

# Too Short, Survivin The Game

Yeah short dawg in the house  
Survivin the game man, it ain't easy when  
You out here for uh ten years hanging with the cut-throats  
Back stabbers, playa haters y'know what i'm sayin?  
But i'm a bitch killa always was, and always will be

If you ain't in the right state of mind don't play with me  
Cause they ain't never ended slavery  
You fuckin with my freedom, let's keep it real fool  
Don't underestimate niggaz who'll kill you  
Cause everything changed, and everybody got a strap  
Don't wanna be attacked keep it on your lap  
I'm smobbing in my drop, smiling like priest  
Superfly top down speeding through the streets  
Killas on the prowl, and jacking is how  
They get paid pull out a gat and break your ass down  
Nigga show no fear, but you scared as hell  
And your partner riding with you is prepared to tell  
But you don't know it yet, you havin hella fun  
And when the shit hit the fan and you on the run  
You better pray if they catch your homeboy first  
Cause if they put him under pressure, he bound to burst  
Into a long conversation bout everything you did  
No more tusslin, time to do a bid  
In the brand new jail that they built for you  
Where the smallest little thing you get killed over

(survivin the game)

Ain't to bailin out, you mad as hell  
Instead of send you to school, they keep you in jail  
That cost way more, when you do time  
When you creep through the hood and kill your own kind  
They building county jails, and penitentiaries  
They gettin ready for the motherfucking 21st century  
Computers taking over, money's obsolete  
Now they buying all the houses in the ghetto streets  
They way we live now, we can't last long  
Cause everyday niggaz gettin they blast on  
Funerals and court dates, plea bargain for your life  
You'll be out in twelve years, once a month see your wife  
Now how that sound?  
You killed the black man, now they got you locked down  
They let you learn a trade, working years for pennies  
And that shit you building, was making white man plenty  
Got the game fucked up, and you'll never be rich  
It's all about respect and they treat you like a bitch

(survivin the game)

I was born with the skills of a black man  
To survive in the streets and keep stackin  
I'm thirty years old, and far from done  
I don't care what you think, i ain't forgot where i'm from  
East oakland / and that's where i learned  
Everything i know, and when i got my turn  
I never came fake on a microphone  
I always let em know that the town is home  
I wasn't born in oakland, i was born a mack  
Stay true to the game, always stating the facts  
Bitch you can't stop my mack attack  
I know you love this shit, when i rap like that  
You never would get me to change my style  
I spent 20 million dollars on a brand new house

I got bills to pay, no time to be fake  
Eating top rump don't fuck with steak  
Don't be jealous of me, cause it's well known  
I could slip in a minute after hella songs  
Make one fake album and i'm through  
I be a broke ass nigga like you  
So i just try to stay focused and do my job  
Turn that shit up loud and watch a bitch head bob  
Cause i'm the too s-h-o-r-t  
I take a square ass bitch and turn her into a freak

(survivin the game)

Now growing old in the streets aint no easy task  
Losing homeboys every time the season pass  
Gettin phone calls, another soldier dead  
Sittin in the car got four in the head  
Rush to his mama house the shit is real  
Trying to find out why a nigga got killed  
I'm about to hurt somebody, give a fuck who  
Cause you already know what you need to do  
Kill another black man that's what you figure  
Just what we need, another dead nigga  
Got your guns you don't want none  
You stupid motherfucker where they come from  
From the white man, get em like fast food  
With an attitude to make a nigga blast you  
You little violent motherfucker don't play with me  
Cause they ain't never ended slavery fuckin with my freedom

(survivin the game)