

Check Your Game

Ice-T

It's 99 players check your game
Make sure them young boys respect your name
Keep your heaters at close reach cocked and ready
Cause the streets will catch you slipping, rock ya steady
Watch your back with your homies that you feel is real
Your homeboys from your crew, yeah them the ones that do you
The suckas that got the player hater venom
I wanna take 'em outside and lay some slugs up in em

When they need work
They call the cali drug expert
Smashing in a six hundred dollar bill burnt
Looking flossy living costly
Off the edge, out of state
They gots to break bread, for sho
I needs mo' ice drops for the lexo
Briggetts sets blow when I'm sipping the mo'
Freelancing, trying to build a mansion
And stay faded
Have hoes walk around my crib butt naked...

True, pop the remy kick back and let the players represent
High floss true boss game and take aim
These sucka wannabe's
Nigga please - you're green
I'll bend hoes on the downlow - banks obscene
Wanna chill with these niggas, bet you wish you could
And suck game out my ass like sponges
I run this
You can't fuck with the steelo
You niggas wanna be low
When I'm on the east I play ceelo
Cash flow
One track mind serial hustler
Quick to break a buster ya snitch bitch?
I'll dust ya
Bentley ballin' bastard
No hustler faster
Game maker
I knock a white bitch and break her

But Ice, Chronic got me bruising my brain
But soothing my pain, I'm true to the game
I got my mind made I gotta be that rich motherfucker
Set it up so my grandkids don't suffer
The phat hummer
The phat drummer - what's your choice?
Trying to find a sister with a voice
Make her moist
I'm throwing up the W
Bringing trouble to
Those in sight
King T and Big Ice

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But T that's trippin' and that ain't my sport
I'd rather lamp in my crib and flip the Robb report
And set my v-dozen on the streets
Bump my beats
Cause when I'm twisting my dubs
Can't nobody compete
Imagine this:
A hundred G 'lex on your wrist
Imagine this:
About ten karrots on your fist
Imagine this:
All dime hoes on your list
Ha - that shit would be nice
But your name ain't "Ice" - kid...
I'll screw the silencer on - rock you softly
How you gonna step to me kid? You grew up off me
TV, Movies, and Records and Tours
So many busters wearing Versace I don't wear it no more...

But this will be a classic
Many facets to get that ass kicked
The alcoholic Don, call me King Tragic
Watch me speak the magic
Watch me teach that old habit - full of havoc
And Ice'll tweak the mix when it statics
People pay
Just to have me stay
And say a verse
I'll freak a couple words unrehearsed
Then I burst
I mean I bust
From all angles
Guarunteed platium on your single

Yo T, I really must admit I'm blessed
Master V does some other shit TV's in the head rests
Never wear no vests because I got mad love
I catch respect when other niggas catch slugs
1, 2 I bust shit to load guns to
Beats for the hoodlums
Somebody's gotta do'em
Fed's screw 'em
Faggot's got my whole crib bugged
Mad taps on the phone cause I deal with the thugs
Drugs? never
No, the Ice is too clever
I'm overseas
Checkin G's
Nigga please
Ballin' since the 70's - yeah baby
Blew up in the 80's
Now you niggas hate me
You can't see me motherfucker your focus is off
You can't be me motherfucker, you're broke and you're soft
Too many niggas try to pert my lifestyle - romancing
I was kickin game while them kids was breakdancing
Overlord - so why the wack niggas ain't dead?

Probably because my aim is over nigga's heads/
East coast - west coast, I play the whole map and bounce/
They got a benz but live in their mom's house...

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To all my G's rock on
get your ride on - when you hear it
The forbidden Gangland lyric
Player Haters fear it
Get you right up close near it
Possessed by the Eazy-E spirit
Ice-T set the limit
And niggas won't cross this line
suicide - and niggas won't cross this nine
in your mouth
puffin' with my niggas down south
what the fuck this really all about? man..
I'm coming out
front and back, 98 brougham
All you fake G's stay home
Leave that shit alone
King Tee's back on the throne
And that nigga on the mic - straight gone
Cra-zy, y'all niggas wanna know the real deal?
I'll freestyle and smack you in your grill
Bomb lyrics, no special effects or gimmicks
The Syndicate will put you in the mix - biatch...