

## Lil Wayne

### "Games We Play"

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[Chubb Rock]

All attention to all of the, lyrical swigs  
Whether you studio switch or you're, synching a gig  
Yes! I address to all the known known factors  
Where you slave to the rhythm of con-troling the  
masters  
I. Smythe, whether you drive a Benz or a bike  
Whether you straight hit or you go strictly Dyke  
Dick Van, no drugs I only snort Dristan  
And I point to the sister, and yes I can can  
A, gangsta lean get funky like a latrine and  
lyrics scream deep into the +Roots+ like Ben Vereen  
Rockin, the Apple, since the Mayor were (?)  
I smacked double platinum, or hit gold watch  
I'll achieve, notoriety just like (?)  
Squad squeeze, but they can mingle with the breeze  
But hey, parlay - you don't know my way  
These are the games we play..

[Chorus]

Hey, hey, hey (hey hey)  
These are the games we play  
"I don't know what else to say" -> Biggie Smalls

[Chorus]

[Chubb Rock]

Journalists script shit, that gets me kind of pissed  
No real award given to the, funkiest hits and  
lyrics get prolific and, kids start to sip it  
Esophagus start bulge, specific and centrifric  
Get a dollar, if I sell more than the group Abba  
The Source critics still want to diss my yabba, dabba-  
da-doo  
The pulse that revived the crash crew  
If I'm rockin, on the ra-a-adio eww  
Why they, can't downgrade but if they try  
I rock from Brooklyn to that Crooked-Letter-I  
I, my temper, I remember starts to boil  
The (? ?) but happy that the heads stayed loyal  
The groove hits the ground from the maker of "Get

Down"

Peace love and all that shit plus five pound

Buy hey, parlay - you don't know my way

These are the games we play..

[Chorus]

[Chubb Rock]

Mo hits the beat then Chubb handles the rappin

The un-thinkable flow is fly plus extra napkins

And the girls 'pon Flatbush look stush without my  
googles

And look as they squint then I blink push up the throttle

I, meet this to eat this I, leave this to Beavis

If I wanna smoke ya spliff I might get, stiffer than penis

Ooh, I had to go and rip your whole crew

with freeze love ran land butt rub and blue ooh

dippi - dippi dip on you

With all my niggaz and squads and the, funkiest jew

Ar-tistic lift it start the trend to the phonics

And, funk all pure lyrics that turn to alcoholics

Ghetto tales, start to prevail the shit

Whether you're East West Miami bass Blood or Crip

But hey, hey, you don't know my way

These are the games we play..

[Chorus] - 4X

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