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## **SheDaisy** "It's Not A Game"

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(Noreaga)

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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)

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