

# Big Pokey, Swallowed By The Game

(Big Pokey)

Before the streets swallow me, I'ma swallow the game  
Just use your brain, cause you could lose or gain  
The rules remain the same since day one  
Live by the gun, die by the gun  
Got to stain, got to stay move your high to run up  
Blocks or broad, pounds of marijuana  
Mayz and chain, so you cop the hummer  
That was dumb, now you hot as a sauna  
Putting up numbers like a NFL punter  
Now it's losses and lots of fed drama  
Started from hunger, than it switched to greed  
You slowed your roll, than you switched your speed  
You cutting my nigga, and your piss to bleed  
Your game fed up, cause you kiss to lead  
The game got you stressed out, hitting the weed  
They'd tried to tell you but niggas ain't heat

(Chorus)

Niggas in the game you better get it together  
Were the prey, and the streets the predator  
Every move that you make got you clutching berettas and vendettas  
Got you caught up in the mix with cheddar  
Better get it together, cause it's hot  
Stay on the watch, with something cocked in your crotch  
Niggas'll plot, drop they top and mop the block  
With glocks and chops, it gotta stop, but it's not

(Big Pokey)

The word on the streets, is back at home  
As soon as he see you, he gone put one in your dome  
He know where you stay, and you roam alone  
Feelings is mutual, so you know it's on  
On the fate of a call, hitting your phone  
You clutching your chrome, ready to spray like cologne  
Shots release you hyped up, cocked your piece  
Let all your pitbulls, off the leash  
Time to put the plex to sleep  
You on your roof with heat, aiming at the Lexus jeep  
Letting your case squeak, thinking a heat  
But there's a nigga in your tree  
Ready to spit, death in the air and you inhaling the shit  
Smelling the shit, hit it eleven times and ain't ready to quit  
When slugs fly, doves cry  
Fucked up when a dove die

(Chorus)