

You Played Yourself

Ice-T

This is it, dope from the fly kid
The Ice mic is back with the high bid
Suckers you've lost cos players you're not, gangstas you ain't
You're faintin', punk, if you ever heard a gunshot
Yo, the pusher, the player, the pimp gangsta, the hustler
High Roller, dead pres folder
Is cold lampin' like a black king on a throne
Evil E...turn up the microphone
So I can ill and break on the rollin' tape
Another album to make? Great
Islam turn the bass kick up a bit
Hype the snare, now I got a place to sit
And ride the track like a black mack in his 'lac
Hit the corner slow where the girls are at
And kick game the way it should be done
How you gonna drop science? You're dumb
Stupid ignorant, don't even talk to me
At school you dropped Math, Science and History
And then you get on the mic and try to act smart
Well let me tell you one thing, you got heart
To perpetrate, you're bait, so just wait
Till the press shove a mic in your face
Or you meet Boogie Down or Chuck D
Stetsasonic or the Big Daddy
And they ask you about the game you claim you got
Drop science now, why not?
You start to sweat and fret, it gets hot
How'd you get into this spot?

You played yourself...
Yo, yo, you played yourself...

I'm no authority but I know the D-E-A-L
When it comes to dealin' with the females
What you got they want, cash is what they need
Slip sucker and they'll break you with speed
But you meet a freak, you try to turn her out
Spendin' money's what I'm talkin' about
But you fool out, your pockets got blew out
And after the date, no boots, you got threw out
Mad and shook cos your duckets got took
Call her up, phone's off the hook
But who told you to front and flaunt your grip?
You can't buy no relationship

You played yourself...
Yo, homeboy, you played yourself...

I'm in the MC game, a lot of MC's front
And for the money they're sell out stunts
But they claim that they're rich and that they keep cash
Yo, let me straighten this out fast
Two hundred thousand records sold
And these brothers start yellin' 'bout gold?
You better double that, then double that again
And still don't get sooped, my friend
You think you've made it, you're just a lucky man

Guess who controls your destiny, fans
But you diss 'em cos you think you're a star
That attitude is rude, you won't get far
Cos they'll turn on you quick, you'll drop like a brick
Unemployment's where you'll sit
No friends cos you dissed 'em too
No money, no crew, you're through

You played yourself...
That's right, you played yourself...
You played yourself...
Yo, yo, you played yourself...

You got problems, you claim you need a break
But every dollar you get you take
Straight to the Dopeman, try to get a beam up
Your idle time is spent tryna scheme up
Another way to get money for a jumbo
When you go to sleep you count Five-O's
Lyin' and cheatin', everybody you're beatin'
Dirty clothes and you're skinny cos you haven't been eatin'
You ripped off all your family and your friends
Nowhere does your larceny end
And then you get an idea for a big move
An armed robbery...smooth
But everything went wrong, somebody got shot
You couldn't get away, the cops roll, you're popped
And now you're locked, yo, lampin' on Death Row
Society's fault? No
Nobody put the crack into the pipe
Nobody made you smoke off your life
You thought that you could do dope and still stay cool? Fool.

You played yourself...
You played yourself...
Ain't nobody else's fault, you played yourself.