

Artist: nore

Title: It's not a game

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(Noreaga)

This ain't no game man
A lot of people look from the outside from in
thinking that it's easy man
You know what I'm saying, not realizing we work too
You know what I mean, we working everyday hard
Getting our hands dirty just like y'all
But y'all think y'all better

(Musolini)

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
I pledge allegiance to money, weed, jewels, hoes, and big guns
While you dealing in crumbs and stacking funds
Squeezing the ones, so jealous sons have em speaking in tongues
Headed for these slums, screaming at the top they lungs
Bitch made cats, find em wherever you at
Your man in you face will stab you in the back
Life's a bitch, so rub up and fuck it
You live your life, you gotta love it
Six double o, used to whip a bucket
Left the strip cause niggaz like five seven tips
Hood of lose lips, iced my necklace to my wrists
long with the stones on my fists
niggaz hating me, cause I got chips
Left the hood rich
Nutin but diamond dis, head from a bitch
In the back of a thugged out whip
Why not shit
Devilish, your crabs ain't shit
Mad at this, certain gentle wrist

(Chorus: Maze)

It's not a game nigga
Me move in and move out
Most niggaz try to follow the route
But they can't see what we see
Thugged out like wherever we be
M-A-Z-E, N.O.R.E., Musolini

(Noreaga)

Now that's that shit that I'm talking about and shit
Same niggaz that you fucking wit
Fucking wit them cats that you don't fuck wit
Whatcha supposed to do?
Both of them are part of the crew
Can't choose side (true)
I don't know, I don't like to go that road
If that's your click, I suggest that you stay wit them yo
While say break up to make up
I say stick together god until y'all cake up
Bitches meet me at the crown plaza
On they period, it don't matter
I'm in the head something serious
It ain't a game god, yo it never was
I get super high, while y'all niggaz get a buzz
My associates that I use to sit and chill wit
Now it's only family I like to deal wit
That I like to build wit
Get high, hold steal wit
So let's do this, all my niggaz run through this

(Chorus)

(Maze)

The money attitudes the cay in
To many snakes in the way
A getting paid playing laid-back on my days in
I want to enter fortune but which way in
Wit out getting lost in a storm
My pen pages reflect Maze
Why steps from his H on, shades beyond the grave
Golden braids hang from my physical
Bitched scare me
Move mystical enchanting branson weed at me
I'm like fan of B
Vanish from the scene in a blur
But barely seen, clearly heard in my action
And act civil, my palm sizzle from the heat in my hand
We're in your land like a hard drizzle

To reach my pinnacle is minimal
Sinister style, thugged out, nigga sending you foul

(Chorus)