

Surviving the Game

Insane Clown Posse

Tell me, what the fuck you gonna tell a vet, a boss?
... yet? You lost
You underestimated, weak expectations
We superceeded all of that, fat all in the map
With that (ooh), like we brand new
We schoolin, freak it the whole game
Feelin' like a fool for speakin'
But we ain't tryna win any awards, make fake friends
Exploding below the streets, earthquake
In this... shed networking and digging tunnels
Invading the industry, hijacking the channels
The hatchet and hard truth, part proof that lives
Among the mass contention, the system gives
If you attackin' back with axes, gats and hatchets
Bust 'n doing backflips by any means tactics
Get it, their head all in the way? Split it
Always leave one alive so they can tell 'em you did it
And then we

We break bread, make bread, take bread
They said, that we couldn't do it
But we still here surviving the game
We ride and we grind, survivin' they try to
Keep our voice quiet, but we still here survivin' the game
From killa county to the motor city rollin'
We holdin' 'em steady underground heaters
And we still here survivin' the game
It ain't nothing but a thing to us
It ain't nothing but a thing to bust
We crush 'em

It ain't nothing but a thing to spit fire
The real shit don't expire we at a high wire
Pullin' tricks 'n stunts we done only hit once
Electrocute the industry every six months
We get on this bitch but we don't want it
Keep the Lotus low love don't flaunt it
Another Juggalo hit bitch I'm on it
And if I ever won a Grammy I'd pawn it
You wanna know about this?
Well I doubt this you wanna diss
Cause what you love ain't about shit
We not only survive but thrive and blast
And never stop like "Ah, at last"
Puttin' in work self-made experts
Show this played out scene how the next works
Ambition, that's what got these ho's dissin'
Thowin' weak ass blows and all week missin'

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Dough gotta cut, let me introduce
To the Juggalo nation ain't no substitute
For the original hard truth soldier it's on
I get the strap of the wreck and get yo motherfuckin' back blown
The revolutionary pro hitter
Spittin' hard truth bricks over street slaps we get with' ya
With 4 million sold...
It ain't a thing for me to post and reach across the motherfuckin Nile
Motor city get yo grib tight
'N recognise the arcitect that sparked the light
Crack the code, show the whole world the power of truth
Now motherfucker can you buy that too? I guess ruthless
I see the bitch in them ho's they get nervous
'Cause I'm N.W.A. but with a purpose
In these days and times all fake raps and media traps keep it underground
Guerilla attack

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It's like a blast fast massacre, mass than blast faster
'N slash your whole status, you're staff 'cause y'all have had it
I crash through with mac-mooze [?] attack fools with the black tool
With the hard truth for the grass roots and greet y'all with that Whoop Whoop
p!
It's MC'in, I'm seein' 'em eatin' them notice
It's no supposing just quotable quotes I wrote 'em
Fuck around in the arena, I'm meaner, supreme 'n leaner
I seen 'em slippin', I rip 'em, I'm set trippin' 'n blitz in your system
Juggalos know the best they, recognise my essay
Comin' deep as essays, I'm S.A
The moral of the story's like Maury, I am the father
Split your wig back, bullshit raps don't even bother
Take your motherfuckers back to battlin'
I'm battlin', known to make 'em scatter when spittin' gangster chattering
All up in your gathering, back I'm with that black on snatch
'N crack your backbone, bitch don't even act on
Write a check 'n make your whole crew bounce
Fake rappers wanna give me a pound

Can't fuck around with that wanna-g, wannabee-itus it's like a virus
Sign they ass into the clinic, g shit I be the venom, hit him up, for sinnin
,
Run, protect yo women, Juggalettes know, recognise the true's for jokes
Let a soldier do his thing when I'm in yo scene
Kiss the pinky ring now motherfucker I'm anti-bling
And I take bread 'n make bread, what they said
And all that, but stall that, I never change the format
Recall that, when this drop, I am Hip-Hop
So fuck what you claimin', hard truth don't stop
So before you fix your mouth and say that you ain't heard
The A-R after the P before the I-S served
No I put you up on gang cook, ain't have a skirt
From my mouth to your motherfuckin' ears now that's my word