

# Game Ain't Based on Sympathy

Rick Ross

"Reminiscing on that, uh...  
I remember they used to give us that free cheese...  
A big block of that shit  
Yeah, man I'm glad y'all ain't gotta get that cheese  
Man, I thank God my kids ain't gotta see that cheese  
Yo, you know what I'm saying?  
You gotta feed it to them raw. Feel me?"

Renovating the ghettos, moving me elsewhere  
Daddy didn't see pension they took his healthcare  
Affordable housing and they fed us welfare  
Showed us Tony Montana, teachers couldn't care less  
A young prince in Miami, son of a pharaoh  
This is deeper than raps, I can't run from the echoes  
And I hear the screams  
Under my mattress box springs, I still see the C.R.E.A.M  
Mac 11 next to Grammy invitations  
I'm never quiet, tell my niggas all my aspirations  
No more beefing with rappers  
It's just murder or nothing  
New positions to master, I perfected the others  
Niggas shoot for the Magic, never heard of Matumbo  
These are lucrative assets, golden words that will mumble you

This the biggest...  
Corner store was the stage, I needed management  
In a mansion that I could squeeze another phantom in  
Negative people just seem to fail first  
I said I'm a genius, put in the legwork  
You step to my niggas, suggest you stay alert  
No, I've never been lenient, nor a man of mercy  
I stick my dick in her tell her my net worth  
Then we stare at each other and see who catch first  
A pretty chick, she resembles Stacy Dash  
If it was her, she had to kiss my feet and lick my ass  
Pussy nigga want war, til' it's "bonjour"  
Those hitters sitting a bomb outside your mom door  
Got your people alarmed cause we the armed force  
Easy as leaking a song before I go on tour

Uh  
Gang violence ongoing, let's fight our own wars  
Chicago been out of hand, the city lost its soul  
Funeral every weekend or either you cremated  
Homie's son, he been murdered, he didn't seem faded  
Holding guns on the gram, out of my league baby  
Real killers and hitters would rather live nameless  
I got a homie I know with a twenty body count  
Maybe once or twice a month he leave the house  
Older brother, type to get a curly perm  
Pappy Mason type respect for holding thirty birds  
Never was a gangster, I just wanted in  
No longer could I deny that I wanted a Benz  
Booby gave me blessings and a root for me to win  
I showed him my ambition in two different fields  
Also, said I was a rapper, Booby here it is  
Real talk my nigga, here it is