

# The Game

## Common

"It's only right that I address this..."  
"Gotta be in it to win it..."  
"I never come lame type killin in the game..."  
"Now... get busy..."  
"It's only right that I address this..."  
"Gotta be in it to win it...."  
"I never come lame type killin in the game..."  
"Hot music..."

Raised by game where niggas ain't phased by fame  
Come to the crib, get banged, they take your chain.  
Stay in your lane, Brokeback ain't the way of the game  
My brainstorm is like I stay in the rain  
My favorite was Kane, now I'm dope with weight in the game  
You was hot but can't stay in the flame  
Ghetto pain and windows crack, the fist is like a symbol for black  
Can tell the real by how the real interact  
In the middle of whack my soul sticks to a track  
Kickback records get kicked to the back  
I want big cribs and my man Ronnie to get his  
Child in a good school and know what her gift is  
It's global warming, the world is shifting  
Watching Sweet Sixteen, Bitchin-ass rich kids  
You don't know it like you gotta go the distance  
Whether yoga or doja, we all get lifted in the Game

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I never kissed the ass of the masses, I'm the black molasses  
Thick and I lasted past these rat bastards  
They try to box me in like Cassius Clay  
Hey I'm like Muhammad when he fasted  
Opposing the fascist, make cuts and got gashes  
Scratches over third eyelashes  
Punchlines are like jab hits to rappers  
Whose careers now ashes it's too many slashes  
In his name, came in the game these gun-clappers  
From weak lines to clothing lines to an actress  
I seen em dashing smash hits  
I yell run nigga run while I cook up classics  
The weak hearted, become Babylon puppets  
Making it hard for real hustlas  
Touch the sky now and then, with a lady friend  
Give thanks to the most that's how the day begins in the game.

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I just wanna be like Akeelah, an achiever  
from the streets of the Chi where some get high for leisure  
Selling weed out of cleaners  
From rocks to barber shops and beemers  
Chicks with blond weaves and strong legs like Serena  
The demeanor of the Ghetto, to never stay settled  
Aldermen and corrupt men play Pharaoh  
GOOD bring business to the hood like heralds  
Find your own, walking by themself in the street  
The young die of cancer, I stop eating meat  
Greet the gods on 87th street like peace  
Even though it's war to G, got em facing the east  
The game ain't tasting as sweet  
Cats flow is still, and they complacent with beats  
My radio station is deep, so eff em  
Progression, counting paper and blessings in the game

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