

Can't Get Out Of The Game

Lady Wray

Knew this girl, from my hood
Coming up, she was young
For her sake, I won't mention no names
But she was ready for trouble
Only child, running wild, 17 in the mix
To the fiend's and the gangster's
Like a fool, she fell in love with a hustler
Not afraid, played the game
It was sold, never told
So she played, anyway, that she could
Cause all she knew was the struggle
Ain't no doubt, baby girl, was to lost and turnt out
But she prayed, anyway, every night, wondering where did the love go

And so she can't get out of the game
She's crying all the time, and she can't stop
But, she don't know what else to do
She don't know else to do

And when that, little girl, took a ride, with this dude
That she thought, was her man
But didn't understand, that he didn't love her
You could tell, by the look, in his eyes
That this guy, he was colder, than ice
And drive her in the hood, but never let her go
So they stopped, at the light, they were smoking and drinking
Never noticing, creeping up slow, was a blue El Dorado
Within a blink, of an eye, threw the passenger side, of his ride
Shots fired, and she cried, all you could see, was the blood flow
She's in trouble

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