

Valuable Game

Ice-T

This song is dedicated to my man Tupac Shakur, rest in peace!!
Notorious B.I.G., rest in peace!!
And all my other homies that have died
in the madness called street life
Rest in peace!!

I'ma straight up G, let's not pretend
Dedicated to, all of my friends
On the East and the West Coast
Gotta let this drama go

Nineteen eighty six, deep in the mix
me and my team out for cream and jewel-likes
the faster, the better, blood, leather, the baby sledge
Case hitters - me, I'm the point man
Give less than a damn about anything, just let my hammer swing
Come up, give me my cut - what?
Girls don't mean nothin' to me, don't push the button on me
Out for the twist, ya nastically nasty G
Basically makin' me anti-social individual, too hype
Recognize the type?
Then a music called hip-hop came along and saved my life
I had a story to tell about my knowledge of hell
\$2.50 for a book, listen and look, now let's do some Math
A gun and a hand, plus an angry man, minus love
equals and me, the sky's blue and they rags
toe-tags and body bags - y'all feel me?
Is it too real G? Brothers say drop some heat T
Absoulutely, everything's goochie since we realized
this games' the only one we got left
Hip-hop's become the game of death
Some of y'all busters out there tryin' to waste up
It would've took some of us hustlers all this time to lace up

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Ok, let me break it down, they got the one strike law
You go in, you reach the other two before you know
what happen to you - game's over dude
On the next page, they got power in effect
while you two rednecks waitin' to see which one of us
kills the next brother next
Think about it too long'll make you sick
Believe me the last thing they wanna see is us risin'
economically, astronomically it could happen homie - follow me
Hip-hop's the black goal - mind and soul
refined as we roll, another ghetto story is told
I stopped flippin' ki's in eighty three
They need a time machine to carcerate me
I'm square as a pool table, twice as green, know what I mean?
flippin' from heat, the legal green, the hip-hop scene
Beef, the only beef I got is the steak
I'm tryin' to eat from the players elite
East, West, North, South, Moon, Star

I'm gonna ball wherever the chips are
I hope y'all players listen, ain't out there hatin' and dissin'
Y'all know the game is to be sold and not told
I should be takin' a collection, this time I'll make an exception
I've just been here for the start of this
I gotta come from the heart for this

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Some nights I lay awake tryin' to analyse
and anticipate the moves of the fakes
Wonder if the cancers' in too deep - can't sleep
Tryin' to diagnose the poison that's increased
injected into a pure hustle born on city streak
Migranes fill my brain as I reach toward the realm of the insane
Wishin' and prayin' that another brother gets
to live the life that I got to play in
Tryin' to represent to the fullest
I gotta come hard y'all, no time to pull it
Y'all fools think illin' and tearin' up
hip-hop is the thing to do G?
I'm paid I don't need rap no more fool I make a movie
Y'all tryin' to lose me
And to y'all suckers with your afrobatic, player hatin' tatics
tryin' to jump over the bree and plannin' and hustlin'
I've been corporatin' to this music over these years
Y'all will fall victim to your own lies and the P.I.
will continue to rise, over your eyes kid
This games' immaculate, dramas' irrelevant - stay sucker reppellin'
Invent, incorporate, parlay, play
And I got no reason to lie to you

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