

Too \$hort "Survivin' The Game"

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Yeah, Short Dawg in the house
(Survivin' the game)
Survivin' the game man
(Survivin' the game)
It ain't easy when you out here for uh
(Survivin' the game)
Ten years hanging with the cut throats
(Survivin' the game)

Back stabbers, playa, haters y'know what I'm sayin'?
(Survivin' the game, survivin' the game)
But I'm a bitch killa always was and always will be
(Survivin' the game)

If you ain't in the right state of mind don't play with me
'Cause they ain't never ended slavery
You fuckin' with my freedom, let's keep it real fool
Don't underestimate niggaz that who'll kill you

'Cause everything changed and everybody got a strap
Don't wanna be attacked, better keep it on your lap
I'm smobbing in my drop, I'm feelin' like Priest
Super fly top down speeding down the streets

Killas on the prowl and jacking is how
They get paid, pull out a gat and break your ass down
Nigga show no fear, but you scared as hell
And your partner riding which he's prepared to tell

But you don't know it yet, you havin' hella fun
And when the shit hit the fan and you on the run
You better pray if they catch your homeboy first
'Cause if they put him under pressure, he's bound to burst

Into a long conversation 'bout everything you did
No more tusslin', time to do a bid
In that brand new jail that they built for you
Where the smallest little things you get killed over

Survivin' the game
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Ain't no bailin' out, got you mad as hell
Instead of sending you to school, they pay to keep you
in jail
That cost way more, when you do time
When you creep through the hood and kill your own
kind

They building county jails and penitentiaries
They gettin' ready for the 21st century
Computers taking over, money's obsolete
Now they buying all the houses in the ghetto streets

They way we live now, we can't last long
'Cause everyday niggaz gettin' they blast on
Funerals and court dates, plea bargain for your life
You'll be out in twelve years, once a month see your
wife

Now how that sound?
You killed the black man, now they got you locked
down
They let you learn a trade, working years for pennies
All that shit you building, was making white man plenty

Got the game fucked up and you'll never be rich
It's all about respect and they treat you like a bitch

Survivin' the game
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I was born with the skills of a black man
To survive in the streets and keep stackin'
I'm thirty years old and far from done
I don't care what you think, I ain't forgot where I'm from

East Oakland, that's where I learned
Everything I know and when I got my turn
I never came fake on a microphone
I always let 'em know that the town is home

I wasn't born in Oakland, I was born a mack
Stay true to the game, always stating the facts
Bitch you can't stop my mack attack
I know you love this shit, when I rap like that

You never would get me to change my style

I spent 20 million dollars on a brand new house
I got bills to pay, no time to be fake
Eating top rump don't fuck with steak

Don't be jealous of me 'cause it's well known
I could slip in a minute after hella songs
Make one fake album and I'm through
I be a broke ass nigga like you

So I just try to stay focused and do my job
Turn that shit up loud and watch a bitch head bob
'Cause I'm the Too S H O R T
I take a square ass bitch and turn her into a freak

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Now growing old in the streets ain't no easy task
Losing homeboys every time the season pass
Gettin' phone calls, another soldier dead
Sittin' in the car got four in the head

Rush to his mama house the shit is real
Trying to find out why a nigga got killed
I'm about to hurt somebody, give a fuck who
'Cause you already know what you need to do

Kill another black man that's what you figure
Just what we need, another dead nigga
Got your guns you don't want none
You stupid motherfucker where they come from

From the white man, get 'em like fast food
With an attitude to make a nigga blast you
You little violent motherfucker, don't play with me
'Cause they ain't never ended slavery fuckin' with my
freedom

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