

Loyal To The Game - DJ Quik Remix (Explicit)

2Pac

Now I've got to ask, on a nigga's ass, tell me will they blast me?
I think of an alias in case these crooked bitches ask me
Now, it's gettin' crazy after dark, these narcs
Be like tryin' to shut me down but I'm too smart
Now picture me scared of the penitentiary
I've been movin' these things since the days of elementary
Now tell me what you need when you see me
I'm stackin G's, buyin' all the things on TV, believe me
I got some killas on my payroll, and they know
When it's time to handle business, nigga lay low
Although I'm young, I'm still comin' up
I'm gettin' paid, pullin' raises on niggas when they runnin' up
The first to pull a strap when there's drama
Busta', you ain't heard?
I've been slicin' motherfuckers since I lost my mamma
There ain't a cop that can stop me
My posse is cocked, G, and they don't quit until they drop me
I'm loyal to the game Without no doubt I ain't no slouch and it ain't time to back down
So I jumps in and try to stop-a and watch-a
Slap you cock-eyed like Popeye fucks spinach
Forgotten more shit than most crews ever know, or ever knew
Was born with 7 flows and only heaven knew
For beat the boot sex, the news breaks, the you shakes
Worse, they heard we got more nerve than a 2-fake
Yoo-ho to you crew and you too so you knew
I'm from Jersey and I'm a teen so your block more than you do
Whose the new crew?
Show me your neck brotha', and here's another
Smack your mother's mamma's mother
In the first mob of all those other crack lovers
Back was bitch-ass, trick ass, cluk-clow-cluk-clow
How ya like me then, how ya like me, hey-ho, how ya like me now?
Ow, pow, hurt, don't it? Bow, bow, don't run up on it
The same thing minus "P" hangin' possies like an exponent
Oh yes, rock in slums, ya gots to run it
It makes no sense to smell like shit
If old ass George could be Washing-tons Now I be loyal to my niggas on the blocks, just buckin' the shots
And packin' the Glocks
And dodgin' the cops, and takin' over niggas spots

Poppin' after poppin the fools be droppin', the hoes be hoppin'
On my thing 'cause it hangs like the nets from Above the Rim
You lookin' grim, is it me or him or him
Or be with me, we be together
So what's up? We can do whatever
'Cause real niggas stick together
Till they make it up to heaven
Through the stress, through the hell, through the 1-8-7
The shorter the nigga, the bigga the trigga
The deeper they dig the ditch-a
The Naughty the Treach
Then through to the Pac I brings the Glock I wets up
You fuckin' body, I'm like, oh my God
Did I really shoot him? Yo I shot him
So got him, now I puts the crime behind me
And finds me, a place to lays my head low
I lives doin' my rap, but I dies for my hood row
So all you fuckin' fools better recognize, and know my fuckin' name
I be Riddler to my niggas and I'm loyal to the game

Songwriters

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