

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>