Game Aint Changed

AZ

Return of the vagina, verbal flame thrower,
Champagne rover, patron hang over.
Low sofa, leathers, high ceilings, alarms
Gold tokers, Chedder, designed with the frost.
The boss, million, squeeze on no civilians,
Chamillion, knock niggas off, in the cold building.
Till then, Brownsville, LA houses,
Living disciples, kanarsee, banners, grace towers,
We raise hours of power, pass on traditions.
Never no cowards into rap with the friction,
Condition, hood pass vouche free admission.
Listen, its either or crack audition.
[?] Move like the book on the board,
Right palm placed on the book of the lord.
Recite songs, when niggas get took to the morgue,
Enbalmed in box, either you armed or not.

The game ain't changed, just the name of the players
The mayor, street smart set apart the stayers
No favors, every man standing in for self,
What else, nigga's ain't heard, nigga's is felt.
The game ain't changed, just the name of the players

There's special units, set up for nigga's doing this
Some niggas is groomed in it, other niggas just ruin shit.
Who the snitch telling, knocking niggas for nothing,
Since there chick is on another nigga dick and she fucking.
Its disgusting, so now you really know I'm ducking,
To the desert, knees squeezing, I'm begging for a reason.
Got 11 little heaters and they certified demons,
I'm pleading, please no involving the police man.
We beefing, the silence is the cold when you creeping.
Sleeping, I'm seeking for something to sink my teeth in,
Its murder, murked the monday, ill be back before the weekend.
Beastin, feel like homie when he high,
Macoroni till I die, you only got one try.

The game ain't changed, just the name of the players
The mayor, street smart set apart the stayers
No favors, every man standing in for self,
What else, nigga's ain't heard, nigga's is felt.
The game ain't changed, just the name of the players

Mary go round, here we go round,
From every angle, hitting like stereo sound.
Chit chatting laying my scenario down.
Manhatten, boogie down, they all yapping in the town.
Bodied little homie, he's now buried in the ground,
So many tears, the nigga could have drowned.
So many years, from hopping on the hound
Till hopping in the coupe, guess they rocking for the crown.
King of the city, its a thing when you pretty,
Feel like nitty, he was here right with me.
Knew it had to happen, but who did the clapping,
knew in he was napping, the names ain't matchin.
Mad ain't the word, had to spazz on a bird,
Know what when it sound on a curb, had to blast on a herb,

Kill me nigga, its quiet like a whisper,
Fly like a slipper, damn a nigga miss ya.

The game ain't changed, just the name of the players
The mayor, street smart set apart the stayers
No favors, every man standing in for self,
What else, nigga's ain't heard, nigga's is felt.
The game aint changed, just the name of the players

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!