

# Unfriendly Game

Masta Ace

I'm about to take this beat, and teach you 'bout the agony of defeat  
in this football game in the street  
And no it ain't two hand touch, it's rough tackle  
When niggas ball on your block, and they buss at you  
The fields' fill of players, and they all tryin' to score  
The whole team sits on the bench in the down pour  
'Cause no matter the weather, the game don't stop  
Competin with other teams, that reign on top  
Your offense gotta be cats with no conscious  
No nonsense niggas, with no options  
That know how to carry that rock  
make the hand-off, and run off the block  
It's hard to get first down, when your new in this rough town  
You sell a pound its a TOUCHDOWN!  
And niggas see the pigskin? They blast cops  
Some federal agents dressed as mascots  
Niggas hold weight, but it's not for liftin'  
The only white lines is the ones niggas sniffin'  
I know it sounds a bit different, the only quarter is a quarter key  
if that ain't a penalty, it oughta be  
And the concession stand is so sick  
Servin' you the cat, rat and dog on a stick  
But if you ask why somebody got slain  
Yo, it's just an unfriendly game

The game don't stop, cats keep playin'  
Some got hit hard and wound up layin'  
out in the field but the fans keep payin'  
Understand what I'm sayin'?  
It's just an Unfriendly Game  
(This ain't America is it?)  
(This ain't America is it? Where can I be)

Yo, aiyyo it's Monday night, we on some watch the game shit  
But I can go outside and still see the same shit  
'Cause look, there's a bunch of niggas in a huddle (look)  
Looks like they callin' the play, come in kids, don't be all in the way  
'Cause that's Pookie, he the fuckin' quarterback  
'Cause he like to use the shotgun, if he don't I know he got one  
And that's Budda he the fuckin' runnin' back  
'Cause he always say he gon' quit, and he always wind up runnin' back  
The rest of them? I'll just say they play the line  
'Cause they like to protect Pookie, and Pookie make them stay in line  
And if they make a wrong move they penalized  
Not by the referee, but by Pookie brother Jeffery  
And Jeff don't touch shit, he sit and watch (yup)  
oversees the whole block, from his own private luxury box  
He's the one that makes the deals happen  
Smokin' big cigars, while his stars are in the field scrappin'  
But tonight the line of scrimmage got penetrated  
The block got raided, and everybody got traded  
Now they wearin' stripes in a pen, guess that's how the game go  
Nigga you don't know? Highlights at 10

Wednesday police arrested 12 men in a downtown drug raid.  
The cartel known on the streets as the "Sharks" was transporting  
large amounts of marijuana in shipments of little leauge football

equipment.

There's a new team in from outta town  
What's the sound? (Gun shot) OUTTA BOUNCE!  
And the front line niggas stay ready for the blitz sonny  
So you won't make a sack of money  
And every now and then, somebody drops the ball  
And the next team, be right there to take it all  
Now somebody new is tryin' to make a score in your territory  
It's the same old story  
And if you want your corner back you better wear a vest  
just in case, you gotta pull at bullet to the chest  
Believe me, that shit can be a hum-dinger  
'cause every quarterback in this league is a gunslinger  
The half-time show's kinda ill  
Hood rat bitches dancin to Dru Hill (ahhhh...)  
Another nigga down and out  
A crackhead with no name yo  
It's just an unfriendly game