

Never Ending Game

Master p

Check this out playas
All y'all gangster niggas
Y'all motherfucking gangsta bitches out there (the dope game)
I'm a let y'all know something (welcome to the dope game)
Something that'll never end, this shit is going on like fucking numbers
Black on black crime, nigga it go like this here
We live an eye for an eye You kill me, I kill you, my partners kill your partners
And you dead ain't no love on my spot
Me and my partners pushing rocks
Got them 17 round glocks at your ass spitting like loogies
We packing heat, 32 round clips, my automatic uzi
But I look into the eyes and I stare, I see death
Goddamn thinking "the fuck?", it could be me
My little homie on the ground crying
I'm thinking I'm gone, Oh my lord
My little homie Tony's dying (ripped his heart out)
He never had a chance to see his life glow
And he never had a chance to see his wife bro
And his little kid is only 8
It ain't about me or you motherfucker
You gone peep defeat off the tree
Cause you die and you murder, how could you live on the streets
And you never hurt, another nigga with a glock G
I'm thinking about Tic-Toc Boom, there goes another one
Send him to the moon
Ain't no rocket ship bitch, it's the temple of doom
I mean the ghetto, cause it's wicked
Most niggas out there in the hood, trying to get a chicken
But never even seen a bird
They die for that cain and that weed and they water
And they to fucking high, to see the enemy
Niggas that pretend to be, fools don't come close to me
Your best friend will kill you
I'm from that 3rd Ward, Caliope Projects
Where they peel your caps like bananas
Police trying to stand on them buildings with them radars and scanners
But they can't stop the murders
Thats happening in my hood motherfuckers
Cause everybody study capping in this
Everyday, all day niggas dying, mothers crying
But y'all niggas ain't realizing that the hood is murder
Find your ass in a 6 inch gurder

Cause niggas banging like Charlie Chan
You'd better pack a piece nigga
And welcome to the never ending game
The never ending game, (the dope game) the never
ending game
Will I die up in my sleep, or die on these streets
Cause the ghetto ain't no joke
Niggas in my hood everyday getting smoked
Welcome to the never ending game
Will I die up in my sleep or die on these streets
And the ghetto ain't no joke
Cause every motherfucking day another nigga gets smoked
And momma pray it ain't me
But I'm addicted to this dope game, addicted to this green cheese
I be making mail like the mailman
This is for my partners in the hood pushing massive cain (ice cream)
Through the hood of the projects
Its fiends walking up for bubble ups
You think I'm bout to reject
When a nigga get some money, I got them gats cocked nigga
I ain't living like no dummy
If I die, I ain't scared to die, but don't ask me why
Will I retire and give it up realize
Thats this my only mission of money
But y'all niggas look at a nigga hustling like its funny
But I got to feed the family
Even though if that take me getting fucking scandalous G
And I have to hurt shit
Put a nigga in the dirt, mean putting in work
Lay him down, and punch in your time card
Cause you never know when your ass bout to go meet the Lord
So I live ruthless, reckless, and rangeless (dangerous)
Don't give a fuck, my clique is ready to hang shit
Off the rack, ain't no trap
Just a bunch of motherfuckers walking with gats
Through the projects and walky-talkies
Jacking shit motherfucker ungh, thats why they bark
Like dogs, watch a nigga hard
And I be slanging dope like I'm getting paid like Lou Rollins
And the white folks can't stop this
And the Taz can't stop this nigga, cause I'm in the hood slanging rocks
Getting paid cause I'm major
And if I die fucking retire my shoes and hang up my pager
And give 4 G's to my sons and kill my enemies
Y'all can't stop a nigga please, even if I'm dead G
And when I go out, I'm going out with a bang
So fuck what you heard and welcome to the never ending game

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

