

# The Game

Jurassic 5

All right, everybody shut up  
I said shut up!  
Now are you ready to play the game?  
NO!  
Are you ready to play the game?  
YEAH!  
The Game  
Playing to survive  
Aiming to win anyway they can  
Yo, yo  
Pass the ball, final casting call  
First of all, verbal basketball  
Off the glass, smash your jaw  
Too fast for y'all  
You might take a nasty fall  
Trying to stick with the prehistoric passenger  
(Foul Ball)  
All breath, no physical contact  
Bounce back, demonstrate invincible bomb raps  
Not no hustler no player or speakin no crime crap  
I'm vocally trying to score before my time lapse  
Uh! Full court press, hands in your chest  
Runnin' cause I'm a rebel with the ghetto  
No fouls just checks, make a brother sweat  
Word for y'all to earn my reject  
Get it out of here, attack from the rear  
Ya'll niggas aint nothin but some bitch ass queers  
I'll be in your ear, increase the fear  
Rippin with the shears as the crowd just cheers  
Bring on the opposition  
Cause my position is to shut you down  
As the basketball pounds on the concrete floor  
Envisioning moves to freak brothers every which way  
Dominating like Doc J.  
Pass me the rock, I know just what to do with it  
It's real vivid, I pivot, through the lane  
Three hundred and sixty behind my back  
I take your monkey ass to the rack like Jerry Stack  
I'm saw by most recruiters and heavily recommended  
Stickin your best shooters they lower verbal percentage  
It's takin its toll, 24-second clock control  
Stoppin this obstacle, impossible  
I was the number one ?? project in the city  
Prospect, now thats something that you can believe  
So be it, whether pro or collegiate, the hit but don't miss  
Prime time the offense, switch  
Y'all can't ball, Y'all can't ball  
Yo ref, where's the tech? Man, make the call  
The game is gettin tight verbal victories in sight  
What counts is what you write not concerned about the hype  
My rhymes go baseline so why you tryin to take mine?  
Last man tried just died inside the paint line  
I bank rhymes, got a call so I flex  
I'm on the foul line with a few verses left  
When my flow hits the net, the next brother flex  
I put my foot in the pavement  
With the brothers I'm raised with

Play with and break dance back in the days with  
And still in the game with 12 points, 4 assists  
Get up in the game, in your face like swish  
Crash the boards with metaphors  
In the air like a concord  
Ayyo what you out for?  
Yo I'm out for the whole score  
22 flat seconds for me to win  
I can't win for losin with this cheatin ass ref  
My squad's supreme  
So I don't need Clyde or the dream  
Next time you play the game boy pick a better team  
Your choice is short when you on a concrete court  
But my mental cohorts is bout to change the whole sport  
Give me the pill boy, crossover with the skills  
Wrap around pass, fly right past your grill  
Take off from half court, in some J5 shorts  
The rap band with the man when my words play sports  
Comin' through your lane, with pure skills so stand clear  
Vocal charge is a mirage, I still stand here  
Damn near, make your shit look soft like Pam Grier  
Fans cheer for the paragraph Bill Lambier  
Show me the rock, so I can show these fool what I got  
(He's heating up) Fuck that, I'm flaming hot  
Verbally take you to the blacktop, and wreck shop  
Turn my game up a notch, pass me the rock  
1 on 1, 3 on 3, 5 on 5, horse, 21  
It really don't matter cause son you'll still get done  
Yo you should know better than try to barter with this globetrotter  
Militious, vicious dunks, I'm Vince Carter  
And it's the high draft pick, flashin it  
Still can penetrate and slightly overweight  
But whatever it takes my shot can elevate  
No pain, no gain for the brothers with no game