

Just A Friendly Game Of Baseball

Main Source

Verse One:

[blam] Aww shit, another young brother hit
I better go over my man's crib and get the pump
Cause to the cops, shootin brothers is like playin baseball
And they're never in a slump
I guess when they shoot up a crew, it's a grand slam
And when it's one, it's a home run
But I'ma be ready with a wild pitch
My finger got a bad twitch, plus I'm on the switch --
-- side, and step up to the batter's box
Fuck red and white, I got on Black Sox
But let him shoot a person from the White Sox
What's the call? Foul ball!
Babe Ruth woulda made a good cop, but he didn't
Instead he was a bigot, dig it
My life is valuable and I protect it like a gem
Instead of cops gettin me I'm goin out gettin them
And let em cough up blood like phlegm
It's grim [blam blam] but dead is my antonym
And legally they can't take a fall
Yo check it out it's just a friendly game of baseball

Verse Two:

R.B.I. -- real bad injury
But don't get happy you're in jail for a century
Just as bad as bein shot in the groin
To see who'll shoot ya, they'll flip a coin
And watch him run for the stretch
But you don't know the man is at home waitin to make the catch
So the outfielder guns you down
You're out, off to the dugout, underground
I know a cop that's savage, his pockets stay green like cabbage
Cause he has a good batting average
No questions, just pulls out the flamer
[blam] And his excuses get lamer
Once a brother tried to take a leave
But they shot him in his face sayin he was tryin to steal a base
And people watch the news for coverage on the game
Hmm, and got the nerve to complain
They need to get themselves a front row seat
Or sink a baseline for a beat
Cause television just ain't designed for precision y'all
It's just a friendly game of baseball

Verse Three:

A kid caught on, but I don't know where the brother went
The umpires are the government
I guess they took him out the game, and replace him
with a pinch-hitter, in the scam he was a quitter
So the cops usually torment, I mean tournament
Win em I was sayin
You can't let the umpires, hear ya speak and battle
like the other kid you won't be playin
Cause they'll beat you til your ass drop
A walking gun with a shell in his hand is their mascot
And when they walk around let it be known to step lightly
The bases are loaded
My man got out from three strikes
In the skull but the knife he was carrying was dull

Instead of innings, we have endings
What a fine way to win things
And hot-dog vendors have fun
Sellin you the cat rat and dog on a bun
And when you ask what is all of this called?
It's just a friendly game of baseball