

The Dead Milkman

"Recognize Game"

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Ice-T Intro:

Well alright. Spice 1 in the hiddouse
(and Short Dawgs in the house bitch).
With the L.A. Players (soldiers to the game you know?)
Yeah.
(Peep game fool).
Ant Banks at the crackhouse
ha ha ha better recognize game when it's in your face
bitch).

Ice-T:

It's obvious mad cash got me gassed
Shark tanks and views millionaire cruise buying cars in
twos
"Never lose" my motto since birth
Double up knots and crack spots
Snitches lead out by silence gun shots
Map the area I wanted to cut the fuckin' cops a deal
if they don't kneel, They get peeled
Bitches recognize I never have no drama with death
Bustas always try I leavin' 'em gagging spittin' up flem
Take a pen make a mil and if this shit don't sell
I still got the street powder back to flippin' flower
South Central nigga what?
The representer, damn your girl seen me comin' and
ran
Young enough to be my daughter
My posse use to flip her like a quarter
To state to my man for man slaughter
Caught her in the stairway took her out the fairway
Trunked the punk bitch (That's fair play)

Hook:

You've got the gangstas that I have tangled baby
Bitch recognize game when it's in your face
"Well alright ch'all" "ha ha ha"

Too Short:

You think the town rid of Short?
You must be crazy, that silly shit you talkin' just don't
faze me

I could make a phone call and just like that
A bunch of niggas from Oakland all on your back
I've never been a shot caller just a nigga in a crew
They call me Too Short but I'm still bigger than you
bitch
I been around you can take a turn but don't get burned
I've seen the tables turn
Marks turn into killers rich niggas go broke
Use to be a wanna but now I'm old school Short
In the game never had the stacks since age 14
I been spittin' these raps soakin' up the game up
And even when I came up I fucked with same folks
Still did the same stuff
Bitch Short Dawgs in the house
I know you want my dick cause it's all in your mouth

Hook

Spice 1:

Picture the game as a quarter toss it up in the air (uh
ha)
Heads or tails win or lose broke niggas are players (x2)
Say what up to the S.P. crooked I.C.E.
Ra rolling with the strap on the side of me
Potna don't get it twisted up I got hollow tips extended
clips
Major chips lookin' at Eclipse jacussi dips
Niggas step back I don't know you
Don't get to close to me
Some niggas ain't really the motherfucker they
suppose to be
Cloud killers don't aim until you shoot in the air
Better put it down and brake some hoes off like a true
player
Phoney as three dollar bills niggas ain't recognizin'
Fell in the relapse besides I'm a trauma a nigga
Look in the eyes and when you see me I be hardcore
What the fuck a real nigga gotta lie to kick it for?
I'm tired of these bubblegum ass niggas
throwin' monkey wrenches into the game
And all the players and pimps feel my pain
Hustlers maintainin' riches and keepin' presidentals
Not artfical with fishin' niggas know I'm packin' missles
Get me two Bentleys some houses Johnson jet skis
Ballin' till I die nigga don't fuck with S.P.I.

Hook

