

## Jars Of Clay

### "Playing for Keeps"

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Sharper than a switchblade, a brother standing in the  
darkness  
Staring at those who oppose and who try to spark this  
Intelligent wise, but I'm far from a corny man  
My temper's quick though I'm a cool individual  
Some idiot tried to claim I was doing some dirt  
Cause I wore cuortoroy's and a sweatshirt  
But if you took time to listen to the album, G  
You'd see the W was representing peace  
Get a piece in the throat who acknowledge the fact  
I'm here to uplift the stiff in the lip  
And if you ain't saying jack, you're wack  
I'll makr you down in my book  
Another punk perpetrator title I took, shook  
Broken in half, so many suckers in my direction  
I could start my own wack collection  
I told you from the start of my program the way that I  
was stepping  
But you kept snoozing and slept on  
My brother from the ghetto who never had none  
Some claim to be down but see they all about fronting  
See when I was young nobody gave me a damn thing  
Clips and 12 guage shells through my windowpain  
But now I got a little record deal they want me to forget  
about it  
My past, stay calm, and just chill  
Bought a big chain and suit and stand on the corner  
So you and your friends can label me another sucker  
mother-  
Boy what's up? This ain't Disney Land  
I'm walking death row snatching all that I can  
I told you before you should have never fell asleep  
On a brother like the W, cause I'm playing for keeps

You know I'm wondering, how many bodies will be left  
Before the song is over that I'm putting in step  
5 or 10, better yet, aw hell, it doesn't matter  
Cause I'm used to the sound of sucker getting  
splattered  
For sweeping and sleeping on the capital W  
Ain't nothing but a memory

It's taking over in 1990  
Ain't heard of you or him, get serious  
I bring more peace and soul than Don Cornelious  
Yo I ain't down with fronting my grip off  
I'd rather crease my cords and tell a sucker to step off  
And bail like a true B-boy dropping rhythimatic styles  
Aww shhh, I'm from the Low Profile  
The home base mixed with the lyracist, remember this  
You need to be smacked if you even think about  
dissing this  
Dope diagram that I put together  
They ask "Dub when will you turn commercial?" Never!  
Man-mad loop that's hitting harder than concrete  
Now look at your girl, she's on my T-I-P, yo  
I'm down with the label that's able to put my crew on  
the map  
Priority is watching my back  
So you'd better duck low before I start to speak  
And clear a path for the pro, y'all, cause I'm playing for  
keeps

Yo I'm playing for keeps and snatching titles from  
wannabes  
Getting you real weak a sample of dope beat  
I live the lifestyle of a path that you never walk  
Talk too much, G, become a victim of the nightstalk  
Yes this man is dope to those who be holding  
Attempt to cause static within the Low Pro  
The family is tighter than tight, you gets nothing  
The tenuous torture stepping to the production  
I remain in the shadow kicking unorthodox styles  
Knock the posses and crews from the top of the piles  
Just kicking and sticking, ripping and flipping  
And give the licks to punks who think their posse be  
hitting  
Word, I ain't for public appearances and making a  
name  
For fame and turn around and preaching the game  
Survival is vital, no matter how you choose it  
I tend to express my thoughts to funky music  
I get praise every day, it's a wonder  
If I wasn't making records I'd be 6 feet under  
So when you step prepare to rest in peace  
It's on to the fullest y'all, cause I'm playing for keeps

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