

Think It's a Game

Beanie Sigel

Think it's a game 'til them thangs come out
I bang out 'til your brains hang out
'Cause you're fuckin' with a gangsta nigga, a gangsta nigga
Think it's a game 'til them thangs come out
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It was a full moon in the beginnin' of March, 'bout
the end of winter '74
The gangsta was born, introduced to sinnin' and spinnin' women
Cats with big hats slammin' Cadillac doors
Who choosin' hoes, you losin' hoes, you niggaz loose witcha hoes
You motherfucker y'all ain't used to no hoes
Niggaz wanna lo jack, track your bitches, shack your bitches
I pimps up, smack my bitches, you wanna fuck trick your bitches
I duck flip my bitches, get that cash with that extra ass bitch
Plus I keep a gat at arm reach, you ain't no hustler
Yous a car thief, nigga where your car keys?
Crack topic, back block it
Thirty-one long black top it, you can't stop it, gat top it
Black mack, black glock it, blast rocket
Sit your faggot-ass on your back pocket
It's not a game, prick
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They call me, hov' the hustler, dough doubler
Drove customers crazy in the late 80's, early 90's
Now you can find me, girlie behind me, holdin' my mink up
Ice pinkie ring in the air, drinkin' my drink up
Top down, 'dro in the air, blowin' that stink up
It's seldom that I smoke, but it helps my thinker
Makes me a, mathematician about my math
Get celebrity ass, I'm a statistician, rap with precision
Nigga, your hoe chose hov', that's rapid division
Now divide yourself and slide
I, young vito, voice of the young people
Mouthpiece for hustlers, ventriloquist for jugglers
Took it where few went, made a few cents
Don't call me hov' no more, call me "The blueprint"
Sold dope sold crack sold soap sold rap
Bought Bentley's, bought 'em back, nigga can you buy that?
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Purpose for man, worship Allah, then you die
Purpose of my gun, run in yo' shop and take pies
Purpose of my son, raise him to do the same
Clip blazin' it through your brains, strip, use it 'til it's burned out
Benz coupes, jags and trucks when we roll out
Man it ain't no lie, it's real as this four-five
And real as these five salaats, whether we deen or not
Our kids gotta eat, red beamer stops
Where your connects gotta meet, interrupt your cop
Dependin' on the dope size, we slide it from both size
With hammers with hollows you feel we follow we're both risin'
They killed your cousin you strapped and you won't ride and
Don't think 'cause I rap that I won't
Play o-dog in menace and drive-by men
Real gangsters keep a bitch in the wheel, workin' the gas tank
Hoes on the strip, bringin' that cash in
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It's C the young gunner, they call me the boy
wonder
Without that caped crusader, that cake is major, uh
Nickel plate stay with it, except for in school
Metal detectors in school, for every last nickel get moved
Fucked every bad little bitch in the school
Good with math but I skipped it in school
Ankle to shop but I'm sick with them tools
Shit, that's why I'm kicked out of school
Fuck J's by da locker, come and holla, uh
Out on my own, movin' out with the chrome
And can't nobody take me out of that zone, not even A.I
It ain't even a business, it's just the way I
Get it consistently, flip it until the day I'm gone
Scream beef any day and it's on
The same Chris dangerous with a eight in my palm
And been paid since the day I was born
But these lames think it's a game 'til them thangs is drawn, uh
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