

## Noreaga "It's Not a Game"

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(noreaga)

This ain't no game man  
A lot of people look from the outside from in  
Thinking that it's easy man  
You know what I'm saying, not realizing we work too  
You know what I mean, we working everyday hard  
Getting our hands dirty just like y'all  
But y'all think y'all better

(musolini)

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
I pledge allegiance to money, weed, jewels, hoes, and  
big guns  
While you dealing in crumbs and stacking funds  
Squeezing the ones, so jealous sons have em speaking  
in tongues  
Headed for these slums, screaming at the top they  
lungs  
Bitch made cats, find em wherever you at  
Your man in you face will stab you in the back  
Life's a bitch, so rub up and fuck it  
You live your life, you gotta love it  
Six double o, used to whip a bucket  
Left the strip cause niggaz like five seven tips  
Hood of lose lips, iced my necklace to my wrists  
Long with the stones on my fists  
Niggaz hating me, cause I got chips  
Left the hood rich  
Nutin but diamond dis, head from a bitch  
In the back of a thugged out whip  
Why not shit  
Devilish, your crabs ain't shit  
Mad at this, certain gentle wrist

(chorus: maze)

It's not a game nigga  
Me move in and move out  
Most niggaz try to follow the route  
But they can't see what we see

Thugged out like wherever we be  
M-a-z-e, n.o.r.e., musolini

(noreaga)

Now that's that shit that I'm talking about and shit  
Same niggaz that you fucking wit  
Fucking wit them cats that you don't fuck wit  
Whatcha supposed to do?  
Both of them are part of the crew  
Can't choose side (true)  
I don't know, I don't like to go that road  
If that's your click, I suggest that you stay wit them yo  
While say break up to make up  
I say stick together God until y'all cake up  
Bitches meet me at the crown plaza  
On they period, it don't matter  
I'm in the head something serious  
It ain't a game god, yo it never was  
I get super high, while y'all niggaz get a buzz  
My associates that I use to sit and chill wit  
Now it's only family I like to deal wit  
That I like to build wit  
Get high, hold steal wit  
So let's do this, all my niggaz run through this

(chorus)

(maze)

The money attitudes the cay in  
To many snakes in the way  
A getting paid playing laid-back on my days in  
I want to enter fortune but which way in  
Wit out getting lost in a storm  
My pen pages reflect maze  
Why steps from his h on, shades beyond the grave  
Golden braids hang from my physical  
Bitched scare me  
Move mystical enchanting branson weed at me  
I'm like fan of b  
Vanish from the scene in a blur  
But barely seen, clearly heard in my action  
And act civil, my palm sizzle from the heat in my hand  
We're in your land like a hard drizzle  
To reach my pinnacle is minimal  
Sinister style, thugged out, nigga sending you foul

(chorus)

