

# Twista, Dirty Game

(feat. Speedknot Mobstaz)

Life, pain

[Hook]

It's so hard to survive in this world of pain  
I feel like I'm goin' crazy so I'ma shell my brain  
My niggaz out here droppin' off over rocks and thangs  
Mama never told me life was such a dirty game

[Lifty Stokes]

I hold my glock to my chest, yes my steel is cold  
I pray to God to come to rescue me and save my soul  
I reminisce on my past life  
Ever since I was a young shorty I didn't act right  
Live for the street life  
Yellin', "What it be like?"  
Nigga we Folks  
Money makin' hustlaz from the Westside and it shows  
In these past years, shit it's been a hell of 25  
Back in '91, I didn't even think I'd be alive  
I was sellin' jewelry to rocks, and rocks to weed  
Off at the comfort zone G with a fifth of T's and B's  
Ready to do whatever, young with a pocket full of cheddar  
No thoughts of stackin' just ballin', picture me fallin' nigga never  
In this lifetime  
But I had to grieve for awhile  
Cause a nigga fell off hard but I got my ass back on the grind  
And hit the streets like a mad man, goin' against the grain  
With dried tears on my face from the pain of this dirty game

[Hook 2x's]

[Todd Nitty]

Fresh out the pen and can't maintain  
Wanna go and hit the block, be on the same thang  
Tryin' to serve some cain up in this dirty game  
Cause you did a lil' bit, think ain't shit changed  
You wrong boy, these shorties out here misled  
You fuck around and catch a bullet in yo forehead  
Ya heard me?  
This ain't the 80's where you get a nickel sack and a hoodrat  
A 40-ounce of Red Bull and blow yo wig back  
Nigga fuck that, this the year 2-G  
Where the toughest muthafucka get left 6-feet deep  
So don't sleep, cause the scariest nigga'll pull the trigga  
Put 2 in 300 pounds, so that makes you a killa  
Oh really, could you be that silly  
To think you gon' take over a block where I be ?? nigga forget it  
Don't make me have to blow yo brains  
In this fucked up world, this fucked up life, this fucked up game

[Hook 2x's]

[Twista]

Hey nug, for some reason at night I can't sleep  
When I lay down, I keep tossin' and turnin'  
There's somethin' wrong but I don't know what's wrong with me  
Eyes burnin'  
Cause sometimes I burst into tears when ain't nobody home with me  
Stress from thoughts of survival just rushed my dome quickly  
Y'all better come on get me  
Cause I bout to do somethin' so muthafuckin' drastic  
Instead of writin' essays like grabbin' SK's

With one of the best ways that I know to feed my family  
Cause y'all ain't foolin' me  
Y'all people plannin' a way for my people to read my eulogy  
I see what y'all bogus ass doin', y'all plannin' on hurtin' me  
Used to be crucifyin' or burnin' me  
Now you eliminatin' paper currency  
Terrorizin' with technology  
And that Y2K shit, I don't know why you play with the chosen guys  
The wool ain't no longer pulled over my eyes  
Gots to get some scratch and I gotta get it soon  
We about to be doomed  
Do somethin' for the kids before I go to my tomb  
Gotta bust this thang and maybe then thangs gon' change  
Tryin' to check mine, cause all of it on y'all I can't blame  
Maintain, it's a strange game  
At times you gotta throw blows for the gold  
It's a long road, some of us do shit despite losin' our soul  
Got cold flows but it's strange, I still can't get no change  
Bout to be insane  
Tryin' to pay the bills but still straight causin' pain  
It's a dirty game

[Hook 2x's]

Dirty - dirty - dirty game  
Dirty game  
Such a dirty game