

## **Lewis Gary**

### **"Drama Az Usual"**

Visit "[Drama Az Usual](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[First Verse]

I been, through many ghetto wars, suffered some  
scars  
Had doggs in different wards headin' behind bars  
Lord knows it's hard but had to deal with the pain  
At an early age, smokin' dolja, mane had to maintain  
Take the strain off the brain, focus my thoughts on the  
game  
Put myself in the position never to be crossed out the  
game  
Put all my trust in no man, so a bitch is out of the  
question  
Headed for riches, gotta get it, fuck what'cha stressin'  
Forget the second guessin', nigga just watch where  
your step  
No weapons in my possession, murderin' done to  
perfection  
Send them niggas back to the essence protestin' my  
nuts  
It's too late to learn a lesson, you restin' sho nuff!

Chorus:

It's hard but gotta come up our, struggle and strive  
STILL  
Drama Az Usual, the only way to survive

(4x)

[Second Verse]

My lifestyle, still crazy fuck how shady it seems  
By my side bes the three-eighty, lady of my dreams  
It's a daily routine, hustlin' to get the cream  
Floatin' teens be totin'  
Glocks fiends be smokin'  
Rocks, porch stocks, and ye, no cut, hit the block  
Keep my shit cocked proper for the coppers  
It's easy for us to operate  
Finger on my chopper for you haters plottin' to kill  
Ain't no stoppin' to chill nigga, I'm poppin' at will  
Reason I got in the field, baby got new shoes

Run up on the menace nigga, well let me feed you the blues  
On top of the hill like I was E-Z gettin' chased by the hounds  
Better known as the P.D's leavin' niggas face down  
Fuck a shake down, believe I'll leave you hurt in suspense  
Before I get caught servin' ye, I'll hurdle the fence  
Ain't no word for defense, partna I bust when I must  
Everyday paper chasin' I leave your dick in the dust  
Ain't no plus for a nigga in this game at all  
Squeeze a trigga with enough force and brains'll fall

Chorus

[Third Verse]

Seems the burdens on my shoulder  
The older I'm gettin' destiny written in dollar signs  
Fuck givin' a scholar with dimes  
Artificial niggas swallow nines  
No love for foes  
I'm pluggin' niggas mean mugg, that's thuggin' for hoes  
Wishin' farewell, is it war that you declare?  
When it's air fare, caps and straps all over the starewell  
I'm havin' my lucky seven, rollin' craps, dogg relax  
Headed for G-straps, partna now it's on like that  
Any feedback and a chrome gat'll bash your brain  
Without askin' names, now you in plastic mane  
Point blank, mash the pain, you fallin' like acid rain  
Motivated by the dollars now you niggas gotta follow  
I told you, the penalty for livin' foul is death  
A solja, layin', many styles to rest  
I bless, the G's in the sky who refuse to die  
I know I ain't goin' out in this game, ain't no rules applied  
Niggas, depend on they tools, supply the handle  
Business, blast first or pay the graveyard a visit

Chorus

Visit [Lewis Gary](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.