

Common F/ Jill Scott

"Know Da Game"

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[Mobb Deep]

Shit is real on the muthafucking hill, God
Times is hard, visions blurred kid, I can't see far
Thinking will I be the next nigga deceased
Over some bullshit beef I pack heat
Son it's '96 and I ain't going out like that
Never roll a dollo cuz my crew got my back
And it's a fact, niggas don't know how to act
Till I cop back, react, leave 'em laying on they back
Sometime I try to maintain and chill
Stop my brain from thinking, restrain from grabbing my steal
I'm stressed out, trying to live right on the wrong route
Thinking of ways to get loot in large amounts
So I chill on the block, nigga respect mines
A giver wit the mac and the motherfucking tech nines
So pack steel if you come through, front if you want to
Before you do, so let me warn you

We more infamous, crime shit, take it to the gat
Fuck the rhyme shit, you reminded of what the nine did
Remanded, QBC, then left stranded
We cock cannons, punishing and back handing

[Chorus] - 2X

[M.O.P.]

In order to survive the game
Know the game
Hold your name
And let them niggas know
The way to win the war
Attend the war
End the war
And let your hammer go

[Kool G. Rap]

Yo, I'll leave your whole body twisted when you get
lifted
And police'll have to fist rumblistics on a basket,
another statistic

I try to chill but you insisted coming all in my district
I don't know why the fuck you risk it
I be more deep, walking the streets, packing the heat
Bring the cowmeat, you'll lifted off your feet
and leave you sleeping on the concrete
Get blown at home or whatever is on your bone
Get to flown to your dome, blow chromosomes out your
flesh and bones
Hitman for hire, who's the next one to expire
Shoot it up in black attire, hit you wit the rapid fire
The stainless basket will leave your brain smoking
Your whole frame broken and clothes soaked, head
blown the fuck open
Try to step inside my fort and get caught
Wit the trey pound shorter left on the sidewalks of New
York
The decompose, blood flows are holes in your clothes,
eyes closed
Body be frozed, posing for pictures with a rose
Head to your toes, look like you got wetted with a hose
The road you choose got your brain drain through your
nose, nigga
So who be committing crimes, dangerous minds, put
two to your spine
Lay you behind enemy lines
When we cross it and leave you like a broken faucet
The underworld production family can reinforce it

[Mobb Deep]

Yo, when shit get real, it ain't what you expected
Me and kikos are known to get hectic
Only to wreck shit, many slugs in all directions
Make you see the light when my shot makes
connections
Niggas get their face split in section
Shooked, using ice grilled looks for they protection
We absorb everything you fear
And indulging in crime-filled atmosphere
This shit ain't nuttin' new, it's only things that we used
to
We used to stick niggas on the F through to
The E train, when it's time to recruit
I humble on the D train, see my man D
Don't need to purchase my cocaine, word to my
newborn seed
A nigga gotta make loot to support greed
On the wildside of the fence, the shit is on the verge of
explosion
It's so cold, you might get frozen
If you leave yourself vulnerable and time lasping
Fools collasping and caught up in gun clapping

No matter who you are if you know many faces
I don't discriminate, my shot bleed all races
And coaches, we sorts like vultures
Eating your insides like ulcers and pour niggas closer
nigga

[Chorus]

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