

## Ice-T f/ DJ Aladdin, King Tee

### "You Played Yourself"

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[Intro] Bust this ----> DJ Pooh [King Tee] Aww yeah, what's up Aladdin man? [DJ Aladdin] What's up King Tee? [King Tee] Aww, we're chillin' man [DJ Aladdin] Aww, yeah?! [King Tee] My man Ice asked me to come to do this remix, man Do you wanna join me man? [DJ Aladdin] Aww, you know that, you know that [King Tee] Yo man, you know man, you're gonna combine with my man African Islam with some hypes [DJ Aladdin] Aww, yeah [King Tee] You know what I'm sayin? [DJ Aladdin] That's right, that's right [King Tee] You know, You know my man Ice He man, he's a.. [Hook: DJ Evil-E scratching quote below] Panther ----> Paris Panther ----> Paris Panther ----> Paris Panther ----> Paris [Verse 1: Ice-T] This is it, dope from the fly kid The Ice mic is back with the high bid Suckers you've lost, cause players you're not Gangsters you ain't, you're faintin, punk, if you ever heard a gunshot Yo, the pusher, the player, the pimp gangster, the hustler High Roller, Dead Pres' folder Is cold lampin' like a black king on a throne Evil E... turn up the microphone So I can ill and break on the rollin' tape Another album to make? - Great Islam turn the bass kick up a bit Hype the snare, now I got a place to sit And ride the track like a black mack in his 'llac Hit the corner slow where the girls are at And kick game the way it should be done How you gonna drop science? You're dumb Stupid ignorant, don't even talk to me At school you dropped Math, Science and History And then you get on the mic and try to act smart Well let me tell you one thing, you got heart To perpetrate, you're bait, so just wait Til the press shove a mic in your face Or you meet Boogie Down or Chuck D Stetsasonic or the Big Daddy And they ask you about the game you claim you got Drop science now, why not? You start to sweat and fret, it gets hot How'd you get into this spot? You played yourself [Chorus: DJ Evil-E scratching quotes below] Just steppin' Yo, yo, you played yourself ----> Ice-T Just steppin' [Verse 2: Ice-T] I'm no authority but I know the D-E-A-L When it comes to dealin' with the females What you got they want, cash is what they need Slip sucker and they'll break you with speed But you meet a freak, you try to turn her out Spendin'

money's what I'm talkin' about But you fool out, your  
pockets got blew out And after the date, no boots, you  
got threw out Mad and shook cause your duckets got  
took Call her up, phone's off the hook But who told you  
to front and flaunt your grip? You can't buy no  
relationship You played yourself... [Chorus: DJ Evil-E  
scratching quotes below] Yo, homeboy, you played  
yourself... [Verse 3: Ice-T] I'm in the MC game, a lot of  
MC's front And for the money they're sell out stunts But  
they claim that they're rich and that they keep cash Yo,  
let me straighten this out fast Two hundred thousand  
records sold And these brothers start yellin' about  
gold? You better double that, then double that again  
And still don't get sooped, my friend You think you've  
made it, you're just a lucky man Guess who controls  
your destiny, fans But you diss them cause you think  
you're a star That attitude is rude, you won't get far  
Cause they'll turn on you quick, you'll drop like a brick  
Unemployment's where you'll sit No friends cause you  
dissed them too No money, no crew, you're through  
You played yourself [Chorus: Ice-T w/ minor variations]  
That's right, you played yourself You played yourself  
Yo, yo, you played yourself [Verse 4: Ice-T] You got  
problems, you claim you need a break But every dollar  
you get you take Straight to the Dopeman, try to get a  
beam up Your idle time is spent tryin' to scheme up  
Another way to get money for a jumbo When you go to  
sleep, you count Five-O's Lyin' and cheatin, everybody  
you're beatin' Dirty clothes and you're skinny cause you  
haven't been eatin' You ripped off all your family and  
your friends Nowhere does your Larceny end And then  
you get an idea for a big move An armed robbery... -  
smooth But everything went wrong, somebody got shot  
You couldn't get away, the cops roll, you're popped  
And now you're locked, yo, lampin' on Death Row  
Society's fault? No Nobody put the crack into the pipe  
Nobody made you smoke off your life You thought that  
you could do dope and still stay cool? Fool, you played  
yourself [Chorus: Ice-T w/ minor variations] You played  
yourself Ain't nobody else's fault You played yourself  
[King Tee] Yo, yo, yo, yo, what's up Aladdin? You think  
Ice-T's gonna like this mix? [DJ Aladdin] I think he'll like  
it, I think he'll like it [Outro: King Tee] Yo, yo, this is  
some hypes up You know what I'm sayin? Check this  
out, If you don't call this mix, then you want out mixed  
You know what I'm sayin? If all y'all rid out, you know  
what I'm sayin? You played yourself See y'all!

