

Roots, The "Game Theory"

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(feat. Malik B)

[Chorus A]

This is a game
I'm your specimen (4X)

You've got to let me know baby
So I can go, I'd have to fake it
I could not make it
You could not take it

[Black Thought]

Yeah, where I'ma start it at, look I'ma part of that
Downtown Philly where it's realer than a heart attack
It wasn't really that ill until the start of crack
Now it's a body caught every night on the Almanac
Rock bottom where them cops gotta problem at
Where them outsiders getting popped for they wallet at
I had nothin but I made somethin outta that
Now I'm the first out the limo like Charlie Mack
From 215 it's him the livest one
And he's representin Philly to the fullest
Blacks the realest
You can't touch him and not for nothin
If you bout hip hop then you gots to love it
If not then fuck it
I'm still handlin
Smokin more reefer than Redman and them damaging
MC's
And my name's Rick Gees you endangered species
For what I do I'm about to up the fees
I'm paperchase motivated I ain't the one to play with
These cats get set ablaze
You can't have it y'all way but I'd rather parlay
Just smoke og and get cabbage all day
The way thought play causes your main thing to say
Your style so splendid you bout your business
You arousing my interests
You sharper than a Shogun
You know the way it go, huh, game know what I'm talkin
bout

[Chorus A] + [Chorus B]

Hus, that's short for hustlers

We Black Inc Raw Life productions

Tryin to find our spota amongst the ruckus

And be sucker free, flea chumps and busters

Man yeah, Get 'em hus, get 'em hus, get 'em hus

[Black Thought]

Hey yo I'm tryin to get it at any cost so it's no remorse

When I'm blastin off like you been askin for it

When Black step in the door all hats is off

Your hands up in the air goin back and forth

I'm about ready for a classic massacre

I'll make it hotter than when Shaft in Africa

Jump outta a black Porshe huffin a fat cigar

Night ridin on 'em like my last name Hasselhoff

Voted unlikely to succeed cause my class was full

Of naysayers, cheaters and thieves

All it gave me was a good enough reason to leave

And put the writing on the wall for y'all to read it and weep

Cause I'm the force of the Lord, the rage of hell

You'd rather head for the hills and save yourselves

My Man rip drums like He ringin the bells

The King of the Realm you seen Him do His thing in a film

Come on

[Chorus A + B]

[Malik B]

Dreams when M16's with infrared beams

Blowin up presidents' cribs with cans of kerosene

Highjack the limousine with a strategic routine

Then blast my enemy, head for the Caribbean

Militant guerilla camp is ready for war

Lay your corner face down, place down your jewels
cash and four four

When I score prepare for torture

Fuck around and make your town Warsaw

I'm from Illadel the land where the killas dwell

My technique is to ambush you guerilla style

My instinct is of a killer whale bang you up from head to toe

With lyrics I pack like a nine millimal

My types subliminal mentality switched to criminal

Importing heroin internash from Senegal

A soldier takes a stripes from a general

Used the mike of iron or lead

You choose your mineral

[Chorus A]

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