

The Game's Real

Ice-T

Enough time has passed, false prophets steering you wrong
You won't appreciate my wisdom, 'til I'm dead and I'm gone
Underground dead from combat
Laid down on the floor.. in some club
Girls scream at the ocean of blood
No use to call the paramedics, to hit me with the fifth energetic
Close range, cut in the base of my brain
Blew my face on through some bitch's head, before I hit the ground
Some nigga touched me in the chest, and blew it out with the pound
My niggaz didn't have chance to move, they used silenced weaponry
Couldn't hear the sound, as the club bass bound
All you heard was.. Yo, Ice is on the ground
The assassins, when they heard this up, stepped back and mixed in with the crowd
Gloom broke into hysteria, spot went wild
A lot of bitches yelling and crying, while fake niggaz smile
I heard voices of my loved ones said I leave the party
God kisses my face as I leave my body

Yo, I wanna see what the fuck's happening!
Yo, yo, back off my man, man!
Awww shit! y'all

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Get moved on, left in a plunger blood
No matter how gangster you are, how deep your crew
Niggaz can get you if they want to

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Yo.. yo.. yo.. attack mode
Look, listen, it's the general.. code
Gully and gutter, I roll with some box cutters
I'm bringing.. fucking Jersey City niggaz
We got.. tons of triggers, for tons of niggaz
We walk and talk a lot, we run some niggaz
No glitter and glades, it's guns and niggaz
Nightclubs or your social clubs
Backstage with your membrane, on the side of your freeway
It's ugly, the bomb squashed blonde bitch for our shit
It's M-16s switch off clips
Bullets ripped fleshy death right through your kids
Except your bids, except all that shit you did
Uhh.. you can't hide in the town houses
When two niggaz are nine-ing like two ounces
Scarface Colombia, Walker Tah's style surrounding, your white bitches out

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Now, if you faggots got some questions about how real this is
A straight Strong-Arm, half of you niggaz in the biz'
Your bodyguard, bitch made, motherfucking fake ass whores
Can't even roll for dolo, walk through your own hood solo
Niggaz push up and change-s snatch your logo
The truth is.. no homeboys are brought through
Your own crew is destorying you
So now you're carrying guns, you know, you won't shoot
You copped a new whip, had to get a bulletproof
You wanted to be Rap-Star, now, you're too shook to move
Cause the streets say the words, you kid gotta prove
Living a lie, you might die, in this game of hot caption whores
Check your rearview you're being followed

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Eat the dick, if it be.. we gonna shoot from a block away
We keep with heat, and turn your face into a plot to play
Yeah, we spray out your feet and watch you burn in a flock away
Nerd, niggaz stop and pray
Heard, they can't drop the lay
We come out, run out, one route to Dun-house
We're about to blow his wig off "yeah yeah"
Nigga we jump out, pump out, dump out
Infront of the Dun house with the sun-hounds
Shit to peel off and I'm.. running the trot like crooked cops
Taking capes, pushing weight, while I shipped this back
From California to the.. Hill Tah, Comille fitting dots
Activille for them bills and he'll get drop

Look I.. show guys and buyers we're not kidding
I know the size, brothers stick-bys, when we start spitting
They go beside rocks and dodge with guns ticking
But it's devilish regardless the art is squash business
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