

Fendrich Rainhard

"Unfriendly Game"

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[Masta Ace]

I'm about to take this beat, and teach you 'bout the
agony of defeat
in this football game in the street
And no it ain't two hand touch, it's rough tackle
When niggas ball on your block, and they buss at you
The fields' fill of players, and they all tryin' to score
The whole team sits on the bench in the down pour
'Cause no matter the weather, the game don't stop
Competin with other teams, that reign on top
Your offense gotta be cats with no conscious
No nonsense niggas, with no options
That know how to carry that rock
make the hand-off, and run off the block
It's hard to get first down, when your new in this rough
town
You sell a pound its a TOUCHDOWN!
And niggas see the pigskin? They blast cops
Some federal agents dressed as mascots
Niggas hold weight, but it's not for liftin'
The only white lines is the ones niggas sniffin'
I know it sounds a bit different, the only quarter is a
quarter key
if that ain't a penalty, it oughta be
And the concession stand is so sick
Servin' you the cat, rat and dog on a stick
But if you ask why somebody got slain
Yo, it's just an unfriendly game

[Chorus: Masta Ace, Strick, (Announcer)]

The game don't stop, cats keep playin'
Some got hit hard and wound up layin'
out in the field but the fans keep payin'
Understand what I'm sayin'?
It's just an Unfriendly Game
(This ain't America is it?)
(This ain't America is it? Where can I be)

[Strick]

Yo, aiiyyo it's Monday night, we on some watch the
game shit

But I can go outside and still see the same shit
'Cause look, there's a bunch of niggas in a huddle
(look)
Looks like they callin' the play, come in kids, don't be
all in the way
'Cause that's Pookie, he the fuckin' quarterback
'Cause he like to use the shotgun, if he don't I know he
got one
And that's Budda he the fuckin' runnin' back
'Cause he always say he gon' quit, and he always wind
up runnin' back
The rest of them? I'll just say they play the line
'Cause they like to protect Pookie, and Pookie make
them stay in line
And if they make a wrong move they penalized
Not by the referee, but by Pookie brother Jeffery
And Jeff don't touch shit, he sit and watch (yup)
oversees the whole block, from his own private luxury
box
He's the one that makes the deals happen
Smokin' big cigars, while his stars are in the field
scrappin'
But tonight the line of scrimmage got penetrated
The block got raided, and everybody got traded
Now they wearin' stripes in a pen, guess that's how the
game go
Nigga you don't know? Highlights at 10

[Reporter]

Wednesday police arrested 12 men in a downtown
drug raid.
The cartel known on the streets as the "Sharks" was
transporting
large amounts of marijuana in shipments of little
league football
equipment.

[Masta Ace]

There's a new team in from outta town
What's the sound? (Gun shot) OUTTA BOUNCE!
And the front line niggas stay ready for the blitz sonny
So you won't make a sack of money
And every now and then, somebody drops the ball
And the next team, be right there to take it all
Now somebody new is tryin' to make a score in your
territory
It's the same old story
And if you want your corner back you better wear a vest
just in case, you gotta pull at bullet to the chest
Believe me, that shit can be a hum-dinger
'cause every quarterback in this league is a gunslinger

The half-time show's kinda ill
Hood rat bitches dancin to Dru Hill (ahhhh...)
Another nigga down and out
A crackhead with no name yo
It's just an unfriendly game

[Chorus]

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