

Ricky Watters

"It's In The Game"

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You know I'm bout it bout it
What? Huh?
You know
Huh?
It's like you don't limit yourself to one thing
Your mama
Got to broaden your horizons
Broaden your joints
Keep your eyes on the prize
The struggle goes on
Eryday (ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha)
Eryday
And I'ma live it through my music
(ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha)
You know how we do
Choose or lose from it

Verse One: Method Man

Pull your shoes up, don't get stuck
or get your frame struck, when my squad blitzin
hittin like Mack trucks, head splittin paper written
in windy cities like Chicago, no bullshhhh
You see me spittin at the kitten with the lost mitten
As we engage in cold war gettin frostbitten
Once again up in these stank drawers baby listen
One mind and for one cause, heavy hittin
The penalty illegal ruffnecks, we bring ruckus
in pursuit of gold lines, can a n---a touch it
If I can't see ya can't truss it
A shady character like Buzz Buzzard
Lay him out like a plush rug-ged
mimicking Brand Nubian Now you can love it, or
leave it alone
We drink death and puff bone
Draggin your body out the end zone
And any way the wind blow that's where you flow
That's why you be the first one caught, last to know
Body layin out on the flo', substitute
Heavy players from the run and shoot, we open do'
Third and long, quarterback pack the cannon on

I go deep he drop bombs, *whistle* that's when I touch-
down
Six points, what now?
Once again who comin through in the clutch now,
perfect strangerous
Ever since I came with this, and wrecked a body
You convinced like Lombardi, that Johnny Dangerous
Offensive shotgun
Calm in the p

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