

So Much Drama

Luniz

Nik Nack is in the house for the four
My niggaz locked up, left a kilo, it's good as sold
Stole gumbo pot, creamery rise to the top

My limo even slide through on the late night for that highI wanna zoom zoom, bumpin', Luni tunes, candy paint

K 5

Bitches, I stay high, playa hate
Callin' me a balla, shot calla

'Cause I'm slangin' all the major weightBlam, close the door to my residence

Po-po start searchin' low but found no evidence

They tryin' to wash me an our county like Downy

Quick to pick a nigga Nack up like DowntyDon't clown me, bitch

Dyke hoes wanna lick my clit

But end up gettin' stuck in the gut with a dick

Down for my shit, tricks wanna get 'em up with me

Because they heard their baby-daddy fucked with meBut I'm out on you hoes wit the 10 g belt

The only thing I'm concentratin' on is checkin' my mail

What the hell? What the fuck do you mean?

Your boyfriend is a dope fiend

And he smoked up all my ice creamOops, upside yo' head fo' gettin' licked like a lollipop

Let yo nigga cut, where's my shit? now you get lolli-hopped

By everybody on the turf, oh yeah, about that skrilla

Hell yeah, that welfare check is mines on the firstIt's so much drama in the streets

And I can't tell you why the funk be deep

Do you really know where ya goin' to?

Or do you like the things that life is showin' you?It's so much drama in the streets

And I can't tell you why the funk be deep

Do you really know where ya goin' to?

Or do you like the things that life is showin' you?Fuck around and trust yo' under-folks

Like dope fiends, you leave yo' cream with

Post, you come back and yo' whole bundle goes

Or this niggaz add dirt to the list

Getaway clean but one wanna keep everythingHe gots to cook it 'cause we need the good shit to post

Tryin' to bake a whole thing, this fool claim that the pot broke

But here goes 5 G's and dubs

You can probably catch mo' 'cause I chop slugsBlood bubbles, so I charge it to the game with no shame

Even though we got away with a whole thang of cocaine

I got fucked in the deal, somethin' cool, why me?

'Cause that 5 G's he gave me was boo-booToo much drama in the streets of the Oak

Niggaz will tell you what they want you to hear

Not what you should know

Instead of sellin' mo' cream, niggaz is sellin' mo' dreams

Lyin' just to kick it sellin' weight with no fiendsNow this is somethin' that I don't understand

Why the fuck would that nigga Master P

Call himself the Ice cream man?

Bitch, don't you hear the music?

That's jankie as fuck, he musta been off the fluidNiggaz steadily tryin' to take shit from the next man

Don't playa hate, just give a pound and let the best stand

It's too much skrilla in the land fo' niggaz to be hatin'

Captain Savin, I just don't understand'Cause when I was a youngsta, money was so damn hard to find

Hooked up with my young comrades and we was steadily on the grind

When I wanted to bubble, fools start trippin', talkin' shit

They never woulda thought I'd be the mothafucker with all of the gripCheck this out here you jive ass turkeys man

Hoe's slobberin'-obberin' in the O, there's only one Mobb, man

Don't hop on the back of the ice cream truck

And get yo' ass booted offI can't stand punks on a manhunt that destroy

Lay low 'cause my 44 will make yo' ass glow like Bruce Leroy

Since they bigger, many figure that I can't throw

But they don't know about this bow-legged skinny niggaMad because I'm foldin' grip plus rollin' thick

Still up on that late night loadin' clips, holdin' shit to myself

Shotgun bullets be bad fo' them health

So save that gang-bang shit on somebody elseWhere I peep thugs have drugs to sell you

Don't fuck wit the L U N I Z, that's what they tell you

Peep the murder we wrote, we roll with C note

And Noo-Trybe to fools slide at my show

Because I make the whole fuckin' O hoo-rideSlide to get the remedy, M.D., twamp, twamp

Make you wanna pump, pump on the enemy

Been havin' suicidal tendencies the whole day

Alazae will have a nigga on lock down like O.J.Slang a gang of caine like the Cubans, they hate when I'm
crusin'

Don't fuck around and get yo' life ruined

Fool, so take yo' last look, you get yo' ass whooped

Your Rolex took 'cause broke niggaz make the best crooksYou best look over your shoulder, high-rolla with
that cola

'Cause my soldiers come with mo' force than Yoda

No bloopers or blunders, we fed to head with mo' bread than Wonder

And strapped with a Mac-11 and go underIt's so much drama in the streets

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Songwriters

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