

Game Owe Me

D4I

[illegible]

About four or five years ago I made a promise to my momma
I would neva sell no mo dope and tha world so cold
Where tha real die young and the hate grow old
But they all die slow, I wonder how it get so close
And its hard to focus when ya got bout four, five hoes
'Bout six, seven pounds of tha dro, Faybo unleashed a roll at tha do'
Tha game old, speakin' of tha game, no smoke
I always keep four four, they don't know tha life I know
From tha dro smoke, new po smoke, maybe no smoke
Whether it's my folks or your folks, never go broke
Betta owe six with tha smoke they owe me
And my mind and my heart and my soul
Check out now Mook-B, y'all know me grabbed tha mike since '93
Hatin' ass niggas wouldn't let me eat but I kept it real
Stayed true to tha streets, stayed down, sucked up tha frown
'Cuz I knew tha game was gonna bounce back around
Still in it till tha mothafuckin' finish, you can best believe
I'm gonna get me a ticket, the game owe me
Speak money, paid dues to be a five star G
Worked hard didn't get shit free
Made a lot of bitch niggaz in tha industry
Suckas weren't hearin' or feelin' me
I ain't rappin' on tha mothafuckin' booty shit beat
Now I got a hit bitch gimmie off E, hey, hey
The game owe me, game owe me
The game owe me, game owe me
The game owe me, game owe me
The game owe me, game owe me
The game owe me, game owe me
The game owe me, game owe me

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>