

Dirty game

Twista

It's so hard to survive in this world of pain
I feel like I'm goin' crazy so I'ma shell my brain
My niggaz out here droppin' off over rocks and thangs
Mama never told me life was such a dirty game

I hold my glock to my chest, yes my steel is cold
I pray to God to come to rescue me and save my soul
I reminisce on my past life
Ever since I was a young shorty I didn't act right
Live for the street life
Yellin', 'What it be like?''
Nigga we Folks
Money makin' hustlaz from the Westside and it shows
In these past years, shit it's been a hell of 25
Back in '91, I didn't even think I'd be alive
I was sellin' jewelry to rocks, and rocks to weed
Off at the comfort zone G with a fifth of T's and B's
Ready to do whatever, young with a pocket full of cheddar
No thoughts of stackin' just ballin', picture me fallin' nigga never
In this lifetime
But I had to grieve for awhile
Cause a nigga fell off hard but I got my ass back on the grind
And hit the streets like a mad man, goin' against the grain
With dried tears on my face from the pain of this dirty game

Fresh out the pen and can't maintain
Wanna go and hit the block, be on the same thang
Tryin' to serve some cain up in this dirty game
Cause you did a lil' bit, think ain't shit changed
You wrong boy, these shorties out here misled
You fuck around and catch a bullet in yo forehead
Ya heard me?
This ain't the 80's where you get a nickel sack and a hoodrat
A 40-ounce of Red Bull and blow yo wig back
Nigga fuck that, this the year 2-G
Where the toughest muthafucka get left 6-feet deep
So don't sleep, cause the scariest nigga'll pull the trigga
Put 2 in 300 pounds, so that makes you a killa
Oh really, could you be that silly
To think you gon' take over a block where I be ?? nigga forget it
Don't make me have to blow yo brains
In this fucked up world, this fucked up life, this fucked up game

Hey nug, for some reason at night I can't sleep
When I lay down, I keep tossin' and turnin'
There's somethin' wrong but I don't know what's wrong with me
Eyes burnin'
Cause sometimes I burst into tears when ain't nobody home with me
Stress from thoughts of survival just rushed my dome quickly
Y'all better come on get me
Cause I bout to do somethin' so muthafuckin' drastic
Instead of writin' essays like grabbin' SK's
With one of the best ways that I know to feed my family
Cause y'all ain't foolin' me
Y'all people plannin' a way for my people to read my eulogy
I see what y'all bogus ass doin', y'all plannin' on hurtin' me
Used to be crucifyin' or burnin' me

Now you eliminatin' paper currency
Terrorizin' with technology
And that Y2K shit, I don't know why you play with the chosen guys
The wool ain't no longer pulled over my eyes
Gots to get some scratch and I gotta get it soon
We about to be doomed
Do somethin' for the kids before I go to my tomb
Gotta bust this thang and maybe then thangs gon' change
Tryin' to check mine, cause all of it on y'all I can't blame
Maintain, it's a strange game
At times you gotta throw blows for the gold
It's a long road, some of us do shit despite losin' our soul
Got cold flows but it's strange, I still can't get no change
Bout to be insane
Tryin' to pay the bills but still straight causin' pain
It's a dirty game
Dirty - dirty - dirty game
Dirty game
Such a dirty game