

Cuddie I don't sleep right  
Cuz' when I close my eyes I hear cries  
>From my potna's who lost they lives  
Visions of bloody brutalities realities  
Now stay focused and hope it don't affect my salary  
Calorie, they keep my pockets fat  
I gots to stack a grip  
Try not to trip and keep them gold-diggers off my dick  
I'm gettin' sick cuz' I drink 24-7  
The way I'm livin' now if I die there's no heaven  
Gotta help my potna's in the pen  
Cuz they livin' broke, this ain't no joke  
On parole and I can't smoke  
No sticky indo, roll down the window  
Step back the green lights like Nintendo  
Up in the game, like a professional  
If you ain't havin' money I got to let you go  
I need to let you know the rules before youperculate  
Rule number one potna never should you pimpitrate  
I spit this pimpin' straight cut, no additives  
No matter how mad you get biatch  
I'm a playa so I serve the game  
Maintain, campaign, and have thangs

1992 I was drownin' in big cases  
No its 97' and I'm countin' them big faces  
Switch places whupped the four-five and infrared  
Filet Mignons and garlic bread  
A hard head, big red and gorilla nuts  
Got me mobbin' thru the bay like I don't give a fuck  
I whipped equiped and stay dipped in butter salt  
Peel if she real no scrill then I cut em' off  
No fine-ass bitches wit them empty bank books  
Worse than them hugly muthafucka's who can't cook  
The game cooked, for 5 years in the fed  
Now its time for these game hungry nigga's to get fed  
Get bread, sew them sucka's down  
Smile in my face, but clown me when they not around me  
Talk down on my every move, but I couldn't give a damn  
Playa's do what they want  
The sucka's do what they can

Twelve one, seven 0 my D.O.B.  
And I been breakin' hoes since 83'  
Money-makin' business handle it discreetly  
Give you my home