

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)