

It's Not a Game

Scarface

It's danger in the streets these days
Man how the fuck am I gon' keep me paid?
Believe me maybe; if I got to die I got to go
This was all never sure cause danger life I know
It was all about the diamond chains, or the ride and bank
Smoke and listen to the Isleys sang
Would I ride the same? Dawg, probably not
Laid back reminiscin on the times I shot
Dare all motherfuckers trippin in them parkin lots
If it was war niggaz wanted it was war they got
I'm a nigga, a real nigga, a quick thanker
that would hesitate to aim and see the chamber
Discharge the cartridges that the hollow-point came from
You can hide but you cain't run
Yeah, and he just started what can not be stopped
And fucked up cause you were thinkin you could not be got

This is not a game
Niggaz want a lifestyle with finer thangs
Hustlin to come up on these diamond chains, diamond rangs
Runnin on the daily out here tryin to slang

Now analyzin all the wrong I've done
I'm surprised I ain't dead I guess the good die young
I put a hole in a nigga head, fuck why run
from a lazy motherfucker cause he flashed his gun
We ain't cut from the same shit, nigga I'm a shooter
If I show I got a pistol best believe I'ma shoot a
stupid motherfucker down, shoot a motherfucker down
Chalk his ass in the dirt with a bullet in his mouth
And I won't lose sleep cause when it come time for me to pay the piper
Fuck it, I've been tryin to meet
Yeah~! So please believe that when it's time to show
I'll be ready with my arms crossed, dyin to go
And I won't shed tears, I'm respected here
And you won't hear things you'd expect to hear
I rejected fear; and I don't wanna be another second here
But the question is, is he lettin me live?

Right here the pros and cons
Cause life's way deeper than the frozen arm
They might streetsweep you if you're holdin on
My Sunday School teacher taught us Job in songs, another soul is gone
She couldn't have told me shit
Cause all I wanna do right here is fold me grip
And she talks to me in codes and all I know is bricks
Learn how to rock me up an O I coulda sold for six, instead she sold me tric
ks
So now I plead my case
The cops all on me tryin to bleed my safe
My pops all on me tryin to squeeze my face
But I'm not gon' squeal so I'ma need my space, back up I need my space
Momma ain't raised no rat
The word got back and niggaz paid for that
Yo' ass got served and never made it back
Your ass had birds a nigga laid you flat, and then he raid your stack
That's how the game is played