

The Game

Common

"It's only right that I address this..."
"Gotta be in it to win it..."
"I never come lame type killin in the game..."
"Now... get busy..."
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"Gotta be in it to win it...."
"I never come lame type killin in the game..."
"Hot music..."

Raised by game where niggas ain't phased by fame
Come to the crib, get banged, they take your chain.
Stay in your lane, Brokeback ain't the way of the game
My brainstorm is like I stay in the rain
My favorite was Kane, now I'm dope with weight in the game
You was hot but can't stay in the flame
Ghetto pain and windows crack, the fist is like a symbol for black
Can tell the real by how the real interact
In the middle of whack my soul sticks to a track
Kickback records get kicked to the back
I want big cribs and my man Ronnie to get his
Child in a good school and know what her gift is
It's global warming, the world is shifting
Watching Sweet Sixteen, Bitchin-ass rich kids
You don't know it like you gotta go the distance
Whether yoga or doja, we all get lifted in the Game

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I never kissed the ass of the masses, I'm the black molasses
Thick and I lasted past these rat bastards
They try to box me in like Cassius Clay
Hey I'm like Muhammad when he fasted
Opposing the fascist, make cuts and got gashes
Scratches over third eyelashes
Punchlines are like jab hits to rappers
Whose careers now ashes it's too many slashes
In his name, came in the game these gun-clappers
From weak lines to clothing lines to an actress
I seen em dashing smash hits
I yell run nigga run while I cook up classics
The weak hearted, become Babylon puppets
Making it hard for real hustlas
Touch the sky now and then, with a lady friend
Give thanks to the most that's how the day begins in the game.

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I just wanna be like Akeelah, an achiever
from the streets of the Chi where some get high for leisure
Selling weed out of cleaners
From rocks to barber shops and beemers
Chicks with blond weaves and strong legs like Serena
The demeanor of the Ghetto, to never stay settled
Aldermen and corrupt men play Pharaoh
GOOD bring business to the hood like heralds
Find your own, walking by themself in the street
The young die of cancer, I stop eating meat
Greet the gods on 87th street like peace
Even though it's war to G, got em facing the east
The game ain't tasting as sweet
Cats flow is still, and they complacent with beats
My radio station is deep, so eff em
Progression, counting paper and blessings in the game

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