

Game Ain't Based On Sympathy

Rick Ross

[Intro: Rick Ross]

Reminiscing on that, uh...

I remember they used to give us that free cheese...

A big block of that shit

Yeah, man I'm glad y'all ain't gotta get that cheese

Man, I thank God my kids ain't gotta see that cheese

Yo, you know what I'm saying?

You gotta feed it to them raw. Feel me?

(Maybach Music)[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Renovating the ghettos, moving me elsewhere

Daddy didn't see pension they took his healthcare

Affordable housing and they fed us welfare

Showed us Tony Montana, teachers couldn't care less

A young prince in Miami, son of a pharaoh

This is deeper than raps, I can't run from the echoes

And I hear the screams

Under my mattress box springs, I still see the C.R.E.A.M

Mac 11 next to Grammy invitations

I'm never quiet, tell my niggas all my aspirations

No more beefing with rappers

It's just murder or nothing

New positions to master, I perfected the others

Niggas shoot for the Magic, never heard of Matumbo[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

(This the biggest)

Corner store was the stage, I needed management

In a mansion that I could squeeze another phantom in

Negative people just seem to fail first

I said I'm a genius, put in the legwork

You step to my niggas, suggest you stay alert

No, I've never been lenient, nor a man of mercy

I stick my dick in her, tell her my net worth

Then we stare at each other and see who catch first

A pretty chick, she resembles Stacy Dash

If it was her, she had to kiss my feet and lick my ass

Pussy nigga want war, til' it's bonjour

Those hitters sitting a bomb outside your mom door

Got your people alarmed 'cause we the armed force

Easy as leaking a song before I go on tour[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

Uh

Gang violence ongoing, let's fight our own wars
Chicago been out of hand, the city lost it's soul
Funeral every weekend or either you cremated
Homie's son, he been murdered, he didn't seem faded
Holdin' guns on the gram, out of my league baby
Real killers and hitters would rather live nameless
I got a homie I know with a twenty body count
Maybe once or twice a month he leave the house
Older brother, type to get a curly perm
Pappy Mason type respect for holdin' thirty birds
Never was a gangster, I just wanted in
No longer could I deny that I wanted a Benz
Booby gave me blessings and a root for me to win
I showed him my ambition in two different fields
Also, said I was a rapper, Booby here it is
Real talk my nigga, here it is

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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