

## Drama

### Spice 1

(kokane)

Ah yeah

Murder is a part of the game and the jealous got me strapped  
Crunch nappy sack, sick homies who got my back  
Dead bodies, handcuffs, and house rage  
Two and the one up on that dope track, sportin' gangsta brains  
Me and my homies feelin' bail up in the hooptie  
With the fifth degree in martin, the car ain't startin'  
Some haters rolled up fo' deeper than the Chevy  
Wavin' techs up in the air like machine-gun kelly  
I tell all my partners to bail up out the bucket  
One raised the clout and the other gettin' ducked quick  
Enough, been rough so I begin to bust, straight dome shots  
Droppin got them shakin' like they cop lockin'  
Ski skirt clout smokin' down the street  
With his player partner beatin up at these niggas up in the other seat  
I check myself see if I'm shot, but they don't hit me  
Shoppers singin like Whitney they wanna fit me  
With a full metal jacket, but they don't get me  
Not one bullet touch my body, not even nick me  
We rushed my homie to the nearest carsa hospital  
But it's too late he all felt stiff like a pop sickle (damn!)

Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin to test me  
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!  
I don't give a fuck about you  
As long as the pigs don't go step on my shoes  
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!

We shipped this spot for homicide, heat emergency  
Feelin' go perform my own open heart surgery  
Because my partner shouldn't died like that  
We gotta show my homie love and get them busters back  
So we mobb through the ghetto lookin' for revenge  
But we can't find a soul, fools talkin' bout us gettin' cold  
Behold a chevy with gold deeds  
Could these be the headers who made my hooptie look like swiss cheese  
Fools musta turned the lights off and let's get closer  
Don't let em see you pull your mask down, pull out the dullja's  
With tales from the creepin' on the hush feelin' leave fo' suckers in a dutch  
h  
The midnight drama don't stop so if you get some dirt  
They'll dig you in the clear, cause player, you'll be outta here  
We ain't no suckers, we doin' it like john gottie  
We left them fools in the parkin' lot with open bodies

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We built up out the scene with out a clue  
People call the police but that's all they can do  
We hit the freeway in a bucket, feelin' no remorse  
We regulatin' in the ghetto with deadly force

And ain't nobody tellin' nothin' about the decease  
Cause if you snitch your family count will get decrease  
Up in the game them things gonna be poppin' ya,  
187 in the style of the mafia  
This ain't no business for busters, trick ass haters  
Try their pager, jealous cause you livin' major  
Hit me on my pager, sharp as a razor  
And suckers who don't feel me, get the red laser  
And sicker than a hangover, fools try to slang boulders  
But get snatched out their range rovers

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Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!  
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop to test me  
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!  
Now I don't give a fuck about you  
As long as the pigs don't go step on my shoes  
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!  
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin' to test me  
Got me caught up in this drama, yeah!  
Now I don't give a fuck about you  
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Situations gotta stick, drama, I don't give a fuck about you, yeah  
Situations gotta stick, I got my own cop tryin' to test me  
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