

Spice 1

"Too Deep in The Game"

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Livin in a world hardcore,
Niggaz be dumpin on them foes,
Catching cases highspeed chases,
40 gz and 2 kilos, give me everything,
'cause I ain't all the world seem,
Seen to much mother fuckin gangsta shit and sucked
up the game,
Times are savage,
Hardcore playaz ain't your average,
Trunk full of triple beams,
And the schemes of cream and cabbage,
Niggaz die for dead presidents on a green peice of
paper,
With the smash down for the cash niggaz that was in
my thug nation.
Try to scalp all fuck half the world I want it all!
But I'm bustin at u niggaz,
With my back against the wall.

Fuck u bitch ass niggaz, lil trick ass niggaz,
Make your name up in my mouth taste like shit ass
niggaz,
See myself a smokin pistol, when I look in the mirror,
Its like a hologram picture of a tired up niggaz
(ahahaha)
You never really really know the game,
'cause every time a nigga look up, the shit a changed,
Chorus
Nigga I wake up in the morning with a hustle and
game,
Stick a needle in my vain,
Eatch injecting the game,
Tired all thugged out,
Fuck the money fuck the fame,
Try to make it happen mother fucker,
'cause we too deep in the game.

Verse 2

Its time to make it happen get paid,
Its that nigga s y a s k,
Tag- teamin for high screamin, plates in the a.

There slackers they slangin all day.
Until the players rock and get paid,
Like on the ground face down, break yourself,
Dont fuck around, and get sprayed,
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? paper.
Im on paper,
Leavin fakers with the fakers,
Like loaded pistols to their faces,
I told my family as soon as I get the dough,
Im on my way back home,shit across the border
Like hard ? standon like noreaga the money maka,
Scott free across the sea,
Sippin cone whiskey, with the miggy gz gz.
Cold red fantasies, board a bocin,
Kick back floating across the ocean.
Like the black lack triple ds the mack,
Slanging the niggaz like keys of crack,
Back for opportunities,
'cause our niggas sees is scratched,
Playing for keeps,
Addicted to getting it for quitting it,
Like the junkies hop fiends,
Chorus:

Nigga I wake up in the morning with a hustle and
game,
Stick a needle in my vain,
Eatch injecting the game,
Tired all thugged out,
Fuck the money fuck the fame,
Try to make it happen mother fucker,
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Verse 3

U sound crackin mad 'cause I ain't getting no younger,
And eatch mother fuckin poe poes that ain't getting my
dough,
Roll a hummer for the summer,
Rad katty in the fall,
Keep my mind on my money,
Platinum plats on the wall,
U niggaz know I wont be fucking around,
Im bout the cash,
And I hope u know I'm all about action,
And down to blast,
What the fuck u think,
My homies are killas and drug dealers,
Use pills for sinuses,
Crash homes and dome niggaz,
Break bones and stoned niggaz.

Where u had to be ? ? ?

Got gome ? ? ? niggaz getting toed out,

Just dipping just getting niggaz twited up, smoked up.

On a mission for the cash, cant be stuck up we mashed.
Were protection the money figures, protectiing them
with triggaz

City under seige, probably distruged, because some
foes are killas,

But no body claimin 'cause their fobutaded niggaz,

Chorus.

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