This song is dedicated to my man Tupac Shakur, rest in peace!! Notorious B.I.G., rest in peace!! And all my other homies that have died in the madness called street life Rest in peace!!

I'ma straight up G, let's not pretend Dedicated to, all of my friends On the East and the West Coast Gotta let this drama go

Nineteen eighty six, deep in the mix me and my team out for cream and jewel-liks the faster, the better, blood, leather, the baby sledge Case hitters - me, I'm the point man Give less than a damn about anything, just let my hammer swing Come up, give me my cut - what? Girls don't mean nothin' to me, don't push the button on me Out for the twist, ya nastically nasty G Basically makin' me anti-social individual, too hype Recognize the type? Then a music called hip-hop came along and saved my life I had a story to tell about my knowledge of hell \$2.50 for a book, listen and look, now let's do some Math A gun and a hand, plus an angry man, minus love equals and me, the sky's blue and they rags toe-tags and body bags - y'all feel me? Is it too real G? Brothers say drop some heat T Absoultely, everything's goochie since we realized this games' the only one we got left Hip-hop's become the game of death Some of y'all busters out there tryin' to waste up It would've took some of us hustlers all this time to lace up

I'ma straight up G, let's not pretend Dedicated to, all of my friends On the East and the West Coast Gotta let this drama go

Ok, let me break it down, they got the one strike law You go in, you reach the other two before you know what happen to you - game's over dude On the next page, they got power in effect while you two rednecks waitin' to see which one of us kills the next brother next Think about it too long'll make you sick Believe me the last thing they wanna see is us risin' economically, astronomically it could happen homie - follow me Hip-hop's the black goal - mind and soul refined as we roll, another ghetto story is told I stopped flippin' ki's in eighty three They need a time machine to carcerate me I'm square as a pool table, twice as green, know what I mean? flippin' from heat, the legal green, the hip-hop scene Beef, the only beef I got is the steak I'm tryin' to eat from the players elite East, West, North, South, Moon, Star

I'm gonna ball wherever the chips are
I hope y'all players listen, ain't out there hatin' and dissin'
Y'all know the game is to be sold and not told
I should be takin' a collection, this time I'll make an exception
I've just been here for the start of this
I gotta come from the heart for this

I'ma straight up G, let's not pretend Dedicated to, all of my friends On the East and the West Coast Gotta let this drama go

Some nights I lay awake tryin' to analyse and anticipate the moves of the fakes Wonder if the cancers' in too deep - can't sleep Tryin' to diagnose the poison that's increased injected into a pure hustle born on city streak Migranes fill my brain as I reach toward the realm of the insane Wishin' and prayin' that another brother gets to live the life that I got to play in Tryin' to represent to the fullest I gotta come hard y'all, no time to pull it Y'all fools think illin' and tearin' up hip-hop is the thing to do G? I'm paid I don't need rap no more fool I make a movie Y'all tryin' to lose me And to y'all suckers with your afrobatic, player hatin' tatics tryin' to jump over the bree and plannin' and hustlin' I've been corporatin' to this music over these years Y'all will fall victim to your own lies and the P.I. will continue to rise, over your eyes kid This games' immaculate, dramas' irrelevant - stay sucker reppellin' Invent, incoporate, parlay, play And I got no reason to lie to you

I'ma straight up G, let's not pretend Dedicated to, all of my friends
On the East and the West Coast
Gotta let this drama go
I'ma straight up G, let's not pretend
Dedicated to, all of my friends
On the East and the West Coast
Gotta let this drama go