

## Great Big Sea "It's in the Game"

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You know I'm bout it bout it  
What? Huh?  
You know  
Huh?  
It's like, you don't limit yourself to one thing  
Your mama  
Got to broaden your horizons  
Broaden your joints  
Keep your eyes on the prize  
The struggle goes on  
Eryday (ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha)  
Eryday  
And I'ma live it through my music  
(ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha)  
You know how we do  
Choose or lose from it

Verse One: Method Man

Pull your shoes up, don't get stuck  
or get your frame struck, when my squad blitzin  
hittin like Mack trucks, head splittin paper written  
in windy cities like Chicago, no bullshhhh  
You see me spittin at the kitten with the lost mitten  
As we engage in cold war gettin frostbitten  
Once again up in these stank drawers baby listen  
One mind and for one cause, heavy hittin  
The penalty illegal ruffnecks, we bring ruckus  
in pursuit of gold lines, can a n---a touch it  
If I can't see ya can't truss it  
A shady character like Buzz Buzzard  
Lay him out like a plush rug-ged  
\*mimicking Brand Nubian\* Now you can love it, or  
leave it alone  
We drink death and puff bone  
Draggin your body out the end zone  
And any way the wind blow that's where you flow  
That's why you be the first one caught, last to know  
Body layin out on the flo', substitute  
Heavy players from the run and shoot, we open do'  
Third and long, quarterback pack the cannon on

I go deep he drop bombs, \*whistle\* that's when I touch-  
down  
Six points, what now?  
Once again who comin through in the clutch now,  
perfect strangerous  
Ever since I came with this, and wrecked a body  
You convinced like Lombardi, that Johnny Dangerous  
Offensive shotgun  
Calm in the pocket I got one, in the milli gun  
Deep threats to chose from, that's how it goes son  
You win some you lose some, it's in the game

You win some you lose some (uhh!) that's how it goes  
son (yeah)  
You win some you lose some (uhh!) it's in the game ...  
(yeah)  
You win some you lose some, that's how it goes son  
You win some you lose some, it's in the game

Verse Two: Ricky Watters

From the football field  
(It's in the game  
You win some you lose some, it's in the game)  
To the mountain, yaknowhatl'msayin?  
(That's how it goes son, that's how it goes  
You win some you lose some, it's in the game)

Freestylin, profilin, won't catch me smilin  
Straight from Fema Island, buckwhylin, I'm stylin  
A funky type of style with the lyrical incision  
S--t locked down, like my n---z out in prison  
Good riddance, keep it hidden, up in my knapsack  
Sippin cognac, while I vibe off this funky track  
Yo bring it back, or make it hit harder  
Infiltrate your mind like Nino at the Carter, but smarter  
So drop harder, if you wanna conjugate  
Verbs and nouns, make it profound as I pound  
In your earpiece I'm the beast  
To say the least, we must increase, the peace  
But keep it real, so I can feel, the skills  
Funky fresh rhymes I will build so I kill  
and thrill, lyrics spittin, through my lips  
Doin backflips, it's another hit  
Come take a sip, of the running Watters  
Lyrically I slaughter, mentally I author  
the rhymes that you feel to the map  
Crushin double barrels, sing em out like carols  
Who it be? It be I, the n---a with the chinky eyes  
From NY, city we committee we gets busy  
With killa beez on the swarm

Lyricaly we storm, mentally a lord  
Verbally I bomb (boom!), guard your grill  
It's the man that chill, run for the hills from Grassville  
Drillin rhymes straight on tracks and double cuff  
Another TV, and they loved it

(You win some you lose some, that's how it go son  
You win some you lose some, that's in the game  
You win some you lose some, that's how it go son  
You win some you lose some, that's in the game  
It's in the game  
You win some you lose some, it's in the game  
It's in the game, it's in the game, it's in the game, it's in  
the game)

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