

Game Don't Get Old

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Men have died and shot folks for this game
All to get a rusty bucket of nails at the end of a platinum rainbow
No, game

Some have died and some just lied with it (game)
Some have cried and others tried to get it (game)
Men have lied and lost their pride to get it
Told ya, game don't never get old (this game won't ever get old)

I got no kids because of it (because the game)
And I got no wife because of it (because the game)
But I got this life because of it
Told ya, game don't never get old

East Lessler Way, Apartment D, see thee bad memories
Used to be the, one with no TV
Take back my soul, stole by one of these foes like Mack Moes
Puttin holes in my old clothes, even stole my pose
Got my sky, fly, who that guy?
Slip 'em my third eye, falsified
Don't lie, break with a girl, you cry
If you wants game, slip me some change
But you must refrain, from saltin my name
Now your girl's at my door, I told ya bro
Salt me, I take what's yours, that's the rules though
The big leagues, how can game go outta style
Boy you foul, slicin game with a mean ass scowl
Young stud ..

Some have died and some just lied with it (for the game)
Some have cried and others tried to get it (for the game)
Men have lied and lost their pride to get it
Told ya, game don't ever get old

I got no kids because of it (kids because of it)
And I got no wife because of it (wife because of it)
But I got this life because of it (life because of it)
Told ya, game don't never get old

Seattle to Diego, big black El Dorados, my saddle
So straddle papa and babble until dada raddles
Let game resume, I assume using my room to boom boom
If not leave soon, let me retune
Big saloon, says "oh, oh, I'm so low"
My old enzo flows, hey two Diablos to go
But whoa, oh, but wait, oh
You can't be serious partner
You used to be scared of girls, now you smell like my imposter
I seen your chicky poster, fake pose, gun in holster
Your girl gets to me closer, tryna post up on the clothes-ac
You toast her, boast her, get you closer, gettin hitched up
Bitched up, whipped up, lost your strikes when you switched up
Husband ..

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And I got no wife because of it
But I got this life because of it

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So who's next to go pop face lock on my mack spot
heads drop when my cuts flop, don't stop please Mix, don't stop
I saw his game it ain't the same, so don't cry baby
Just sit by Mixxy, but dimed us cam D
So I stack my backpack (for the raps), going to Cali (comin back)
Tricks up my sleeve (look at that), sisters with me (who the mack)
I rolls with real bosses, cuts my losses in my office
Hot tosses, gettin steamy in these marinatin sauces
Now these young kids is in my gravy, hella lazy
But they paid see, doin things to raise me
They game's a little hazy, but it's cool
Pat, pack, rack your stack
He's back, put check your hat
And your style at the door black

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Yeah don't grab the game bull by the horns
Cause these horns hit balls, you know what I'm sayin?
Tears roll down your cheek and freeze
Before they reach concrete
Game's up, feelings gone
You graduate to stone

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Some have cried and others tried to get it
Men have lied and lost their pride to get it
Told ya ..