

Lost

The Game

Sometimes I have fucked up dreams
Wake up in cold sweats, can't sleep,
Hit the kitchen for some Moet
I get drunk, but I ain't never smoke no wet
Been on tour 3 months and I ain't had no sex
Been meditating, exercising my mental bowflex
Michael Jackson dead, which one of us 'bout to go next
Me, Mary J, Robin Thicke or Britney Spears
Nigga I ain't afraid to die, tell the devil I'm right here
Hoe, I can take the strings out of these Nike airs
Tie it round the ceiling fan and end it right here
Kick the ladder cause I climbed that twice
Hate it or love it, I'm one blood nigga, it's my life
And I can die if I want to, and mama you can cry if you want to
Just tell my sons the truth and as the maggots eat away at my flesh
Let this iced out cross, walk through the bones in my chest

I can try my way (I'm lost)
I can't find my way (lost)
I can't find my way (I'm lost)
I can't find my way (lost)
I can't find way...

If I tell the story you gotta keep it between us,
Only other niggas that know are Spliff Star and Buss
I call Buss when I need a shoulder
And I don't always listen so he call me back and say "I told you"
But anyway, my paps is a Peadophile, how you stick your 28 year old dick in
your child
And now how it feel to be 52 and have a son that's a millionaire, and he don
't fuck with you, daddy!
She was only in the six grade, the day I heard her scream, I should have hit
you with the switch blade
Then she ran but I ain't know which way, she ended up in Vegas doing everyth
ing her pimp say
I've seen her one Christmas with a black guy, I took her to the store and bo
ught her shades with my last five,
My little sister is a prostitute, and I'ma tell you what I'm about to do.
Go get her cause she... (lost)

She can't find her way
She can't find her way
She can't find her way
She can't find her way
She can't find her way

That's all I'm thinking on this Grey hound
Usually I'll be in this seat with brids and a tre pound
But this time I riding for family
Like Khaled did for Ross, they hold it down in Miami
On my way to Michigan, not to see D12
I'm knocking on every door, "have you seen this female?"
Here's a picture of my pretty baby sister
Here go one when she was ten and this one our last Christmas
Low light skinned girl, long curly black hair, sorry for wasting time,
I know you probably don't care,
Feel like I walk longer than just 8 miles

Ran into a boarded up BMF safe house
Made me think about all the time I spent with Meech makin' it rain in Magic
city
When life was a Georgia peach
Now life is a rotten apple
Run faster than New York
You see my sister call me 'cause life is too short to get (lost)

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