

# 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 mayne; 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