Drama

Spice 1

(kokane)
Ah yeah...(spice 1)
Murder is a part of the game and the jealous got me strapped
Crunch nappy sack, sick homies who got my back
Dead bodies, handcuffs, and house rage
Two and the one up on that dope track, sportin gangsta brains
Me and my homies feelin bail up in the hooptie
With the fifth degree in martin, the car ain't startin
Some haters rolled up fo' deeper than the chevy
Wavin techs up in the air like machine-gun kelly
I tell all my partners to bail up out the bucket
One raised the clout and the other gettin ducked quick
Enough, been rough so I begin to bust, straight dome shots
Droppin got them shakin like they cop lockin
Ski skirt clout smokin down the street
With his player partner beatin up at these niggas up in the other seat
I check myself see if I'm shot, but they don't hit me
Shoppers singin like whitney they wanna fit me
With a full metal jacket, but they don't get me
Not one bullet touch my body, not even nick me
We rushed my homie to the nearest carsa hospital
But it's too late he all felt stiff like a pop sickle (damn!)(chorus w/variations: kokane)
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin to test me
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
I don't give a fuck about you
As long as the pigs don't go step on my shoes
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!(spice 1)
We shipped this spot for homicide, heat emergency
Feelin go perform my own open heart surgery
Because my partner shouldn't died like that
We gotta show my homie love and get them busters back
So we mobb through the ghetto lookin for revenge
But we can't find a soul, fools talkin bout us gettin cold
Behold a chevy with gold deeds
Could these be the headers who made my hooptie look like swiss cheese
Fools musta turned the lights off and let's get closer
Don't let em see you pull your mask down, pull out the dullja's
With tales from the creepin on the hush feelin leave fo' suckers in a dutch
The midnight drama don't stop so if you get some dirt

They'll dig you in the clear, cause player, you'll be outta here
We ain't no suckers, we doin it like john gottie
We left them fools in the parkin lot with open bodies(chorus w/variations: kokane)
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin to test me
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
I don't give a fuck about you
As long as the pigs don't go step on my shoes
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!(spice 1)
We built up out the scene with out a clue
People call the police but that's all they can do
We hit the freeway in a bucket, feelin no remorse
We regulatin in the ghetto with deadly force
And ain't nobody tellin nothin about the decease
Cause if you snitch your family count will get decrease
Up in the game them things gonna be poppin ya, 187 in the style of the mafia
This ain't no business for busters, trick ass haters
Try their pager, jealous cause you livin major
Hit me on my pager, sharp as a razor
And suckers who don't feel me, get the red laser
And sicker than a hangover, fools try to slang boulders
But get snatched out their range rovers(chorus w/variations: kokane)
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin to test me
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
I don't give a fuck about you
As long as the pigs don't go step on my shoes
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop to test me
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
Now I don't give a fuck about you
As long as the pigs don't go step on my shoes
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin to test me
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
Now I don't give a fuck about you
As long as the pigs don't go step on my shoes
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!
Situations gotta stick, drama, I don't give a fuck about you, yeah
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin to test me
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/