

The Rap Game

MC Lyte

Trg we making that cream
People get fooled it ain't easy as it seems
You can rock on till the break of dawn
But one by one your ass is gone

I got trapped in the rap game at sixteen and saw
It's no more than a crap game, know what I mean?
Like when you feel you shake em right
They fake roll snake eyes in this industry that's how quick niggaz die
Through my eyes it's like russian roulette
Never do you know when you about to get wet
So you should stay set so you don't fall and go under
Have people saying I wonder what happened
To him or her it's sad when you begin to think
You can't be gone but you can be gone in the blink
Of an eye, don't ask why cause you try
Somebody came along that was twice as fly
I remember when I hit the scene it was the second phase
Rope chains two finger rings, those were the days
Latin quarters my puma suit was cool
Now let me be caught in that and I'll be damned a fool
Ya gotta change with the times like the weather
Mc's that alsts is the mc's that's clever
You can't move too slow cause when it's to time to go
You see it's to time to go

- (1. but one day brother your ass is gone)
- (2. but one day sister your ass is gone)

Come back after come back, nigga came back
More wack than the wackest wax on the rack
What's up with that, new jacks are coming through
Taking no slack
They hungry and they looking for a spot
To cop a squat, you better watch the clock
It can be awfully embarrassing to not know when
To let go of the rhyme, it's about half past the monkey ass
You should have been gone but you still trying to hang on
What happens when you chilling at the label on the 10th floor
Nobody knows your name anymore, aren't you...?
Wait and let me think, just as quick as you get large
You can quickly shrink
And sink into the crates and collect dust
Don't be mad cause it happens to the best of us

To and fro they come and go
You better change your flow and then switch up your show
I mean come with the booming ass hits
Then they gone buy then they don't leave with shit
You better tell an exec you need to be set
So when it's over you ain't living our your land rover
When your rap life dies
And you still alive nigga, you better know how to survive
It ain't easy and it ain't supposed to be
Letting niggaz know what time it is
When it comes to me the l-y-t-e
Stronger than the ox the octane that

Knocks in your brain I sustain
My mission is to maintain sane, know what I mean?
Keep doing my thang, you can't move too slow
Cause when it's your time to go, gotta go