

# Happy Ru Year

## The Game

Bleed the block with a pocket full of rocks  
Rag on my face, hundreds balled in my socks  
Breached-up khakis, Cutlass on stocks  
Bickin' back, bein' bool, got the drop on the opps  
Pull up, pull out, Happy Ru Year  
Fireworks, let the K scream, Happy Ru Year  
Put yo' drank in the air, tell 'em who here  
Toast to the B team, yup, Happy Ru Year

Happy Ru Year, L gang through the spear  
Went straight through his ear, pick 'em straight up on a tear  
Sneaky motherfucka, gotta watch blood  
Iffy motherfucka 'bout to pop blood  
On pops, blood, I got hot slugs  
On God, got the plug on the blocks, blood  
This shit ain't nothin', blood done pumped up, stuntin'  
Been frontin' lil' cuz so much work, blood buggin'  
I don't do no pussy footin', I blow smoke on you niggas  
Throw coke on you niggas, now y'all some dope niggas  
Niggas beg, I don't hit 'em up with somethin' proper  
I just laugh, hit 'em up with somethin' proper  
I been taught since a youth how to duck 'em and weave 'em  
Pray to never trust a bitch, just fuck 'em and leave 'em  
Niggas act like this paper just fell in my palms  
Like I ain't never scrape up, the gun fell in my palms  
Hell nah, I ain't stuntin', blood, I never had nothin'  
Servin' counterfeit substance, stackin' up somethin'  
Ain't no bluffin', I'm cuffin', if it's slippin', it's me  
Ain't no fakin', if it ain't makin' money, miss me  
Not your average G, took advantage of things  
Then advance into corporate world, managing things  
Y'all don't like it, could tell 'cause you ain't so excited  
Hope I fall in the hands of the law-indicted  
Wishful thinkers, I know you niggas hate me deep  
Hopin' that the nigga Chauncey never wake when he blink  
But oh no, not me, another mornin', I'm free  
With my lungs filthy, off the purplest trees  
Niggas don't wanna be the big part of the picture  
Can't reject, I made it hectic and hard for you niggas

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Step off the porch like it's an S on my chest  
Flesh of my flesh like Dark Man X  
Teflon vest and that's just for the pocket, look  
Plus I took the same amount of shots that nigga Pac took  
Grimey, ski mask but he don't ski  
Fuck havin' cameras in the crib, I just want sleep  
Tear gas under doors where the dro seep  
Tables do turn, now we in the field, four deep

On a mission, with the V-12 hissin'  
Clips get to clickin' when my name get mentioned  
Cartier frames got blood lookin' nerdy  
Try not to scare the hoes, but I'll do a nigga dirty  
He wanted smoke, said a lil' red birdie  
Now look at 'em, all stiff, obituary all wordy  
Had his niggas lined too, but its bool though  
Party in the 'Dena, Big Hit, you a fool, bro

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