

# The Game, Drama Is Real

(feat. San Quinn)

(20 second instrumental to open)

(San Quinn)

Drama is real, like not wakin up  
I'm breakin up grounds when this patriot thrust  
Your mouth is on shut, your emotions are hidden  
For you to handle your business, you are more than driven  
If you kill it no more standin on that corner like a stop sign  
Everytime you spotted they call it shot time  
Not at the gym but in the grim reaper's hands  
You important if a bullet hits, injure your plans  
This is not an adventure, but a full-time duty  
If you seen how niggaz hit the club, they pullin out uzis  
Sometimes bruisin and grazin, mostly takin  
No more sleep for the shooter, no more of that hangin  
No mo' trustin hoes you ain't know fo' ten plus  
No mo' smokin with the homies, no mo' late night clubs  
Cause the victim, is ready to stick him like a mousetrap  
I'm 'bout to rap, you better be 'bout peepin out cash

(Chorus: The Game)

If there's blood on my Nikes I done murdered a nigga  
If the stash spot smokin I done murdered a nigga  
San Quinn got a hurt for the nigga, it get worser for niggaz  
We take this beef shit further than niggaz  
Streets are shady, the Game got curtains for niggaz  
All-of-a-sudden-ass killers never heard of these niggaz  
Have your whole family cryin a river, we'll murder you niggaz  
We take this beef shit personal nigga

(The Game)

I ain't met a nigga yet could fuck with this rap vet  
I'm the realest since I came in the game on Kam back  
Rest in peace to Mausberg, gotta live with that  
Keep the M2 on my hip, I live with that  
Eat with that, sleep with that, come get me  
Four-fifty put somethin through your son Easter basket  
Six in your truck, get you each a casket  
Put termites in your box let 'em eat your cabbage  
A wife right here, see if she can weave through traffic  
Everybody gotta die, when the beef is active  
If you know Game, you know I'll never give free passes  
But I give choices, how you want it, metal or plastic  
Life is real, pedal to traffic, no spots on my tail  
Cops on the payroll so me and Quinn live well  
And I can still get a nigga the hill, your bitch as well  
Shotgun got mo' punks than shells

(Chorus)

(The Game)

See the Escalade got 'em runnin downhill, snowball niggaz  
We throw vapors out of truck windows, blow our figures  
Suede corners out the sunroof, the fifth or the Ruger  
Broad daylight, blow the windows out of your Cougar  
Move in the S5, plus my, leather dust fly  
Spark up a dutch, Game put niggaz in a coffin too much  
Turn niggaz kids into orphans too much, In God We Trust - nah  
Keep the fifth close like Starsky & Hutch  
Your daughter cryin it's just {?} tuck, but so what  
Blow the dutch, southpaw bust out your whole fronts  
Have you eatin soup for months, broken jaw, lick your shit out of straws

I guess I got that same ol' harm  
I ain't for play, the Game is raw  
Specialize in death jackets, here try these bullets on  
And next time have all my cheese cause if you owe me  
Guns O-U-T, we all gon' squeeze

(Chorus)