

# Game Owe Me

D4L

The game owe me  
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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]