

Xzibit F/ Ras Kass, Saafir

"Same Team, No Games"

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[NYG'z]

Yo, do the knowledge to the master build the blow and
the spliff
The new millennium, hide them a beef
Gotta watch what I say to you niggaz so I calm my
patience
'Cause the shit ain't really pass the statue of limitations
The streets still holler about how strong I am
Niggaz I hurt still holler about how wrong I am
As a little nigger broke, thinking soda and coke
Had me amazed how my steady hand kept in the flow
Let it sit, cool and heart lit, hit the set cool and
heartless
In front of the store projects, as long as I made a profit
I see you eyeing me, you fire escape diary
Filled with pages of episodes and shying me
Nonbeliever I hammer for hire
Hit yo ass so hard that your coke will catch fire
Dog the stakes are dyer, I'm no liar
Hold the court and the street beef cause I got pride

[H. Staxx]

Same team no games, these chicks I blow brains
Rap-a-lot soul train the corners rocking cocaine
Got no shame
Trying to blow these figures
Headquarters gone he ain't left he still with us
Not in the physical through us he live
I can see him with Big L, Pun, Pac and BIG
Watching over the kid like dear shed the waist over
And yelling "Ether", "Blowout" and "Takeover"
I'm the truth; give you proof and your video shoot
Pull them candors on you while them cameras on you
How you love that
Don't want to blow with Staxx
So go ahead dumb up, make me car crumb up
"It's the Militia"
Yall niggaz don't know about I
Got me heated, frustrated about to blow my high
Me and Benz blazing, Rave got the gauge raising
Sick of talking about it, niggaz ain't on my weight lift

[NYG'z]

Whenever we stand together, down for whatever
Divided we get at you from more angles
Gangstarr forbid, NYG's same team no games
Love is love fame one in the same
Corny style, niggers act strange going against the
grain
Don't want to see us on top of our thing, we adapt to
change
Fame, fortune and material game, flow natural
unrestrained
Let me explain, niggers don't get it until you set it to
flame
Subject them to pain, make them respect
The name, the set you rep, connects you get
Stay ready to bang
Steps ahead of competitors that'll test your aim
H. Staxx shoot back splat dang your brain
My foundation bust gats spread there's your brain
Fuck with mine, spat not take the blame
Play it for keeps, we came to win

[Guru]

YO, I'm the Jerry Rice to this, much too nice to quit
And just so you know, we never liked you kid
Since you ain't wanna let niggers eat
I'm gonna convene with my team before
We gotta let the trigger speak
'Cause nowadays yall rappers are carbon
Copies paws are sloppy, still its hard to stop me
Especially when I connect with my man, rep for my fam
We taking back the rest of our land
And we don't really care if they say you are the shit
They playing your hits
We about to make our way in this biz
And let's see if the gimmick last until the next season
In a flash, take your stupid ass out, give me the next
reason
Flip for my peoples here, spit for my peoples here
Yeah... time to get rich with my peoples here
Cut of a snake's head, then we break bread
Same team, no games
You underground trying to fake dead

{*scratching by DJ Premier repeats*}

Let, let, let the games begin

