

# Desparados

## The Game

I'm tucked on the border line  
Where I'm picturing stones  
I hit the switch, and watch them bitches be gone  
Get it right figga, I'm in my rear view  
Cause the streets can hear you  
Bright moon to steer you, it's gotta be wild  
Get in position cause the streets you'll find  
Matter of fact I'm on a detail grind  
Without no female lies, me and my team move  
Ice like snow storms, the price gets  
Tighter than vise grips, cause game is priceless  
Jammed up with ice picks no way you can write this  
Seven on the dices, the way that I like shit  
Catch me in the background holding the mac now  
You never back down bitch you better back down

Look in my eyes nigga tell me what you see  
This right here, it's for the books like Frasier and Ali  
Strap in ya belt cause we takin' the ride  
Through this concrete jungle, where you scratch to survive  
Ya gotta, play by the rules cause the wolves is lurkin  
Night time the streets is quiet, but them wolves is workin  
You can slip if you want, that's when ya know it's real  
Back against the wall, that's when ya blow the steel

Hey yo I spit that crack, hit you with a freebie  
After that, bet you keep coming back to see me  
See me, now picture that  
When I'm better than any other chick that rap  
Ya'll acting like I aint never picked up the bat  
Or picked up a mac, and make a bitch shit in her slacks  
So try chill and relax, till I little spaz  
I done filpped chicks for just trying to give me a dap  
But since boy I take ya jewels, I aint givin 'em back  
And they can investigate me I aint givin 'em jack  
It's neither big I bang (?) for the streets strictly  
That's why everywhere I go I got beef in the east with me  
Give me ya leaf and the piece is sticky, don't try nothing tricky  
I punch you in ya neck go tell ya moms to hit me  
Custom made khaki's, no Im not sticky  
Who told ya'll chicks you was fucking with me

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Too many hutlers, and not enough customers  
Shit on the hood, nobody gonna have no love for ya  
Losing ya street cred on the real you can eat lead  
And you don't want no problems, praying that the beef dead  
Yo they brought me back to strangle the mood  
The little and Slick Rick neck dangling gold

I aint home but few times a day I be changing my clothes  
I want this next generation to know  
When rap suck, you brought it back to the essence  
So sit back and really think before you ask any questions  
Got this game in the cobra clutch cowards ya'll know what's up  
And ya shook what's on this earth I seen so much stuff  
I used to roll with Russ, the doors opened up  
Doing big big things like making clothes and stuff  
Street master mind, ya'll talking asinine  
And I aint have no choice my nigga I had to grind  
I'm known for making moves, labels be baking fools  
Everything is fixed, it's like people get paid to lose  
A few occasions my neighbourhood do it major news  
Ya boy got more flavor than Jamican food

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Let's slow the process elimination  
My niggas out for that mighty Dollar, What you chasing?  
I done been where you trying to go and back again  
I done seen niggas bang they own niggas  
And believe me not an accident, so you think I give a fuck  
What you say, how you feel  
My niggas never tell shit, but a coward will  
I used to yap about the Maybach  
A real nigga in this industry is like a needle in the hay stack  
Fresh deodors, what we got before us  
Suckers think they flow sick mind is rigor mortis  
I don't know who the fuck ya playing with  
Price on ya head could be that bitch ya laying with  
That'll take you to ya maker, while I'm in Jamica  
Twistin up that Celtic green niggas post like Vin Baker