Games

Frankie Cutlass

[Featuring Roc City O]

Hook:

Games people play (I want to know)

Games people play (why the brothers be playin' them games)

Verse 1:

Here comes the man of the hour

Never catch me fuckin' with cowards

Rock men from Thug Life to High Powered

Blazin' trees Chinese chicks to Lebanize

Across seas me and Big Frank be pickin' up keys

seize the opportunity to freeze MCs

Recognize who be gettin' that cheese please

I see you watchin' me like Whitenour

You gettin' power

Chickens gassin' you thinkin' your clique is as big as ours

Long time no beef on the streets

Ain't nothing sweet I still walk around packin' heat

You pose no threat you get yourself soakin' wet

Vibes from the mac and the tech

And what we be doin' chumps uptown we call them push ups

Pushed about a thousand grills shit is real (yeah)

I leave no evidence cat's ain't been heard from ever since

And officer, those ain't my fingerprints

Down low I'm scary slide to the back of this

City-O cash flow is miraculous

Mark what I say somebodys got to pay

My clique walk around sick like Doc Holiday

Hook (x2)

Niggas got a lot of games

Verse 2:

A-yo blaze something quick

So recognize who ya fuckin' with

I'm gettin' bricks runnin' with Colombians

While you punk motherfuckers starve on a block

I'm drivin' around spots gettin' mad props

Fuck standin' on the ave gettin' cash (what?)

That's all in the past I graduated fromt he class (yeah)

Every thug get a chance to be the man

I got mines and now this nigga's pissin' in they pants (ha ha)

They scared to death they know it's real here

I murder niggas if not I have them rollin' in a wheel chair

I dare a nigga to step up i bet his t-shirt his sweater

Have holes from my nine beretta

I'm not the one for the postin' up shit

I toast you up quick I have you floatin' in the ocean

I get down like that cause I have to in the Big Apple

Many niggas try to cap you, for nothin'

Niggas be frontin' for fame they don't know the game

All they want to do is leave blood stains

That's why I keep my gat cocked and steady

Like Teddy I keep it on my waistline ready

I'm deadly like Freddie Kruger but fuck the claws

I'm strickly steppin' to ya niggas with the ruegers

"I need my shit kid" that be rapidly repeated

The more shots the more my enemy starts retreatin'

So back the fuck up I'm blowin' niggas out the frame

Maintain before you get a bullet in your brain

I'm that insain nigga from the Money Makin'

All you niggas fakin' I'm a leave your body shakin'

Hook

The streets ain't no game

Rock City will let 'em know

Verse 3:

Now yo fuck the radio and fuck the airplay

I'm strickly underground sayin' what I want to say

It doesn't matter if I'm hurt or not

I'm a wreck shop my way and still get props

That's my word shit is gettin' real with these critics

They always talk about a nigga lyrics

I ain't tryin't to hear it

Everyday the industry is gettin' realer

Sort of like that crack shit being done by the dealer

Brothers gettin' paid under the table

Labels already knowin' who they want to be stable

But fuck it I'm still gonna try to bring the ruckus

I'm comin' through your town Ill Man with the Cutlass

I saw a lot of niggas fail oh well

They mad cause I'm everlasting like a Duracell

Battery don't try to battle me

My mentality is gettin' salaries is all reality

Hook

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