

U-God "Drama"

Visit "[Drama](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Letha Face]

If you don't want the drama, bust your gun

You don't want the drama, here I come

You don't want the drama

[Letha Face]

Top chrome spin, whirlwinds, microphone's bend

Some grown men, moan when they sold they soul to sin

Unfolded with thin lies, the aura to make the

papermate fry

You escaped fate, watch the snake eyes

Pre-heat the oven guides, now watch the cake rise

Eight size gorillas in the background, clap rounds

Back down, on July 4th in Chinatown, it's how the mack

sounds

Clown I'm a pound, you're a half-pound

Scratched out, names from the guest list, treacherous

Wreckless, the death kiss, die with a deathwish

Expect this, underwater flow to leave you breathless

My sentences structured to rupture your laser discs

Razors in my fist, swing til I can't swing

Do my damn thing, guns don't jam when I bang

[Kawz]

I went through concrete and bars, still hit the god damn

tar

The love of money got me wanting the car

It's obvious that the game won't change, I still slang

crack cocaine

Got a full plate in front of me

Son I gotta eat, no kids to feed

So I gotta cop something new for my feet

[Chorus]

[INF-Black]

Double tactics, smoke niggaz out like crack addicts

Face, pass it, I storm out wild, straight jurassic

My habits: drink liquor, smoke weed, get bent

backwards

I play the lab, cuz I might spaz with I'll fashion

Crashin' all ya M.C.'s rep and drop classics

Ya'll pretty boppin' get holes right your satan

It's peace and clackin', keep it dirty in the stashin'

You push me, homey, have your body layin' in

Manhattan

Yeah, I'm from Staten, where the streets talk, the block
listen
That's why I keep the gauge I

Visit [U-God](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.