

Heavy in the Game (ft. Richie Rich)

2Pac

(Game's been good to me)
(I don't care what it did to them the game's been good to me) Oh, you tink life is yours?
Life ain't no something you can rap with
Ooh come no ordinary game
The game no something you can rap with
Me's a player you know?
I do not, play in no game
Me just, make money, dollars, every time seen? Now how can I explain how this game laced, plus with this fame
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four seven
Money's my mission, just a nigga trying to make a living
These buster tricks don't want no mail
They spending they riches on skinless bitches
Who'll stay petrified in jail
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket
Jealous-ass bitches, player-hating but we still kick it
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods getting no sleep
But still, I get my money on major, continuously
Communicating through my pager, niggas know me
Don't have no homies cause they jealous, I hustle solo
'Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas, listen
Ain't nothing popping 'bout no work nigga, I ain't no joke
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga
Heavy in the game (Game's been good to me) Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine?
Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me)
I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M.
All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting
For ya take dis ting for joke?
(I don't care what it did to them the game's been good to me)
Oh! Dat's right Well lemme shoot some of this how heavy type of shit,
Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, yousea trick to the game
Waiting upon your turn, so when will you learn?
Ain't no turns given, niggas be twisting and taking shit
Putting they sack down, then putting they mack down
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller
Rule number one: check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game
Be yo' own nigga meaning buy yo' own dope
'Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funk'd with

Be true to this game and this game will be true to you
That's real shit, disrespect, see what this here do to you
That jacking and robbing, despising your homie
Ain't healthy, niggas be ending up dead 'fore they get wealthy
But not me though, I'm sewing something major
So what I reap is boss, that's why my public status is floss
Went from a, young nigga living residential
To a, young nigga working presidential (Game's been good to me) Me nigga Tu-pac always look good
You know that's true I'm look good every time
Ooh, pussy war? Step up (Game's been good to me)
Can yi know I'm serving up blood claat
Playing yi fucking games
Ooh, we take game, we won!
(I don't care what it did to them the game's been good to me)
Any by now, all, yi haffa forget fi we won!
Every time I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse
My only way to stack mail, is out here doing dirt
Made my decisions do or die, been hustling since junior high
No time for asking why, getting high, getting mine
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five sales
'Cause life is hell and everybody dies
What about these niggas I despise, them loud talking cowards
Shooting guns into crowds, jeopardizing lives
Shoot em right between them niggas eyes, it's time to realize
Follow the rules or follow them fools that die
Everybody's trying to make the news, niggas confused
Quit trying to be an O.G. and pay your dues
If you choose to apply yourself, go with the grain
And come the riches and the bitches and the fame
Heavy in the game (Game's been good to me) Boy, ya nah bitch!
Major that's true we look good every time
When we at Beers Diamond
And Tupac drives vintage car (Game's been good to me)
And fi them frame them look good, oh no?
This whole world ya call on
Gonna mass on a face
(I don't care what it did to them the game's been good to me)
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!
Flush it! Oh!
Nobody wan come test me ya know
True them we a drive pretty car
Wanna no part of any ting
And now you wan come drown a gun

But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect
For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up
We look good every time
'Nough dollars, dollars!
Ya know about dollars Them right?
But we nah talk no shit
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?
'Cause action, action speak louder dan words
You know the record!
Don't blood claat ting at ALL

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