

If you don't want the drama, bust your gun
You don't want the drama, here I come
You don't want the drama
Top chrome spin, whirlwinds, microphone's bend
Some grown men, moan when they sold they soul to sin
Unfolded with thin lies, the aura to make the papermate fry
You escaped fate, watch the snake eyes
Pre-heat the oven guides, now watch the cake rise
Eight size gorillas in the background, clap rounds
Back down, on July 4th in Chinatown, it's how the mack sounds
Clown I'm a pound, you're a half-pound
Scratched out, names from the guest list, treacherous
Wreckless, the death kiss, die with a deathwish
Expect this, underwater flow to leave you breathless
My sentences structured to rupture your laser discs
Razors in my fist, swing til I can't swing
Do my damn thing, guns don't jam when I bang
I went through concrete and bars, still hit the god damn tar
The love of money got me wanting the car
It's obvious that the game won't change, I still slang crack co
caine
Got a full plate in front of me
Son I gotta eat, no kids to feed
So I gotta cop something new for my feet
Double tactics, smoke niggaz out like crack addicts
Face, pass it, I storm out wild, straight jurassic
My habits: drink liquor, smoke weed, get bent backwards
I play the lab, cuz I might spaz with I'll fashion
Crashin' all ya M.C.'s rep and drop classics
Ya'll pretty boppin' get holes right your satan
It's peace and clackin', keep it dirty in the stashin'
You push me, homey, have your body layin' in Manhattan
Yeah, I'm from Staten, where the streets talk, the block listen
That's why I keep the gauge 1