

I've been in this game for years, the name is The Animal
It's rules to this shit

Yea, enough respect
The Bad Boy, Death Row, No Limit
Rap-a-lot, Roc-a-fella, Cash-Money, Ruff Ryders
So-So-Def, The Inc.
And all the incarcerated Scarfaces from ghetto to ghetto
Now introduc'in' to you a new Empire
Quiet Money Records and Hush Management
Formely presents - yours truly

I'm praised for wicked word-play
Emerge from my Earth days
Was boxed in the Bird Cage
Now flock wit the Mermaids
A shorty wop, 'til I copped then I turned age
Saw it unfold, certain laws are untold
Unsolved Mysteries, coffins is closed
A Carnivore trickery, cautions your road
Any slip-ups will be huntin' your shows
So neva get it twisted nigga, keep an Iron Biscuit witcha
Beast promoted, the street's is coded
For the Naked eye times is too deep to notice
Yea I specialize in rhymes, but I peep the bogus
On every known level, I'ma stone cold Rebel
Clothes is crisp, I rolls Gold the Wrist
I was schooled how to tuck, hide and hold the fifth
How to crush, cut, divide and supply the sniff
So if the truth ain't need, then the truth can't be

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Peeps that's into Drug money, Market into rap

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I'm fallin' and I can't turn back

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The street's is ki's

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From base potter to that hard rock white
We all hustlers, live that hard knock life
Some get knocked, and their Hearts not right
Cuffed up in the air, met this charge that night
We all know that the Narc's ain't nice
But.. that's the price when your bars ain't tight
The Beast within release within, you get caught-up lose trust
You don't speak to friends, you lose lust

Rarely fuck, you just seekin' Sin
You know ducks stay glizzly and love to get busy
The stakes is high, the bench is long
A few wakes niggaz cry, you live, you gon'
If you escape, rules apply, kids is born
And the game won't change, it's the same ol' game

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And I can't turn back

And my mind been back was since puffin' on the back-woods
Clutchin' on them clappers, and duckin' from them crackers
Neva been in Nappa, neva fuck wit no Rappers
I'm so gon' wit it, but I'm so long winded
Seen the worst, when I seen my first
Body get caught, I was prolly this short
The victim right beside me, stressed on the sidewalk
But you neva seen a man cry, 'til you seen a man die
The killer shots, the realer the co-op
If you could realer, then it's similar plots
Then if not, you won't familiar, you a squilar
You no dilla you hot, fuck around get the whole block locked
But neva me, I've been Boss playin', cookin' up sautéin'
'Til I saw another dough, I had to force a nigga weighin'
Now in all Black wit the Gloves and Hat
I'm so deep in it, that I can't turn back

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I'm fallin' and I can't -

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