same guns, and we ain't ready to
run
The game is all but a game to some, the game is fun
Until your brains laying out in the sun
You motherfuckers need to stay calm, you see what
happens to fools
That was talking they getting bombed on

[Singing]

I'm always G'd up gangsterish
I'm always kickin this gangsta shit
I'll always have a gangsta bitch
That love my gangsta ways, now and ever

[Adlibs until fade]

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