

## Veruca Salt

### "The Name Game"

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[Boots]

Now, motherfuckers done made a name for theyself  
But a name don't mean wealth, let me up you on the  
shit

If we was up in this, just to get up out the ghetto  
Let me tell you right now, we damn near done quit  
I spit game on a regular basis; now everybody  
lookin at my hand like I'm holdin all the aces  
Cool that they know our faces, from different places  
But you can't catch-up/ketchup if you don't know what  
the pace/Pace is

Everywhere we go you know especially in the O we hear  
"Coup, Coup, you know we got love fo' sho"

But even mo' when they see us on B-E-and-T and  
M-T-and-V but me and E can't pay the P-G-and-E  
Power come from the barrel of a buckler

I use the mic so that we aim at the same motherfucker  
Cause your shit could go gold, and the only cash you  
got

is the silver kind that don't fold

I'm gettin dope when they ask about the road that I  
passed

My peoples really be thinkin they gon' come up fast  
and then come rap and shake they ass

You ain't the first, motherfucker who done spent his  
game

then plan to scam, up out the ghetto let me break this  
down

From kids to grams, fuck the videos with the Benzes  
and the cellular phones, spendin hundreds like  
quarters

The Benz is they partner's, the money's on loan, and  
umm..

"the cellular number you have reached is out of order"

[B] Now, motherfuckers done made a name for  
theyself

[E] But a name don't mean wealth

[B] Let me up you on the shit

[E] If we was up in this, just to get up out the ghetto  
Let me tell you right now, we damn near done quit

Now, motherfuckers done made a name for theyself  
[B] But a name don't mean wealth  
[E] Well let me up you on the shit!  
[B] If we was up in this, just to get up out the ghetto  
Let me tell you right now, we damn near done quit

[E-Roc]  
I mocked \_Rockbox\_ wearin socks in my basement, told  
my pops  
I fin' to have as much mail as they got -- not  
I still got to keep my cash clot flowin  
My mind is bent on the rent I'm barely makin it  
micraphone  
It's true, it's a few gettin fund expansions  
It ain't like Acorn Projects gon' move into mansions  
Straight authenticized shit, over synthesized hits  
With this misty eyed mental make your teeth grit  
And I'm not tryin to diss like it's a bandwagon trim  
They sellin six-packs of them waves out the ghetto  
again  
In the 20's it was rocks, in the 50's doo-wop  
It's nineteen-ninety-fo' and everybody's store hoppin  
And ain't nobody really tryin to hear me speak  
They too busy watchin loot, gettin interviewed by Robin  
Leach  
So if you're modest and don't higher/hire economics  
Just kick it with The Coup, smoke this dub sack of funk!

[B] Now, motherfuckers done made a name for  
theyself  
[E] But a name don't mean wealth  
[B] Let me up you on the shit  
[E] If we was up in this, just to get up out the ghetto  
Let me tell you right now, we damn near done quit  
Now, motherfuckers done made a name for  
themselves  
[B] But a name don't mean wealth  
[E] But let me up you on the shit!  
[B] If we was up in this, just to get up out the ghetto  
Let me tell you right now, we damn near done quit

\* DJ Pam cuts up "turn up the beat and let me come with  
some game main" \*

[Boots]  
I'm gon' die before I lie to my peoples on the block  
It's like front and you gon' shoot when you ain't got no  
glock  
You bet' not (that's a punk trick) this is how we run shit  
I'm fin' to pitch a fit cause I'm tired of hearin gums hit  
Why do motherfuckers get up out and go for single

when the real high rollers grab the army to protect they  
Pringles?

[E-Roc]

Confusion, just a system based on prostitution  
They done ganked you, don't be no stank fool with they  
solution  
Unless you got about a million semi-automatics  
you gon' think you strivin doin them wholesale  
acrobatics

[Boots]

No I don't have it like that, Planet Planet ain't got it  
Keep my whole life savings stuffed in my back pocket,  
flock it  
I'm scrapin fronts off like plaque, no slack  
I'm come Realistic like Radio Shack  
Intact and fat motherfuckers finally get they shit right  
Ain't no fight, they scared shitless, all they do is grab  
the mic  
Ain't no organizin real shit on the street, it's a fleet  
of revolutionaries - in the studio makin beats  
So fuck the fame, fuck the game, fuck the riches fool  
I ain't got shit unless all my folks gon' have it too!

[B] Now, motherfuckers done made a name for  
theyself

[E] But a name don't mean wealth

[B] Let me up you on the shit

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