

The Game

"Drama Is Real"

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(feat. San Quinn)

[20 second instrumental to open]

[San Quinn]

Drama is real, like not wakin up
I'm breakin up grounds when this patriot thrust
Your mouth is on shut, your emotions are hidden
For you to handle your business, you are more than
driven
If you kill it no more standin on that corner like a stop
sign
Everytime you spotted they call it shot time
Not at the gym but in the grim reaper's hands
You important if a bullet hits, injure your plans
This is not an adventure, but a full-time duty
If you seen how niggaz hit the club, they pullin out uzis
Sometimes bruisin and grazin, mostly takin
No more sleep for the shooter, no more of that hangin
No mo' trustin hoes you ain't know fo' ten plus
No mo' smokin with the homies, no mo' late night clubs
Cause the victim, is ready to stick him like a mousetrap
I'm 'bout to rap, you better be 'bout peepin out cash

[Chorus: The Game]

If there's blood on my Nikes I done murdered a nigga
If the stash spot smokin I done murdered a nigga
San Quinn got a hurt for the nigga, it get worser for
niggaz
We take this beef shit further than niggaz
Streets are shady, the Game got curtains for niggaz
All-of-a-sudden-ass killers never heard of these niggaz
Have your whole family cryin a river, we'll murder you
niggaz
We take this beef shit personal nigga

[The Game]

I ain't met a nigga yet could fuck with this rap vet
I'm the realest since I came in the game on Kam back
Rest in peace to Mausberg, gotta live with that
Keep the M2 on my hip, I live with that
Eat with that, sleep with that, come get me

Four-fifty put somethin through your son Easter basket
Six in your truck, get you each a casket
Put termites in your box let 'em eat your cabbage
A wife right here, see if she can weave through traffic
Everybody gotta die, when the beef is active
If you know Game, you know I'll never give free passes
But I give choices, how you want it, metal or plastic
Life is real, pedal to traffic, no spots on my tail
Cops on the payroll so me and Quinn live well
And I can still get a nigger the hill, your bitch as well
Shotgun got mo' punks than shells

[Chorus]

[The Game]

See the Escalade got 'em runnin downhill, snowball
niggaz
We throw vapors out of truck windows, blow our figures
Suede corners out the sunroof, the fifth or the Ruger
Broad daylight, blow the windows out of your Cougar
Move in the S5, plus my, leather dust fly
Spark up a dutch, Game put niggaz in a coffin too
much
Turn niggaz kids into orphans too much, In God We
Trust - nah
Keep the fifth close like Starsky & Hutch
Your daughter cryin it's just {?} tuck, but so what
Blow the dutch, southpaw bust out your whole fronts
Have you eatin soup for months, broken jaw, lick your
shit out of straws
I guess I got that same ol' harm
I ain't for play, the Game is raw
Specialize in death jackets, here try these bullets on
And next time have all my cheese cause if you owe me
Guns O-U-T, we all gon' squeeze

[Chorus]

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