

Loyal to the Game (DJ Quik Remix)

2Pac

Now I've got to ask, on a nigga's ass, tell me will they blast me?
I think of an alias in case these crooked bitches ask me
Now, it's gettin crazy after dark, these NARC's
be like tryin to shut me down but I'm too smart
Now picture me scared of the penitentiary
I've been movin these things since the days of elementary
Now tell me what you need when you see me
I'm stackin G's, buyin all the things on TV, believe me
I got some killers on my payroll, and they know
When it's time to handle business, nigga lay low
Although I'm young, I'm still comin up
I'm gettin paid, pullin razors on niggaz when they runnin up
The first to pull a strap when there's drama - busta you ain't heard?
I've been slicin motherfuckers since I lost my mama
There ain't a cop that can stop me
My posse is cock D, and they don't quit until they drop me
I'm loyal to the game
{"Prince of peace must hear our plea"}
{"Told life you'd be back"} {"There you were"}
{"Prince of peace must hear our plea"}
{"Everybody look around"} {"There is no hope"}
{"Prince of peace must hear our plea"}
{"Brothers we better get hip"} My mama say I'm crazy cause I'm all about the hood
I can't get my shit together but I'm on leather and wood
And the hood is all I know, patrol and circle the block
Off the curb and niggaz swerve, serve a smoker a rock
And I'm hot like fish grease and nigga so is my Caddy
And I'm steady catchin static, move the traffic to the alley
Out in Cali niggaz rally others all for the soil
Mix the work with bakin soda and get the water to boil
OH NO can't no busters hang, I hope you feel me mayne
Cause snitches bitches and they ain't been loyal to the game
My niggaz feel my pain, when sunshine turn to rain
You know these buster motherfuckers came to fuck the game
And it's a shame I see the mark in they eyes
When they yellin that he tellin get to me, no surprise, nigga
{"And come off this trip"} Loyalty, undeservedly, never heard of me
I, be the exception, the epitome of adaption
The superficial surroundings, bullets fiends cockhounds and
enemies in my family extortin schemin and scammin me (pop pop)
I'm like loose rollin, I'm growin until the diesel hit me
I'm battered and bruised, and madder havin to choose

'tween happiness and the blues, and who be fillin my shoes
when I done had it with crews, ecstatic to see me lose
But panic when I be smooth, I'm manic but I'm no fool
Y'all rappin I'm talkin cool, and Columbine is not cool
In Compton they shoot up schools too, ridin by to see who's who
Cock the shotty they cruise through, rock the body blood ooze through
Tell his family that dude's blue, no comin back
from him scrappin when niggaz was packin and he wasn't packin too
So if you feel me you know when they try to kill me they slow
I seen from 'round the corner with mirrors and creped up on 'em- 5/6ths {"Thugs throw like
wine down a nigga's throat
if this shit don't STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP!"}
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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