

## Kid Rock

### "It's Not a Game"

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[CL Smooth]

Introducing the Mecca fusion, physical type of funk  
using  
Carmel cruising, brohter your latest lover smothered  
for deeper cover  
Ass blown to breaks, individualized the fakes  
Just because you're pouring syrup on this don't make it  
pancakes  
My vocal assaults kept bouncing many amounts that  
count slackness  
Pete Rock's sounds of blackness  
The dark guages the flavor I supply  
Now it's do or die, others are rolling the chocolate thai  
I rip holes in shows, then move flocks of foes in straight  
The Devil will find a way to infiltrate, never pray  
I hear the scandal that be couped up in my town  
So now we "Gotta Get Away" like Bobby Brown  
The women will call it two letters that are instrumental  
I focus my eyesight and run it down your genitals  
Another dame when I tear it out the frame  
Then armageddon came, it's not a game, it's on

It's not a game, no, with the Pete Rock funk  
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor  
It's not a game, no, with the Mecca Don flow  
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor (Repeat  
2x)

It's not a game when the Mecca Kane lucifer knows  
your name  
Now I think I'm on the verge of black male growing  
extinct  
Now my survival they libel the label homicidal  
My spirits aren't idle, now you put your hands on the  
Bible  
Now the opposite of my God is Nimrod  
Taught by Master Faud, hard, now I'm pulling your card  
We travel, unravel, dabble in the dopeness  
A jam that make you want to know who wrote this  
A sctipture from an odyssey, brothers in high velocity  
And just like BDP, you know "My Philsophy"

Yeah here to outlast it, to never see the casket  
A flute can make a snake rise up from the basket  
So Pete Rock here we go, master the flow  
(I don't want to be the last to know)  
With the mellow funk tunes arriving with the card  
trainer plain  
The black House of Pain, it's not a game, it's on

It's not a game, no, with the Pete Rock funk  
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor  
It's not a game, no, with the Mecca Don flow  
When the kids up in the Vernon got the flavor (Repeat  
2x)

The lucci's mine like the summertime, and I'm a set it  
first  
Leaving a hearse when my third verse loads up to burst  
To blast, never to tresspass, going to funk, keeping the  
crowd touring  
The lyric is born on any stage we're walking on  
So non-believer meet the Mecca, be chopping 'em like  
a meat cleaver  
The scrambling quarterback and I'm the wide reciever  
I get past you, and when it becomes a war  
I go hardcore, matador, then all the bull is on the floor  
I look and find the level of crime the time that I  
decipher  
I'm bagging any sniper put a ball in Peter's Piper  
We made the album of the year, rememer the Source  
kicks?  
We should have been larger but it's all politics  
So (Why you wanna, uh huh, play your games on me?)  
Cause you called me a factor, get your skully cracked  
The truth is coming to take mine  
You want to take away more stitches than a  
Frankenstein  
In '93 me and the P.R. make the dough  
The honeys are licking all over my 5 o'clock shadow  
A menace to society, the pistol-packing YG  
Mecca's the name, it's not a game, so don't try me

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2x)

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