

So Much Drama (Feat. Nic Nac)

Luniz

Nik Nack is in the house for the four
My niggaz locked up left a kilo it's good as sold
Stole
Gumbo pot creamery
Rise to the top
My limo even slide through on the late night for that high
I want to zoom zoom bumpin' Loonie Tunes
Candy paint K 5
Bitches I stay high
Playa hate
Callin me a balla shot calla
'Cause I'm slangin' all the major weight
Blam!!
Close the door to my residence,
Po-po start searchin' low, but found no evidence,
They tryin' to wash me an our county like Downy,
Quick to pick a nigga Nack up like Downty,
Don't clown me,
Bitch!!
Dike hoes want to lick my clit,
But end up gettin' stuck in the gut, wit a dick,
Down fo my shit,
Tricks want to get em up wit me,
Because they heard their baby-daddy fucked wit me,
But I'm out on you hoes,
Wit the 10 g belt,
The only thing I'm concentratin' on is checkin' my mail,
What the hell??!! what the fuck??!!
Do you mean,
Your boyfriend is a dope fiend, an he smoked up all my ice cream,
Oops upside yo head fo gettin licked like a lolli-pop,
Let yo nigga cut, where's my shit, now you get lolli-hopped,
By everybody on the turf,
Oh yeah about that skrilla hell yeah that welfare check is mines on
The first.[Chorus: x2]
It's so much drama in the streets,
An I can't tell you why the funk be deep!
Do you really know where ya going to,
An do you like the things that life is showin' you??Fuck around an trust yo underfolks,

Like dope fiends, you leave yo cream wit,
Post, you come back an yo whole bundle gone,
Or this, niggaz add dirt to the list,
Getaway clean,
But one want to keep everything,
He gots to cook it, 'cause we need the good shit to post,
Tryin' to bake a whole thing, this fool claim that the pot broke,
But here goes 5 g's an dubbs,
You can probably catch mo 'cause I chop slugs,
Blood bubbles, so I charge it to the game wit no shame,
Even though we got away wit a whole thang of cocaine,
I got fucked in the deal, sumptin' cool,
(Why meee!!)
'Cause that 5 g's he gave me was boo-boo,
Too much drama in the streets of the Oak,
Niggaz will tell you what they want you to hear,
Not what you should know,
Instead of sellin' mo cream,
Niggaz is sellin' mo dreams,
Lyn' juss to kick it sellin' weight wit no fiends,
Now this is sumptin' that I don't understand,
Why the fuck would that nigga Master P call himself the Ice Cream Man,
Bitch!! Don't you hear the muzik??
That's jankie as fuck,
He musta been off the fluid,
Niggaz steadily tryin' to take shit from the next man,
Don't playa hate, juss give a pound an let the best stand,
It's too much skrilla in the Land,
Fo niggaz to be hatin',
Captain Savin,
I juss don't understand.'Cause when I was a youngsta, money was so damn hard to find.
But dealt wit my young comrads an we was deadly on the grind.
When I wanted to bubble, fools start trippin' talkin' shit.
They never woulda thought I'd be, the mutha fuckin' wit all of the grip.Check this out here you jive ass turkeys
man. Hoe's slobberin-obberin' in
The O. There's only one Mobb man, don't hop on the back of the Ice Cream
Truck an get yo ass booted off.I can't stand punks on a man hunt,
That destroy,
Lay low, 'cause my four-four,
Will make yo ass glow, like Bruce Lee woo,
(Sho nuff)
Since they bigga,
Many figga that I can't throw,
But they don't know about this bole-legged skinny nigga,
Mad because I'm foldin' grip,

Plus rollin' thick,
Still up on that late night loadin clips,
Holdin' shit,
To myself,
Shotgun bullets be bad fo them health,
So save that gang-bang shit on somebody else,
Where I peep thugs,
Have drugs to sell you,
Don't fuck wit the L-you-N-I-Z that's what they tell you,
Peep the murder we wrote,
We roll wit see-Note an Noo-Trybe to fools slide,
At my show because I make the whole fuckin' O hooride
Slide to get the remedy,
M.D.,
Twamp, twamp,
Make you want to pump, pump on the enemy,
Been havin suicidal tendecies the whole day,
Alazae will have a nigga on lock down like O.J.,
(Slang-a-gang-of-caine)
Like the Cubans,
They hate when I'm crusin,
Don't fuck around an get yo life ruined fool,
So take yo last look,
You get yo ass whooped,
Rolex took,
'Cause broke niggaz make the best crooks,
You best look over your shoulder, high rolla,
Wit that cola, 'cause my soldiers come wit mo folks then yours does,
No bluers or blunders,
We fed to head wit mo bread than Wonder,
An strapped wit a Mac-11 an go under.[Chorus: x4]

Songwriters

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