

Drama (Ft. Joell Ortiz And The Game)

Ghostface Killah

Aiyo, where the fuck is that blunt at?
Where y'all niggas hoggin' the shit man?
Two pulls of that shit nigga start gettin' paranoid and shh
Get your fuckin', get your feet off my fuckin' table nigga!
Fuck you think you at home, with your cheap fur on?
Shit look like it 'bout to bite somethin' and shit niggaYo, yo, it was the night before he got popped
Big jars of haze, Cheech and Chong bong in the spot
Tropicana, strawberries, diced bananas
The long dookie fifth, next to the Town House crackers
Mad noise, 2008, a G a game
I'm ridin on ? in the love seat, sunk deep
Long nigga bustin' out they punk heat
I make a massacre, try to rob one of my donkeys
But I ain't wettin' that
I don't wanna send nobody back, violently, fakin' that
Promise you, got somethin' Lord that'll honor you
Blow your little head off while you're tyin' your shoe
But back in the kitchen, Pyrex's
Occupied by the twins, bank robbers with large records
Hard vest-es, '86 ga-ga John ?
Benatar rockin' some frames and fake guns when they rob Sha Born
'Til then they snatch you, axe you
Play the squid-ad, we gettin' at you
And we don't wanna rap to you, it's not kosher
It's not a code in la costa nostra to roast ya
I get a lil' closer
Rock you to sleep, like I got these lil' bitches, come over!
Hopin' you fall for the bait, thinkin' you safe
Have that ass sweatin' like T.D. Jakes
I want the ones nigga, you non-believers you can ask your Momma
Now that's dramaUh, dollar icy from, papi with the scraper, glock with the laser
Tryin' my best not to pop yet but the drop is major
Shot my lil' cous', I do my art to favor, watch this
I never been this itchy, hope these cops just
Get a donut urge and just splurge, you got the nerve to play third?
In a softball tournament round my waist, yeah that's ya word
You bird, I'll put your beak on the curb but anyway
Looks like a good game, the pigs ain't leavin' so I'mma lay
Nice play, just too bad it's your last

Couple bundles of D, and 200 cash that sat you in the grass
I watch the teams line up, shake hands, guess the game's over
Faggot nigga hopped in the Liberty, fake Range Rover
I'm on his (Tail) like, Sonic lil' shorty
Palmin' on a 40, broad day I'm tryin' to dodge a cover story
Look like he stoppin for gas, I'mma pluck 'em, yay
This had to be his most, unlucky lucky day
Two brothers come out 7/11 in Army wear and stand there
I'm actin' like my tires need air
He close the gas cap, too many things goin' his way
So I just cash that, y'all probably think I'm buggin' but hey
I know them games in Lindsay Park is every Sunday, he ain't goin' nowhere
I went home, switch gear, went out and grabbed me a beer
Ten drinks later I'm at Burger King window for a Whopper
Look left and see partner, I hit the stash Blaka!
Now that's drama Who the fuck you think you is, Ron O'Neal?
Tat-tat, what the fuck when that 9-milli peel
(Is it real?) Realer than Pittsburg (Steel)
Yo Ghost pass the toast, these niggas is daffodils
Got butt-naked bitches countin' half a mil', gloves on
Fully dressed bitches watchin' them, with they snubs on
While I'm in the kitchen pretendin' to be Raekwon
Watchin' Rachael Ray all day, I get my cake on
Fiends love me like a Drake song
Rep that Lou' Vuitton Bottom in my back pocket all day long
Black Wall Mafia, Wu-Tang Sopranos
Niggas say they pushin' keys but we don't see pianos
Niggas say they pushin' Phantoms, we don't see the opera
Niggas steady rockin' dreads, you ain't even rasta
Take your New Era off, and reveal
The faggot nigga you are or your cap gettin' peeled
Then we out to Brazil, I know niggas in Negril
that'll chop your fuckin' head off, and throw it on the grill
Take the gold out your mouth and throw it in they grill
Send a finger to your moms and let her know that it's real
Nigga we in the field like Chris Johnson
It's 2010, how the fuck we get six Thompsons?
Top 10, how the fuck you gon' forget Compton?
Every rapper on your list'll get they shit stomped in
I started Su-Wu, I'm the reason for that 5 shit
Came in the game, on that fuckin' "Ready to Die" shit
Sold 9 mil', ended up on some fly shit
Naked pictures, R&B bitches all in my Sidekick
How I be killin' the pussy, should be a hate crime
Got a Blackberry, was gettin' too much face time

Back to fuckin' project bitches, now I hate dimes
All they want is money my nigga, I can't waste mine
I son/sun niggas like it's daytime
Gray cotton Louie sweatsuit, with the Ralph Lauren waistline
Smooth as a baby's ass, and I got that Baby cash
Catch me in the hood, same deals Old Navy had
Motherfuckers

Songwriters

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JOELLPublished by

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