

## Day Lyrics by Schwartz Stephen

### "Game Round"

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[Chorus]

Ever since we came round in 84 alotta shit done came down

Alotta shit done changed now, lotta niggas game round

Lotta niggas hang now, lotta niggas bang now  
You startin to get the fame now?

[Verse One]

I just want the change now but how this sposed to change now?

Been fuckin em up on the block but a deck ain't even some change now

So it ain't so strange now, they poppin at my Range now  
I just want some grains out nigga check my strangs out  
Metalbrook, Moonlight, Marcus where we hang out  
Banged out by the day pound but by the night make bullets rang out

I'm markin niggas banged out

Rey Loc, Jayo, my Crip and Blood homies got love from every fuckin gang now

[Verse Two]

My niggas go the same route, we been peeped this game out

Hoodstas Rich Roll! I'm 4-7 Banged out

They loccin shit we ain't about the Locust Crip we came out

Crip talkin and walkin and my blue strings hang out  
Bitches scream my name out, the hood turned this game out

Niggas peep my strangs out so I pull my thangs out  
(Nigga let me do my thang now) tell these fools the name now

Notorious Dulow mutha fuckin Gang, clown

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Three]

Ever since these fag niggas came around the game been fucked and watered down

L-O-C-O when I'm platinum now, ya'll mutha fuckas  
gettin slaughtered now  
You're platinum do I feel ya now, hell naw cuzz, nigga  
bout to kill ya now  
Y'all niggas ain't never gon be shit, but the house on  
the West Coast is  
still the sound  
Fuck that nigga get back feel my rounds  
Hit bitch, hit licks here kiss the ground  
When ya see a nigga killa bout to hit the ground  
Ya mutha fuckas know how my spittin sounds  
Get rich, get flipped nigga this is Crip, anybody test  
that get pistolwhipped  
That's me and I'm still gonna down em  
And set ya like fuck the world mutha fuckas this is Crip  
Get chips, get rich wit this nigga we come around  
nigga hit with this  
Nigga so jealous he done went and slit his wrist  
cuz y'all niggas ain't doin shit wit this  
See Bullet Loc and get even bitch, it might even be  
deceivin bitch  
And bullshit we ain't beleivin bitch  
when shit get thick y'all leave it quick  
Get out the game you got the same sound  
still gettin beats from the same clown  
Don't look now niggas puttin it down  
You've been shakin in ya boots since we came around  
Nigga let me do my thang now (Tell these fools the  
name now)  
Notorious DuLow mutha fuckin Gang, clown

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Four]

Now think about it logically and see how it's soundin  
odd to me  
This niggas a fuckin poodle and I'm hearin he's talkin  
bout plot to me  
Niggas talkin bout boxin me, better be talkin bout  
poppin me  
Choppin me, glockin me, finally fuckin stoppin me  
Now that's some shit I got to see, Dulow Gang was  
prophecy  
Meant to be so it's got to be, niggas hard well not to me  
Heard how I rock a beat click click and pop my heat  
Droppin G's, poppin keys 2001 still poppin peas

[Verse Five]

Nigga ain't no stoppin me so listen to my prophecy  
Did time to pop em see in the penitentiary  
Bang when they mention me, spit so vividly

None niggas feelin me, none niggas killin me  
We goin on a killin spree nigga check your history  
Hoodstas ain't no mystery, never ball your fist at me  
Bring supreme to twist wit me, niggas slit they wrist for  
me  
This bitch blew a kiss at me now his ass is history

[Chorus 2x]

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