

# 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 high I 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 weight Blam, 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 Downy Don'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 me But 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 cream Oops, 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 first 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? 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 everything He 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 slugs Blood 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-boo Too 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 fiends  
Now 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 fluid  
Niggaz 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 grip  
Check 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 off  
I 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 nigga  
Mad 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 else  
Where 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-ride  
Slide 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 crooks  
You 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 under  
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Songwriters

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