

Lil' Flip, Never Let The Game Go

(feat. Z-Ro)

Say Mike Dean, dig these blues..

[Z-Ro]

Here I go again, running off at the mouth about busters
Motherfuckers just mad at me, cause they diamonds ain't up in clusters
Too many times I done paid my dues, giving a damn still paying 'em fool
Could it be the reason I'm so cold in the rap game, this motherfucking pain
I'm screaming Jesus, I need a better way of life
Cause at the rate I travel now, I can't decipher day from night
Still the King of the Ghetto, the ghetto is where I lay my head at
Evade FED's at, and break bread at
These son of my bitches got a nigga fucked up, my attitude is already rude
And too many people make me paranoid, so I wet a bitch and I wet a dude
Straight like that I don't give a damn, I'm gangstafied from Toderhead enough said
Flipping in a gangsta ride and when it get gangsta, a gangsta will bust heads
It's in my blood I'm a mo'fucking thug, even though I know better
My only love is for my guerillas, and for the cheddar
So all you mark ass niggaz, get the fuck up out of dodge
Get your life right with God, then if you want war let's go to war

[Z-Ro]

It be a bunch of drama, on my block
My partna accidently shot his mama, on my block
Trying to survive in the land of the lost, hoping I could at least find me
Cause back in high school, ain't nan one of my teacher reached me
I wan't cutting up in class, I had money on my mind
Visualizing a motherfucking come up, ready to get up and grind
Chasing paper like a motherfucker, me and buddy Ro
Moving ounce after ounce, after ounce of that yayo
Making money what I love to do, but my freedom is pending
And if I get caught slipping, my freedom is ending nigga I'm playing it safe
One hundreds and fifties, and twenties and tens and fives
And ones up in my safe, 3-57 and a 4-0
And a 4-4 up in my waist, a maniac
Trigga happy, and don't give a fuck what I be aiming at
Ridgemont for li' forever, I'm claiming that
(Ridgemont for li' forever, I'm claiming that)

[Z-Ro]

My niggaz be killing eachother, behind these busted bitches
I would rather be spending my time in a drop top, something live on switches
With a sack of that shit, so I can calm my nerves down
Dealing with bitch nigga after bitch nigga, I'm ready to release rounds
Out of the mini-one form I shoot till it's over with, ain't nobody gon stood up
Another one bites the dust I'm throwing that P.U.D. up, nigga what
I'm ready to kill and I'm ready to die, the cause for my life
The reason I'm anti-social, and built a wall around my life
Ain't nobody with me, Z-Ro the Crooked in the flesh
Mo City Texas ain't no fashion show, niggaz come to give me death
It'll be a battleground, with nothing but dead enemies or myself
Cause when I be clicking, I be feeling a strange energy within myself
I never be giving a damn about it, because it be feeling so live
And if I be doing that there, don't fuck with me and take me out of my vibe nigga
Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-fo'
Never gonna let the game go, fa sho