

My name mean a lot to me, pain mean a lot to me  
Fame means nothing, but the game means a lot to me  
I slang caine on these blocks for weeks  
Ever since Rocky III, and the death of Apollo Creed  
I was a tiny little poppy seed  
As grimey as I could be, as sheiesty as I could be  
Niggaz who live nicely, who don't understand the life of me  
Other niggaz don't like me, and wanna take my life from me  
They don't understand that I love it, and I like the beef  
The raw, the guns, the violence, it's all right with me  
I be laying in the cut where the sniper be  
Righteously, waiting for you to get out the driver's seat  
I don't think like usual people  
Who think like usual people, who don't think right  
I think like Muslims, in movements of people, who move they people  
And move on your people, power is stronger than voo doo and evil  
I'm immune, I drunk the juice, took a root from the needle  
Still trying to figure out, why I do, the crimes I do  
With a minds IQ, of an Einstein two  
Tell 'em, Cha-  
cha, and bon, bon goo, they think I'm crazy, well I do too  
Leave me alone please, I'm in my two-three zone please  
Nothing can stop me, you fuckers can't stop me

("Why" continues to play)

It's like my life keeps turning around  
Every second I need a lighter, I keep burning it down  
I smoke so much, I could nurture a pound  
My thoughts are always foggy, they blurring right now listen  
I see the game for what it's worth, pain, fame and work  
Girls walk with they brain in their skirt  
So while you're fucker, they thinking  
Of ways to get even, or a way out the hood, they make up a reason  
For the judge, for you take him and see him  
Until you face a subpena, that'll change your demeanor  
So be careful, where you skating through this game  
Remember it's other niggaz playing, skating in your lane  
Don't get clipped, or stripped skating in the rain  
Cause niggaz will keep rolling, and skating on your brain  
That's just the rules and regulations of the game  
When you playing you, you playing, and you paying like you weigh in,  
so..  
If not, those wolves aiming where you layin'  
And waiting on you patient with that thing up in the basement  
That's why I walk with that thing out, when I'm pasting  
Cause I know these niggaz hate it, that their little sisters love it  
And their girls really want it, plus I'm frontin  
Twenty three big truckin, new Z, new bucket  
Fuck it