

## Paris

### "Conversation"

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[Paris]

Still in this bitch, ninety-eight is just another year  
I murder money drama bitches, that fall in piers  
Comin out the city where no pity be a way of life  
When niggaz quick to bust a cap in you to earn they stripes  
Ain't nothin changed in these West coast killin fields  
I seen so many homies die that I ain't got no feeling  
So I handles mine, pack a strap and keep on strivin  
And quick to let these niggaz if it get down to violent  
Cause these haters ain't no friends to me, they make it plain  
But I refuse to be a victim of these ghetto games  
Break away from all the stress, bullshit and aggravation  
And now I'm quick to blast if you want a confrontation  
But it seem like every time I turn around it's drama  
Hella flowers, coffee drinkin, and cryin momma  
Somethin tellin me this madness ain't gon' never stop  
So I keep strivin fo' the top

[Chorus]

Now everything you think you seein might not be the truth  
Understand these cowards fold when these niggaz shoot  
Understand this rap shit is just another way  
Just another lick where motherfuckers gettin paid  
It really ain't the same as it was in the past  
Back when shit was new, niggaz thought that it would last  
Understand this rap game is just another front  
Just another way for motherfuckers comin up, and it's like that

[Paris]

So what's the ticket out the ghetto for these young players  
Slangin dope, playin ball or bein rhymesayers  
They want the money fast, FUCK SCHOOL, that ain't what's happenin

So some of them niggaz got together and they started rappin  
And it would be like who the tightest on the microphone  
Makin demos in the basement of they momma's home  
And 'fore you know it niggaz got theyself a record deal  
And now they makin money, doin what they love for real  
Limosines, fast cash, and autographs  
Groupie hoes after every show be workin the staff  
And magazines givin love cause they shit is best  
Unless of course it's The Source and you from the West  
Now momma's braggin cause they baby's on the television  
And they livin every day, like it's Thanksgiving  
But you know, what they say if it sound too good  
to be true it probably is that's the music biz

[Chorus]

[Paris]  
I'm 28 and I've been in the game since '86  
World tours, cash money, and hella hits  
Done seen these rap stars disappear like civil rights  
And go from po' to rich to po' again, overnight  
So many perils in this game if yo' team is faulty  
That's why my lawyer keep these motherfuckin devils  
off me  
And freak bitches be, quick to set you up by playin  
that pussy game like, you the daddy or you rapin  
See dumb niggaz get they money took, tryin to be  
that motherfucker on the television out with Robin  
Leach  
A couple of cars, hella clothes, and before you know it  
That nigga to' back, hella broke with nuttin showin  
So here's a little game from a homey that's still playin  
The mo' shit you see a nigga with, the mo' he payin  
In this rap life, nuttin what it seem to be  
I hope you motherfuckers feel me, that's reality

[Chorus x2]

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