

# You Played Yourself

Ice-T

This is it, dope from the fly kid  
The Ice mic is back with the high bid  
Suckers you've lost cos players you're not, gangstas you ain't  
You're faintin', punk, if you ever heard a gunshot  
Yo, the pusher, the player, the pimp gangsta, the hustler  
High Roller, dead pres folder  
Is cold lampin' like a black king on a throne  
Evil E...turn up the microphone  
So I can ill and break on the rollin' tape  
Another album to make? Great  
Islam turn the bass kick up a bit  
Hype the snare, now I got a place to sit  
And ride the track like a black mack in his 'lac  
Hit the corner slow where the girls are at  
And kick game the way it should be done  
How you gonna drop science? You're dumb  
Stupid ignorant, don't even talk to me  
At school you dropped Math, Science and History  
And then you get on the mic and try to act smart  
Well let me tell you one thing, you got heart  
To perpetrate, you're bait, so just wait  
Till the press shove a mic in your face  
Or you meet Boogie Down or Chuck D  
Stetsasonic or the Big Daddy  
And they ask you about the game you claim you got  
Drop science now, why not?  
You start to sweat and fret, it gets hot  
How'd you get into this spot?

You played yourself...  
Yo, yo, you played yourself...

I'm no authority but I know the D-E-A-L  
When it comes to dealin' with the females  
What you got they want, cash is what they need  
Slip sucker and they'll break you with speed  
But you meet a freak, you try to turn her out  
Spendin' money's what I'm talkin' about  
But you fool out, your pockets got blew out  
And after the date, no boots, you got threw out  
Mad and shook cos your duckets got took  
Call her up, phone's off the hook  
But who told you to front and flaunt your grip?  
You can't buy no relationship

You played yourself...  
Yo, homeboy, you played yourself...

I'm in the MC game, a lot of MC's front  
And for the money they're sell out stunts  
But they claim that they're rich and that they keep cash  
Yo, let me straighten this out fast  
Two hundred thousand records sold  
And these brothers start yellin' 'bout gold?  
You better double that, then double that again  
And still don't get sooped, my friend  
You think you've made it, you're just a lucky man

Guess who controls your destiny, fans  
But you diss 'em cos you think you're a star  
That attitude is rude, you won't get far  
Cos they'll turn on you quick, you'll drop like a brick  
Unemployment's where you'll sit  
No friends cos you dissed 'em too  
No money, no crew, you're through

You played yourself...  
That's right, you played yourself...  
You played yourself...  
Yo, yo, you played yourself...

You got problems, you claim you need a break  
But every dollar you get you take  
Straight to the Dopeman, try to get a beam up  
Your idle time is spent tryna scheme up  
Another way to get money for a jumbo  
When you go to sleep you count Five-0's  
Lyin' and cheatin', everybody you're beatin'  
Dirty clothes and you're skinny cos you haven't been eatin'  
You ripped off all your family and your friends  
Nowhere does your larceny end  
And then you get an idea for a big move  
An armed robbery...smooth  
But everything went wrong, somebody got shot  
You couldn't get away, the cops roll, you're popped  
And now you're locked, yo, lampin' on Death Row  
Society's fault? No  
Nobody put the crack into the pipe  
Nobody made you smoke off your life  
You thought that you could do dope and still stay cool? Fool.

You played yourself...  
You played yourself...  
Ain't nobody else's fault, you played yourself.