

If you don't want the drama, bust your gun  
You don't want the drama, here I come  
You don't want the drama  
Top chrome spin, whirlwinds, microphone's bend  
Some grown men, moan when they sold they soul to sin  
Unfolded with thin lies, the aura to make the papermate fry  
You escaped fate, watch the snake eyes  
Pre-heat the oven guides, now watch the cake rise  
Eight size gorillas in the background, clap rounds  
Back down, on July 4th in Chinatown, it's how the mack sounds  
Clown I'm a pound, you're a half-pound  
Scratched out, names from the guest list, treacherous  
Wreckless, the death kiss, die with a deathwish  
Expect this, underwater flow to leave you breathless  
My sentences structured to rupture your laser discs  
Razors in my fist, swing til I can't swing  
Do my damn thing, guns don't jam when I bang  
I went through concrete and bars, still hit the god damn tar  
The love of money got me wanting the car  
It's obvious that the game won't change, I still slang crack co  
caine  
Got a full plate in front of me  
Son I gotta eat, no kids to feed  
So I gotta cop something new for my feet  
Double tactics, smoke niggaz out like crack addicts  
Face, pass it, I storm out wild, straight jurassic  
My habits: drink liquor, smoke weed, get bent backwards  
I play the lab, cuz I might spaz with I'll fashion  
Crashin' all ya M.C.'s rep and drop classics  
Ya'll pretty boppin' get holes right your satan  
It's peace and clackin', keep it dirty in the stashin'  
You push me, homey, have your body layin' in Manhattan  
Yeah, I'm from Staten, where the streets talk, the block listen  
That's why I keep the gauge 1