

# 2Pac, Heavy In The Game

(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)

[all parts with Lady Levi speaking are strictly best guess]

[1] [Eboni Foster] Game's been good to me  
[2] [Eboni Foster] I don't care what it did to them  
The game's been good to me

[Lady Levi]  
Oh, you tink life is yours?  
Life ain't na somethin you can rap with  
Ooh come na ordinary game  
Da game na somethin you can rap with  
Me's a player you know?  
I do not, play in no game  
Me just, make money, dollars, everytime seen?

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Now how can I explain how this game laced, plus with this fame  
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed  
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven  
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin to make a livin  
These busta tricks don't want no mail  
They spendin they riches on skanless bitches  
who'll stay petrified in jail  
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket  
Jealous-ass bitches, playa-hatin but we still kick it  
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police  
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin no sleep  
But still, I get my money on major, continuously  
Communicatin through my pager, niggaz know me  
Don't have no homies cause they jealous, I hustle solo  
Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas, listen  
Ain't nothin poppin 'bout no work nigga, I ain't no joke  
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga  
Heavy in the game [1]

[Lady Levi]  
Who da bumba claat him a come try take mine?  
Oooh, me see you rushin up [1]  
I throw 'im blood claat P.M. to A.M.  
All, all da bumba come ya take dis ting  
for ya take dis ting for joke? [2]  
Oh! Dat's right

[Verse Two: Richie Rich]

Well lemme shoot some of this how heavy type of shit..  
Certain niggaz wanna stick to the game, yousea trick to the game  
Waitin upon your turn, so when will you learn?  
Ain't no turns given, niggaz be twistin and takin shit  
Puttin they sack down, then puttin they mack down  
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller  
Rule number one: check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game  
Be yo' own nigga meanin buy yo' own dope  
Cause that front shit is punk shit, somethin I never funk'd with  
Be true to this game and this game will be true to you  
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you  
That jackin and robbin, despisin your homie  
ain't healthy, niggaz be endin up dead 'fore they get wealthy  
But not me though, I'm sewin somethin major  
so what I reap is boss -- that's why my public status is floss  
Went from a, young nigga livin residential

to a, young nigga workin presidential [1]

[Lady Levi]

Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good  
You know that's true 'im look good every time  
Ooh, pussy war? Step up [1]  
Can yi know I'm servin up blood claat  
playin yi fuckin games  
Ooh, we take game, we WON [2]  
Any by now, all, yi haffa forget fi we WON  
Everytime

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth  
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse  
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse  
My only way to stack mail, is out here doin dirt  
Made my decisions do or die, been hustlin since junior high  
No time for askin why, gettin high, gettin mine  
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five sales  
cause life is hell and everybody dies  
What about these niggaz I despise -- them loud talkin cowards  
shootin guns into crowds, jeapordizin lives  
Shoot em right between them niggaz eyes, it's time to realize  
follow the rules or follow them fools that die  
Everybody's tryin to make the news, niggaz confused  
Quit tryin to be an O.G. and pay your dues  
If you choose to apply yourself, go with the grain  
and come the riches and the bitches and the fame  
Heavy in the game [1]

[Lady Levi]

Boy, ya nah bitch!  
Major that's true we look good everytime  
when we at Beers Diamond  
and Tupac drives vintage car [1]  
And fi dem frame dem look good, oh no?  
This whole world ya call on  
gonna mass on a face [2]  
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!  
Flush it! .. Oh!  
Nobody wan come test me y'know  
true dem we a drive pretty car  
Wanna no part of any ting  
and now you wan come drown a gun  
But ya see we know, you haffa show 'im MAXIMUM respect  
for when a blood claat run or when a pussy walk up  
we look good everytime  
Nuff dollars, DOLLARS  
Y'know about dollars dem right?  
But we nah talk no shit  
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?  
Cause action, action speak louder dan words  
You know da record!  
Don't blood claat ting at ALL