

2 Chainz "Letter To Da Rap Game"

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This my letter to the rap game
Hip hop, I'm a product of the trap mane
Crack came, I didn't know how to act mane
I did what I had to do when the pack came
This is my letter to the rap game
Hip hop, I'm a product of the trap mane
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Wu-Tang Clan, they ain't nothin to fuck, wait
2 Chainz ain't nothing to fuck with
Need search warrants cause these niggaz is suspects
All I talk is money so Chainz is the subject

Came in this motherfucker hundred grand strong
To be exact, grinding the kush pact
Ride with the roof back, live with a suit act
Killing em, so I am dying my suit black
Dear rap game, you are I'll homie
Havin me thinking we were gon' make some real
money
Came from the streets, I'm a beast, capiche?
Lock my dick in the mail by the bills held
And hey rap game, the real comin'
The way I'm murking these niggaz hope your will
comin'
And when you're numb, it's kind of hard to feel
somethin'
I'm the type to get rich and still hustle, yeah
And before I leave let me say this, play this
Have my niggaz dead or in jail like Asic
Face it, back to the basics
2 Chainz on them bitches, looking like Vegas, the
greatest

My worlds coming to an end, speaking philosophical
Six's on the coupe, when they said it was impossible
Got the type of guns to make the city feel
uncomfortable
And we breaking bricks down, till the last molecule
Cherish the horizon, sun blessed party, hey
Thinking 'bout this business, and it's time that I gave

away
Trying to make a plan today, niggaz on there way
Locked in confinement, gotta learn to levitate
And on the inside, my instinct, I survive
All I got left is pride, touchdown, I'mma ride
I was raised as a boss
Damn, I let a nigga take me off
And let him tell Josh that his pops was soft
Mothafucker

Rocking blood diamonds, cooling in the hood with the
goons
Came on this, Cam is trying to buy us some Guccis
It's a movie made, regardless, my crooks is the
hardest
Buying crazy pots and pans, stay in apartments
Bank roll was all we ever needed
While niggaz was weeded, playing space, and
pumping crack in the ceiling
Just fly young with heart, I sift in the park
Made sales, blazed a few shells, yeah who cares who
you are
I'm honest, I make you cry like onions
Stay in your lane, beat the name and we done
I was legend yet, now my papar stretching, yeah, that's
it
Go ask the Rocky Glass, "I class act?"
Villas, moving-making guerrillas, the willas
The guest-star gun fights, squeeze on the squealers
Don't come near me, nigga
If you don't got no money, fear me
Matter fact, move it, ya hear me?

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