

Game Owe Me

D4L

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About 4 o 5 years ago
I made a promise 2 my momma that I would neva sell no mo dope
And tha world so cold
Where tha real die young
And the hate grow old
But they all die slow
I wonder how it get so close and its hard 2 focus when ya got bout 4 or 5 ho
es
Bout 6 7 pounds of tha dro
Faybo unleashed a roll at tha do
Tha game old
Speakin of tha game no smoke
I always keep 44
They don't know tha life I know
From tha dro smoke
New po'smoke
Maybe no smoke
Whether its my folks or ur folks
Never go broke
Betta owe six with tha smoke they owe me
With my mind and my heart and my soul

Check out now mook-b
Yall know me
Grabbed tha mike since 93
Hatin ass niggas wouldn't let me eat
but I kept it real
Stayed true to tha streets
Stayed down
turned up tha frown
Cuz I knew tha game was gonna bounce back around
Still in it till tha mothafuckin finish
U can best believe im gonna get me a ticket
The game owe me
Speak money
Paid dues to be a five star G
Worked hard didn't get shit free
Made a lot of bitch niggaz in tha industry
Suckas weren't hearin or feelin me
I aint rappin on tha mothafuckin booty shit beat
Now I got a hit bitch gimme off E hey hey

Hit me now
Most of these boys like hangin round
Smokin yay
Plotin and planin
Thieving my trays for all my manes
Used to be my gat-man my errand boy my neophyte
After I-C-E bo-triple-x drop and heat all nite
We made a pact when I was grindin
U was broke man
Im sellin weight and getting money in tha fat lane
We can pop that gat we can pull that steel we can pull that 12 front gauge
When u had blonde hair hoops it is and actin bitch made
My track got hot my weight was up bottom matchin at clay court
5 deep cant get no sleep and constantly mashin on tha hoes
Its D4L mack a therma real feel pimpin
Red snapper fillet mignon and eat and barbecue shrimpin
Limos in tha drive way sittin from tha nite befo
Meter runnin it don't matter
Cuz in getting mo and mo
The game been good to me
The game still owe'n me
In and out I said
So much blood so much sweat so much tear tha game been good

Game owe me I aint gotta lie
Who says a man aint supposed to cry
Lord aint gon put no more u cant stand
Get on one knee and raise yo hand
2004 my mama got sick
Start them bells all kinds of shit
Wanna ride good wanna look good too
Game owe me I don't know about u
Believe it

[chorus out]