

Casualties Of A Dice Game

Big L

It's Flamboyant y'all
Yeah, yeah yeah, Corleone y'all
Me and my man was cruisin through the streets and everything was flowin nice
The corner's crowded, niggaz must be rollin dice
I parked the ride so my nigga Iroc can crash the lye spot
and I'ma gamble until he come back - why not?
Click-clack, cock the gat back, gotta be strapped
The game was mad packed, mad cats pockets was fat
They playin cee-lo, my dick get hard when I see dough
I bets nothin less than a G yo, you know my steelo
First I was losin then I started throwin headcrack
after headcrack, got my bread back, jumped in my red Ac'
I'm waitin for my nigga to come out of the spot
I see niggaz startin to plot, and I'm far from my block
Finally he walked out, told him, "Hop the fuck in"
On my face he saw the grin and said, "How much did you win?"
I estimated about, 45 maybe 50 G's
My man was hungry so I dropped him off at Mickey D's
Now I'm alone, headin home to rest my dome
Spotted some niggaz trailin so I picked up the phone
Called Bones, I said, "Yo son, I'm on the run
Need your help before I get done
Meet me downstairs, bring your big gun"
I don't believe this, this nigga said he can't make it
cause some bitch is in his house butt-naked
and then he hung up
And this supposed to be my man and he don't give a fuck
That duck sold me out just to get a nut, what?
I'm cruisin fast and they still behind me
The same nigga who I won the money from, and his grimy crimey
It's about to get, real hasty
Grabbed the steel, took it off safety
cause I refuse to let these niggaz waste me
I started to cruise fast, then stopped short and made 'em crash
And now them fags is all bloody from the shattered glass
And one of them had passed, when his face smashed the dash
I was injured too, leakin with a deep gash
I ain't panicked, I was quite calm
Couldn't use the right arm, so I grabbed the gat with the left
Walked up to the car the creep was stuck in the seat

Looked at him, shook my head then started buckin my heat
It's over now, cause both of these motherfuckers asleep
I think I'm dyin, I'm feelin weak out on my feet
but before I got some medical help, I had to catch a cab first
to one-forty-first and Bradhurst
That's where Bones live, walked in the buildin, staggerin
Lookin tore down, shot his door down and beat his whore down
From the look in my eye, he knew he would die
Started to cry, stuck the gat to his head and said, "Why?"
Then he offered me, all of his cheese
then dropped to his knees and begged me please not to squeeze
Then his brains got blast out, he's ass-out, then I dashed out
into the streets covered with blood, about to pass out
The hospital's up, a couple of blocks, I'm on my way but
damn, here comes a couple of cops; I pulled out
and started blowin they started blowin back I'm goin all out
I ain't holdin back, I been to jail once and I ain't goin back
I kept shootin, one shot caught a cop dead in his top
The other pig ducked behind a big truck
I was bleedin real bad, and couldn't stop it
but still had the fifty thou' profit in my pockets
The coast was clear, so I jetted to a park that was near
Seen kids playin everywhere then threw the cash in the air
I watched all of them, run for they share
and all I can do was stare
I got weak and fell on my rear
Now I can hear the sirens, that means here comes the Jakes
but it's too late, I'm knockin on the pearly gates Yeah, casualties of a dice game
Never gamble with snakes
Let that be a lesson to ya
Yeah, it's Corleone y'all
Yeah, it's Flamboyant y'all
Big L y'all, Flamboyant baby, yeah
Big L uh
Big L yeah, it's Flamboyant y'all, yeah

Songwriters

TURNER, RONDELL EDWIN / COLEMAN, LESTER Published by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>