

Masta Ace

"Unfriendly game"

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[Masta Ace]

I'm about to take this beat, and teach you 'bout the
agony of defeat

in this football game in the street

And no it ain't two hand touch, it's rough tackle

When niggas ball on your block, and they buss at you

The fields' fill of players, and they all tryin' to score

The whole team sits on the bench in the down pour

'Cause no matter the weather, the game don't stop

Competin with other teams, that reign on top

Your offense gotta be cats with no conscious

No nonsense niggas, with no options

That know how to carry that rock

make the hand-off, and run off the block

It's hard to get first down, when your new in this rough
town

You sell a pound its a TOUCHDOWN!

And niggas see the pigskin? They blast cops

Some federal agents dressed as mascots

Niggas hold weight, but it's not for liftin'

The only white lines is the ones niggas sniffin'

I know it sounds a bit different, the only quarter is a

quarter key

if that ain't a penalty, it oughta be

And the concession stand is so sick

Servin' you the cat, rat and dog on a stick

But if you ask why somebody got slain

Yo, it's just an unfriendly game

[Chorus: Masta Ace, Strick, (Announcer)]

The game don't stop, cats keep playin'

Some got hit hard and wound up layin'

out in the field but the fans keep payin'

Understand what I'm sayin'?

It's just an Unfriendly Game

(This ain't America is it?)

(This ain't America is it? Where can I be)

[Strick]

Yo, ayyo it's Monday night, we on some watch the
game shit

But I can go outside and still see the same shit

'Cause look, there's a bunch of niggas in a huddle
(look)

Looks like they callin' the play, come in kids, don't be
all in the way

'Cause that's Pookie, he the fuckin' quarterback

'Cause he like to use the shotgun, if he don't I know he
got one

And that's Budda he the fuckin' runnin' back

'Cause he always say he gon' quit, and he always wind
up runnin' back

The rest of them? I'll just say they play the line

'Cause they like to protect Pookie, and Pookie make
them stay in line

And if they make a wrong move they penalized

Not by the referee, but by Pookie brother Jeffery

And Jeff don't touch shit, he sit and watch (yup)

oversees the whole block, from his own private luxury
box

He's the one that makes the deals happen

Smokin' big cigars, while his stars are in the field
scrappin'

But tonight the line of scrimmage got penetrated

The block got raided, and everybody got traded

Now they wearin' stripes in a pen, guess that's how the
game go

Nigga you don't know? Highlights at 10

[Reporter]

Wednesday police arrested 12 men in a downtown
drug raid.

The cartel known on the streets as the "Sharks" was
transporting

large amounts of marijuana in shipments of little
league football

equipment.

[Masta Ace]

There's a new team in from outta town

What's the sound? (Gun shot) OUTTA BOUNCE!

And the front line niggas stay ready for the blitz sonny

So you won't make a sack of money

And every now and then, somebody drops the ball

And the next team, be right there to take it all

Now somebody new is tryin' to make a score in your territory

It's the same old story

And if you want your corner back you better wear a vest

just in case, you gotta pull at bullet to the chest

Believe me, that shit can be a hum-dinger

'cause every quarterback in this league is a gunslinger

The half-time show's kinda ill

Hood rat bitches dancin to Dru Hill (ahhhh...)

Another nigga down and out

A crackhead with no name yo

It's just an unfriendly game

[Chorus]

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