

The Lox F/ Lil' Kim % Skeek "It's Not a Game"

Visit "[It's Not a Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[CL Smooth]

Introducing the Mecca fusion, physical type of funk
using
Carmel cruising, brohter your latest lover smothered
for deeper cover
Ass blown to breaks, individualized the fakes
Just because you're pouring syrup on this don't make it
pancakes
My vocal assaults kept bouncing many amounts that
count slackness
Pete Rock's sounds of blackness
The dark guages the flavor I supply
Now it's do or die, others are rolling the chocolate thai
I rip holes in shows, then move flocks of foes in straight
The Devil will find a way to infiltrate, never pray
I hear the scandal that be couped up in my town
So now we "Gotta Get Away" like Bobby Brown
The women will call it two letters that are instrumental
I focus my eyesight and run it down your genitals
Another dame when I tear it out the frame
Then armageddon came, it's not a game, it's on

It's not a game, no, with the Pete Rock funk
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor
It's not a game, no, with the Mecca Don flow
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor (Repeat
2x)

It's not a game when the Mecca Kane lucifer knows
your name
Now I think I'm on the verge of black male growing
extinct
Now my survival they libel the label homicidal
My spirits aren't idle, now you put your hands on the
Bible
Now the opposite of my God is Nimrod
Taught by Master Faud, hard, now I'm pulling your card
We travel, unravel, dabble in the dopeness
A jam that make you want to know who wrote this
A sctipture from an odyssey, brothers in high velocity
And just like BDP, you know "My Philsophy"

Yeah here to outlast it, to never see the casket
A flute can make a snake rise up from the basket
So Pete Rock here we go, master the flow
(I don't want to be the last to know)
With the mellow funk tunes arriving with the card
trainer plain
The black House of Pain, it's not a game, it's on

It's not a game, no, with the Pete Rock funk
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor
It's not a game, no, with the Mecca Don flow
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor (Repeat
2x)

The lucci's mine like the summertime, and I'm a set it
first
Leaving a hearse when my third verse loads up to burst
To blast, never to tresspass, going to funk, keeping the
crowd touring
The lyric is born on any stage we're walking on
So non-believer meet the Mecca, be chopping 'em like
a meat cleaver
The scrambling quarterback and I'm the wide reciever
I get past you, and when it becomes a war
I go hardcore, matador, then all the bull is on the floor
I look and find the level of crime the time that I
decipher
I'm bagging any sniper put a ball in Peter's Piper
We made the album of the year, rememer the Source
kicks?
We should have been larger but it's all politics
So (Why you wanna, uh huh, play your games on me?)
Cause you called me a factor, get your skully cracked
The truth is coming to take mine
You want to take away more stitches than a
Frankenstein
In '93 me and the P.R. make the dough
The honeys are licking all over my 5 o'clock shadow
A menace to society, the pistol-packing YG
Mecca's the name, it's not a game, so don't try me

It's not a game, no, with the Pete Rock funk
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor
It's not a game, no, with the Mecca Don flow
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor (Repeat
2x)

Visit [The Lox F/ Lil' Kim % Skeek](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

