

# Inspectah Deck "The Big Game"

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[Intro - Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, major players of the game, still swinging  
I'm up to bat again, ya'll already know  
Barry Bonds flow, out of the park with it (Mental  
Instruments)  
Let's go

[Chorus - A.C.]

You run through the competition, they treat you like a  
champ  
When you winning and you make it to the big game  
Dive in a pile of riches, fly bitches  
Chain fridged when you, make it to the big game  
Get money, big money, big fame  
Spot packed out, and the fans entertained  
They like me, we go hard when we play  
And that's how the fuck you get to make it to the big  
game

[Verse 1 - Inspectah Deck]

Early on the paper route, blood on my hands  
Cannons and lasers out  
Cool as a fan standing in Satan's house  
Show 'em what my name about, boss of myself  
Turning your lady out, talk is cheap, shut up, pay me  
now  
Hands on the dice work, stopping your bank  
Shorty you're light work, Comic View rap making my  
side hurt  
Talent's in the mic worse, drama to rank  
Feels like my life cursed, down to go out  
What's the price worth?  
Seats leaning with the rod held tight  
In the BMW g'ing with the Roswell lights  
I spit gemstars, splitting your dome and I double up  
Everything, heavy swing, bringing 'em home  
So I'm sitting like a king on the throne, like I used to be  
The right hand, now I got a thing on my own  
Showing love for all my ringers home, quoting my  
name  
You niggas been a clone, homie can't swing in my zone

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Raekwon]

Revolvers with the lazy eye, late for my plate frame  
You crazy fly, screw the tip off, jump in the baby I  
More papers, law makers, all of us jaw breakers is on  
Vaticans in action in all ages  
All my teams armored, from all the way to bulletproof  
socks  
Hit me in the calf, it's no option  
I won't fold, destined to make bail  
Call up my Norfolk niggas, tip that bill, we can't play jail  
No time for RICOs, kids ego  
Fucked up the game, that's like sticking your eye next  
to the peephole  
The next generation of dumb niggas, we built the  
legacy  
These bum niggas, got invaded by slum niggas  
All mine battling, we gonna battle for mansions  
Branson and more bottles of Gallo  
A villain slash genetleman, blowing with nine thousand  
Indians  
I'm the chief, this the millennium

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Inspectah Deck]

After all that I been through, critiquing all that the kid  
do  
The moral though, I'mma continue  
We hungry, son, you ain't seen gully  
You Wesley at the Carter, New Jack City, you G-Money  
I beast money, feet stay fresh off the runway  
Hotter than a summer day sunray, I must say  
Truth like a Bible page, twenty flow said night or day  
Twenty warheads at you right away  
Play maker A-gamer'll sell the house out, silence the  
nay sayer  
Throw a shout out, to all my major players  
Deck take it out the park, Barry Bonds stance  
They wonder, damn is his performance enhanced?  
Rumble in the jungle, blind to the pressure  
See, son's cool, million to one odds, he come through  
I leave your trunk blue, holding your head, stuck off the  
one-two  
Turn up the game, I just begun to

[Chorus]

[Outro: Raekwon]

Live and direct, Staten Island 10304

USA, all the way to muthafucking Africa  
Back to Pinkin Avenue

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