

Quiet

The Game

When the sun goes down and them guns come out
Them niggas that was talkin' they won't run their mouth
When them shells start poppin', bodies start droppin'
(It's so quiet you can hear a rat pissing on cotton)

Do you see what I see, can you hear what I hear
All these studio gangsters, year after year
With these gimmicks I can't take it they ain't real so they're faking it
How did they make it in this game for so long
I know what's right from what's wrong, I know what's soft from what's hard
I know a federal case, from a publicity charge
Man I fought tooth and nail to keep them punks out of jail
But hoes wanna go to court 'til I pay them for their nails
Who you trying to be? Man it couldn't be me
My man spent guap and bought me my Continental T
You spent your advance on your Continental T
I know you sick when you clean your rims you still see a Bee
And we see you're a liar, trying to deny her
Jackie O. proved yo'reu far from a fighter
Coming at me bitch you're playing with fire
I ain't gon' come back at you, I'm coming at your ghostwriters

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I hear 'em talking like they're gangster material
But I don't see it man their gangster's invisible
The hot iron's what them gangsters put into you
'Til you laid up and your gangster's on critical
SHOTS get into you bleeding like my menstrual
And if I don't like you then I will pretend to
It's the ones that befriend you that turn up against you
In the court of law and drop a dime like Sprint do
Supposed to be tough huh? 'Til them boys touch ya
Chump muh'fuckers start confessing like Usher
I cut you off 'cause I knew I couldn't trust you
Lame ass busters, backwards-ass hustlers
You fake phony, you always was little homey
Big little son bab' boy like Jody
I put you under my wing, bought you your first Roley
Nigga I helped raised you, why would I play you?

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You see it always be them ones talking this and that
How their knife game ill and their gun go clap
Them niggas rats, they run and they trap
'Til they run in a trap, and there's no coming back
It be the same ones talkin' 'bout the guns they're sparkling
The dogs never bite but do a whole lotta barking
A whole lotta growling 'til the wolves start howling
They're pitbull shit, man them niggas straight cowards

Got 'em scared to death, pissing in their trousers
Always was a bitch that's why I sent his ass flowers
Thanks to the queen he can share 'em with his team
You can run top speed but you can't dodge the beam
Got a clean 16 and my spit game mean
Don't be fooled and deceived, everything ain't what it seems
You act like you don't know what side of town this realer
Niggas softer than chinchillas but on wax they're killers

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