

# Games We Play

Chubb Rock

[Chubb Rock]

All attention to all of the, lyrical swigs  
Whether you studio switch or you're, synching a gig  
Yes! I address to all the known known factors  
Where you slave to the rhythm of con-troling the masters  
I. Smythe, whether you drive a Benz or a bike  
Whether you straight hit or you go strictly Dyke  
Dick Van, no drugs I only snort Dristan  
And I point to the sister, and yes I can can  
A, gangsta lean get funky like a latrine and  
lyrics scream deep into the +Roots+ like Ben Vereen  
Rockin, the Apple, since the Mayor were (?)  
I smacked double platinum, or hit gold watch  
I'll achieve, notoriety just like (?)  
Squad squeeze, but they can mingle with the breeze  
But hey, parlay - you don't know my way  
These are the games we play..

[Chorus]

Hey, hey, hey (hey hey)  
These are the games we play  
"I don't know what else to say" -> Biggie Smalls

[Chorus]

[Chubb Rock]

Journalists script shit, that gets me kind of pissed  
No real award given to the, funkiest hits and  
lyrics get prolific and, kids start to sip it  
Esophagus start bulge, specific and centrifric  
Get a dollar, if I sell more than the group Abba  
The Source critics still want to diss my yabba, dabba-da-doo  
The pulse that revived the crash crew  
If I'm rockin, on the ra-a-adio eww  
Why they, can't downgrade but if they try  
I rock from Brooklyn to that Crooked-Letter-I  
I, my temper, I remember starts to boil  
The (? ?) but happy that the heads stayed loyal  
The groove hits the ground from the maker of "Get Down"  
Peace love and all that shit plus five pound  
Buy hey, parlay - you don't know my way  
These are the games we play..

[Chorus]

[Chubb Rock]

Mo hits the beat then Chubb handles the rappin  
The un-thinkable flow is fly plus extra napkins  
And the girls 'pon Flatbush look stush without my googles  
And look as they squint then I blink push up the throttle  
I, meet this to eat this I, leave this to Beavis  
If I want to smoke ya spliff I might get, stiffer than penis  
Oooh, I had to go and rip your whole crew  
with freeze love ran land butt rub and blue ooh  
dippi - dippi dip on you  
With all my niggaz and squads and the, funkiest jew  
are-tistic lift it start the trend to the phonics  
And, funk all pure lyrics that turn to alcoholics  
Ghetto tales, start to prevail the shit  
Whether you're East West Miami bass Blood or Crip  
But hey, hey, you don't know my way  
These are the games we play..

[Chorus] - 4X