

## Fahrenheit

### "Still In Da Game"

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[Maestro]

I know the feeling  
Yeah, yeah  
Ain't a damn thing changed  
Check it out, check it out  
Still in da game  
My man in the studio  
Ain't a damn thing changed  
Big Snow  
Yeah, yeah

Peace to all my niggas in the gasoline  
Get your mack upon a candy queen  
Make her shake it like a tamborine  
Get your money from a honey  
Then you bounce like a man be on a trampoline  
Chicken heads wanna get next to me  
Molestin' me, sexually, I give 'em ecsatcy  
I'm with the lamb, not less to be  
Get a fat bag of weed from Chesterlee  
Mother fuckers didn't know I had the skills to last  
So feel the wrath, money, 'cause I'm built to last  
My records ain't hard to sell  
Kardinal know I'm hard as hell  
I make your backbone flip, do the dip  
Make your brain cells flip, 'cause I'm intricate  
At a table I sit, makin' it legit  
When my pen hits the paper (ahh)  
Do a record with Snow, gots to blow  
My last name's Fessional, first name's Pro  
Flippin' the script  
Hit chicks with the thicketts and biggest of hips  
Head from the prettiest lips  
Put a rum in you, and you'd be comin' too  
Nice and slow, baby, tell me what you wanna do  
I'm I to freaks, nobody else is deep  
Even Rapheal Saddiq  
Nobody could step to this, Mr. Wes is the best with this  
Honeys undress with this  
I made another record in a second  
And I realized still I'm getting stress for this

[Snow]

High, high, high

We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)

Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)

No no no no no (all around the world people know the name...)

Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the fame)

Still in the game (still in the game)

Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)

And the one named Snow (all around the world people know the name...)

High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of fame)

[Maestro]

>From the Mardi Gras to the Shangralla

Get a couple hookers over for menage-a-trois

Hit 'em from the back, honey stack

Knock 'em down like a lumberjack, still they wanted money, black

Niggas wanna see me drop instead of see me rock

Still I'm gonna reach the top

I'm still in the game, ain't a damn thing changed

Still got the claim to fame

[Snow]

When I am thinking, I can't understand

How a women gets women and a man, ah, get mad

you wanna hear it from the Maestro man

[Maestro]

Slow down, son, slow down

Niggas ain't understandin' you, son

[Snow]

High, high, high

We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)

Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)

No no no no no (all around the world people know the name...)

Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the fame)

Still in the game (still in the game)

Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)

And the one named Snow (all around the world people know the name...)

High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of fame)

[Snow]  
Ladies dreamin'  
Steady feenin', screamin'

[Maestro]  
Me and Snow be gleamin'  
And we feenin', while in limousine and

[Snow]  
High, high, high  
We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)  
Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)  
No no no no no (all around the world people know the name...)  
Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the fame)  
Still in the game (still in the game)  
Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)  
And the one named Snow (all around the world people know the name...)  
High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of fame)

[Snow]  
Take out one of us, take your car  
Any way  
I've come with the message that today will be a brighter day  
Who goes to the down in January  
South till May  
Big as Buju Banton, me cultured, and ah ????  
Don't forget  
To the front to the back to the side to the dock  
Me ??????  
Come up in, talkin' about you be a big deal  
Wherever you are  
It's quater to one like slurrin' my speech  
Gettin' champagne on my new car  
Call out to the area, man  
And come inside  
Woah, Maestro  
Oh, and now you know, and Snow  
Rude boys, standin' on the corner square where I  
beat up your mind, me, I'm the don  
Sing a sing sing high

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