

## Common f/ Kanye West

### "The Game"

Visit "[The Game](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus - Samples]

"It's only right that I address this..."

"Gotta be in it to win it..."

"I never come lame type killin in the game..."

"Now... get busy..."

"It's only right that I address this..."

"Gotta be in it to win it...."

"I never come lame type killin in the game..."

"Hot music..."

[Verse One]

Raised by game where niggas ain't phased by fame

Come to the crib, get banged, they take your chain.

Stay in your lane, Brokeback ain't the way of the game

My brainstorm is like I stay in the rain

My favorite was Kane, now I'm dope with weight in the  
game

You was hot but can't stay in the flame

Ghetto pain and windows crack, the fist is like a symbol  
for black

Can tell the real by how the real interact

In the middle of whack my soul sticks to a track

Kickback records get kicked to the back

I want big cribs and my man Ronnie to get his

Child in a good school and know what her gift is

It's global warming, the world is shifting

Watching Sweet Sixteen, Bitchin-ass rich kids

You don't know it like you gotta go the distance

Whether yoga or doja, we all get lifted in the Game

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

I never kissed the ass of the masses, I'm the black  
molasses

Thick and I lasted past these rat bastards

They try to box me in like Cassius Clay

Hey I'm like Muhammad when he fasted

Opposing the fascist, make cuts and got gashes

Scratches over third eyelashes

Punchlines are like jab hits to rappers

Whose careers now ashes it's too many slashes  
In his name, came in the game these gun-clappers  
From weak lines to clothing lines to an actress  
I seen em dashing smash hits  
I yell run nigga run while I cook up classics  
The weak hearted, become Babylon puppets  
Making it hard for real hustlas  
Touch the sky now and then, with a lady friend  
Give thanks to the most that's how the day begins in  
the game.

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I just wanna be like Akeelah, an achiever  
from the streets of the Chi where some get high for  
leisure  
Selling weed out of cleaners  
From rocks to barber shops and beemers  
Chicks with blond weaves and strong legs like Serena  
The demeanor of the Ghetto, to never stay settled  
Aldermen and corrupt men play Pharaoh  
GOOD bring business to the hood like heralds  
Find your own, walking by themself in the street  
The young die of cancer, I stop eating meat  
Greet the gods on 87th street like peace  
Even though it's war to G, got em facing the east  
The game ain't tasting as sweet  
Cats flow is still, and they complacent with beats  
My radio station is deep, so eff em  
Progression, counting paper and blessings in the game

[Chorus]

Visit [Common f/ Kanye West](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.