

Black and White "It's Not a Game"

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Black and White, so we movie say
Movie say

If you don't stand for this life you fall for anything
I stand for Cream Team, see we plan our dreams
Shit ain't a game, we don't run game, we run
businesses
Watch us shine and watch the world be our witnesses

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Observe real though half ceiling of blow rhymin' Deniro
dough
Dundalero yo let the steel blow hear me yo, wild trump
style
Dons connect three hundred ones wow floatin' like a
maccarel
That's foul, most craziest, laziest all eye seein', blaze
this majorness
Mechanic record on a beige disc pain, whatever level
bankrolls
Frequent plain clothes Lex spit six, arrange those snot
nose pros

Dark skin hoes crazy ill fly jersey Expos neck froze fuck
your set
Slash veto's still Lex knows gasoline jumper on with the
most fly
Livest Gortex made in Mexico bricks fifteen five Celine
Dion ties
Two Thousand dollar bubble eyes yo, the theme cries
rollin' for cream
Yo now watch the laser beam rise sling pies doin' our
thing high

The chain of command is effective immediately, the
cause and effect
It calls for your death, black suburbans at night with no

lights ram you
Off Hollywood Hills tearin' off the doors to your Lex
steel Magnolia
Fear is takin' over ya if you ain't bowlin' we rollin'
straight over ya
If you ain't real about it don't talk hollow clips evict you,
set supper
For the Hawks send a missile at your ear like, "What
was it?"
Buzz the buzzers blow past with clutch buckets, they'd
rather
Not see you in Malibu eatin' veal strength recognize
strength
Real recognize real

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It ain't a game dick you know us, European whips chain
frost bit
Peter pay Paul now pay the boss kid, Heavens the
stakes are
Now even sent the heat rash to your camp, left his shirt
There now you barely breathin' slow leakin' look at your
people weepin'

I ain't have to quick draw McGraw you I could Fifty Two
Block you switch my stance up Southpaw, drop you
You got small digits, your riches is midgets to mine you
sip
Ballantine, I'm crown Royal sit back laughin' while y'all
plans foul
Y'all funny style, you'll never make it to trial it ain't a
game kid

World premier, metal gear, fanfare, stand clear all
jokes aside
This is our year still here for real y'all, bare witness this
is business
New York City's sickness simple street principle Cream
Team invincible
Money interchangeable bulletproof Benz's Ralph

Lauren lenses
Soldiers in the trenches expansion four car garage,
mini-mansion
Consolidated regiment connects like the President
excellent

Rock waves with Three Sixty measurements chrome
rims, new timbs
Exotic chains with red gems real estate corporation
mind state
Prosperity dealin' with the highest of integrity steadily
Wall street bound walkin' on Holy ground give is the
greatest of all
I spread my love around young black multi, this ain't a
game son
We run businesses this ain't a game son, we run
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I burst like a sea crackin' through the earth, flower
blossomin'
For your rhyme sickness spittin' anti-toxin best Merc
Get your neck jerked dynamic mic teck squirt lyrics
Spurt blast the expert to his head 'till his legs hurt
knees
Become wobbly, King got love-love, born equal equality
Bring bodily harm probably bust a brain artery kidnap
the track
I could rap to the high hats, my wide screen Imax lyric
Spread until the climax Wu instrumental breaks scratch
past
The after take live performance concert, make shorty
wop masturbate

In the tub legs open water be rushin' from the faucet
Thinkin' about the Wu-Tang gang bang she almost lost
it
I move from the blood marked turf where the heart
hurts

And Merc to the heavily refined hills where the God
lurks
Everyday I'm countin' son, my thoughts can move a
mountain
So much joy in his eyes he'll make you cry a fountain
You purse snatch while I earth snatch and take the
earth back
Have you runnin' like devils bein' chased by the
church?

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