

Game Theory

The Roots

(feat. Malik B)

[Chorus A 4X]

This is a game

I'm your specimen

You've got to let me know baby

So I can go, I'd have to fake it

I could not make it

You could not take it

[Black Thought]

Yeah, where I'ma start it at, look I'ma part of that

Downtown Philly where it's realer than a heart attack

It wasn't really that ill until the start of crack

Now it's a body caught every night on the Almanac

Rock bottom where them cops gotta problem at

Where them outsiders getting popped for they wallet at

I had nothin but I made somethin outta that

Now I'm the first out the limo like Charlie Mack

From 215 it's him the livest one

And he's representin Philly to the fullest

Blacks the realest

You can't touch him and not for nothin'

If you bout hip hop then you gots to love it

If not then fuck it

I'm still handlin

Smokin more reefer than Redman and them damaging MC's

And my name's Rick Gees you endangered species

For what I do I'm about to up the fees

I'm paperchase motivated I ain't the one to play with

These cats get set ablaze

You can't have it y'all way but I'd rather parlay

Just smoke og and get cabbage all day

The way thought play causes your main thing to say

Your style so splendid you bout your business

You arousing my interests

You sharper than a Shogun

You know the way it go, huh, game know what I'm talkin bout

[Chorus B]

Hus, that's short for hustlers

We Black Inc Raw Life productions

Tryin to find our spota amongst the ruckus

And be sucker free, flea chumps and busters

Man yeah, Get 'em hus, get 'em hus, get 'em hus

[Black Thought]

Hey yo I'm tryin to get it at any cost so it's no remorse

When I'm blastin off like you been askin for it

When Black step in the door all hats is off

Your hands up in the air goin back and forth

I'm about ready for a classic massacre

I'll make it hotter than when Shaft in Africa

Jump outta a black Porshe huffin a fat cigar

Night ridin on 'em like my last name Hasselhoff

Voted unlikely to succeed cause my class was full

Of naysayers, cheaters and thieves

All it gave me was a good enough reason to leave

And put the writing on the wall for y'all to read it and weep

Cause I'm the force of the Lord, the rage of hell

You'd rather head for the hills and save yourselves

My Man rip drums like He ringin the bells
The King of the Realm you seen Him do His thing in a film
Come on
[Chorus B]
[Malik B]
Dreams when M16's with infrared beams
Blowin up presidents' cribs with cans of kerosene
Highjack the limousine with a strategic routine
Then blast my enemy, head for the Caribbean
Militant guerilla camp is ready for war
Lay your corner face down, place down your jewels cash and four four
When I score prepare for torture
Fuck around and make your town Warsaw
I'm from Illadel the land where the killas dwell
My technique is to ambush you guerilla style
My instinct is of a killer whale bang you up from head to toe
With lyrics I pack like a nine millimal
My types subliminal mentality switched to criminal
Importing heroin internash from Senegal
A soldier takes a stripes from a general
Used the mike of iron or lead
You choose your mineral
[Chorus A]