

## Erasure

### "Done in the Game"

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[Young Zee]

\*Talking\*

Yeah... it's just part of the game...

Know what I'm sayin'?... Runnin' trains on these hoes...

Check me out now...

[Young Zee]

Girls, I got 'em locked like Casanova Rudd

After I fuck they'll need a bath to soak the blood

These young girls think they can screw? I'm laughin' at 'em

I get in back and rag 'em; I use a whole pack of  
Magnums

My niggas get knocked for havin' on the vest blastin'

Court-type shit; your crew do time for trespassin'

Yo, see Dee? Niggas might feel (???)

The video better look like Hype Williams filmed it

I hit the Internet to find out where to get a tec

And a pack of Dip cigarettes so tell me where to send a  
check

Bitch, your shit is drippin' sweat off my silhouette

Screamin' 'til you get it wet and I ain't even hit it yet

I'm failin' all my piss tests

Smokin' with these hoes with them big, big breasts

Uhh, uhh... so don't be ashamed

Let my man fuck, we'll be runnin' a train'

{Chorus}

[Axe] Yo, if a nigga act up he get one in the brain

[Zee] That's the type shit that get done in the game

[Axe] She let one of us fuck, man, we runnin' a train'

[Zee] That's the type shit that get done in the game

[Axe] See, the O-U-Tz, we gon' come with the pain

[Zee] That's the type shit that get done in the game

[Axe] Yo, we bring the fuckin' noise like the thunder  
and rain

[Zee] That's the type shit that get done in the game

[Axe]

Axe, you can tell he's nice

Want enough dough to get my celly iced;

tote guns bigger than Kelly Price  
Droppin' mad bombs  
Fuck safety, keep the gat on; .44 Taurus in my Phat  
Farm  
Sucker, please, it's the O-U - fuckin' -Ts  
They back puffin' trees' got your girl puffin' these  
Fool, be strapped, no way you can do me, black  
Let the tooley clap, put one in your bourgeois hat  
Put your brains in your dooley lap  
Like Air Max, I'm everywhere you be at, settin' booby  
traps  
Holy shit! Axe the black Moby Dick!  
Yo, he's sick! Walk out the door, he get, "Blow me,  
bitch!"  
Fuck around, my crew might base  
You should quit this and go back to school like Ma\$e  
'Cause at rap you suck, I'll have to clap you ducks  
Make the coroner wrap you up, ask two nuts

{Chorus}

{Hook: Pace Won}

Nobody run game like these Brick City niggas  
We shuttin' down your spot; we takin' what you got  
Yo, can't nobody set it off like them Brick City niggas  
We bustin' at the cops; police on the block  
Yo, don't nobody hold it down like them Brick City  
niggas  
We shuttin' down your spot; we takin' what you got  
Yo, don't nobody bring the ruck' like them Brick City  
niggas  
We bustin' at the cops; police on the block

[Young Zee]

We could be together if you just listen and be strong  
First you gotta fuck D.U. then you gotta fuck P-Long  
Cops better rappin'?  
That's like God and the Devil bein' friends again,  
that could never happen  
I snap out, not even police chief can stop me  
I be stompin' niggas' teeth with my beef and broccoli  
Your whole tape run game  
Your girl want bang, your whole clique run trains

{Chorus}

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