

Angie Stone

"Game of Life"

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[Intro/Chorus: Teflon]

Keep yo' eyes on the prize
Cause the name of this game of life is to survive
Recognize, keep yo' eyes on the prize
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Recognize, keep yo' eyes on the prize
Because the name of this game of life is to survive
Recognize

[Teflon]

I guess it's nuttin more to talk about, get crossed up
out
every path that we could possibly pass, lost about
all the love we had fo' each other
The brothers that used to love us
be the same niggaz now that try to rub us
In the quest for the forbidden fruit of life, my greed
made my soul bleed for me to unmask the hidden truth
Reverse the clock, let it rewind back in time
to a time in my mind, where we was the younger flock
up on the block
A sign, blood brothers when we was nine
Thug brothers when we was ten
Cause that's when our life turned to crime
Innocence stolen, boy turned to men, damn from this
moment on
and all those so-called friends became opponents
No more eatin Now or Later, nowadays we play for
high stakes
And so we play the 'Ville, where the power's greater
I guess there come a time in all of our life
For us to separate the men from the mic, for real

[Chorus]

[Teflon]

Now we in this for the gold, and dough
Windows of our soul preach the legendary stories
never told

Back when the TV's was black and white, when
phonographs piped
Days back in the days when we used to act like we was
cousins
Niggaz knew we wasn't, still I spend the night at yo' crib
And you spend the night at my crib - WE WAS COUSINS
Fuck what anybody tell us
We talkin snotty-nose in the hall, catchin body blows
from older fellas
We rolled together, no stick and move, chicken move
We was slick and smooth brothers that knew, how to
pick and choose
whatever we wanted, stay blunted on life, natural high
Goin back to school fly, livin life abundant
What made us change, what made us deranged, what
made us complain
What made us brothers get ahead of this game
Now all we seem to see is pain
Too many brothers got slain in this game for tryin to
get a name

[Chorus]

[Teflon]

Adjust your sight upon the torch, right in front of your
eyes
Live surprise that got so many lives cut short
We claim we in this for the long run
But if you think you gonna last forever in this game
you in the wrong one (that's strong son)
Don't be no ass kid, it's drastic
Cause the way another brother play'll put you in a
casket
Nowadays, street motto is take the bottle from a young
son
Give him a gun and watch him turn to desperado
We in the last days
And the Revelation's on the last page
Slowly we burn - the world is the ashtray
We cast away our former plans, we on the block now
Scramblin with our mans up on the corner, slingin rocks
now
No time to think about the past, it's all about the cash
No matter who ass might gotta get blast
We all about the bread up in the end
You get set up and wet up by the same niggaz you
used to call your friend

[Chorus]

