

Method Man "It's In The Game"

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You know, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it
What? Huh, you know, huh
It's like you don't limit yourself to one thing
Your mama got to broaden your horizons
Broaden your joints

Keep your eyes on the prize
The struggle goes on everyday
(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)
Everyday and I'm a live it through my music
(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)
You know how we do, choose or lose from it

Pull your shoes up, don't get stuck
Or get your frame struck, when my squad blitzing
Hitting like Mack trucks, head splitting paper written
In windy cities like Chicago, no bullshit

You see me spitting at the kitten with the lost mitten
As we engage in cold war getting frostbitten
Once again up in these stank drawers baby listen
One mind and for one cause, heavy hitting

The penalty illegal ruff necks, we bring ruckus
In pursuit of gold lines, can a nigga touch it?
If I can't see you, can't trust it
A shady character like Buzz Buzzard
Lay him out like a plush rug-ged

Now you can love it, or leave it alone
We drink death and puff bone
Dragging your body out the end zone
And any way the wind blow that's where you flow
That's why you be the first one caught, last to know

Body laying out on the floor, substitute
Heavy players from the run and shoot, we open door
Third and long, quarterback pack the cannon on
I go deep he drop bombs, that's when I touch down

Six points, what now? Once again who coming
Through in the clutch now, perfect strangerous

Ever since I came with this, and wrecked a body
You convinced like Lombardi, that Johnny Dangerous

Offensive shotgun
Calm in the pocket I got one, in the milli gun
Deep threats to chose from, that's how it goes son
You win some you lose some, it's in the game

You win some, you lose some
(Uh)
That's how it goes, son
(Yeah)
You win some, you lose some
(Uh) it's in the game
(Yeah)

You win some, you lose some
That's how it goes son
You win some, you lose some
It's in the game

From the football field
(It's in the game, you win some, you lose some, it's in
the game)
To the mountain, you know what I'm saying?
(That's how it goes, son, that's how it goes)
(You win some, you lose some, it's in the game)

Free styling, profiling, won't catch me smiling
Straight from Fema Island, buck whiling, I'm styling
A funky type of style with the lyrical incision
Shit locked down like my niggaz out in prison

Good riddance, keep it hidden, up in my knapsack
Sipping cognac while I vibe off this funky track
Yo, bring it back or make it hit harder
Infiltrate your mind like Nino at the Carter but smarter

So drop harder if you wanna conjugate
Verbs and nouns, make it profound as I pound
In your earpiece, I'm the beast
To say the least, we must increase the peace

But keep it real, so I can feel, the skills
Funky fresh rhymes I will build so I kill
And thrill, lyrics spitting, through my lips
Doing back flips, it's another hit

Come take a sip, of the running waters
Lyrically I slaughter, mentally I author
The rhymes that you feel to the map

Crushing double barrels, sing 'em out like carols

Who it be? It be I, the nigga with the chinky eyes
From NY, city we committee we gets busy
With killa beez on the swarm
Lyrically we storm, mentally a lord

Verbally I bomb
(Boom)
Guard your grill
It's the man that chill, run for the hills from Grassville
Drilling rhymes straight on tracks and double cuff
Another TV and they loved it

You win some, you lose some
That's how it go, son
You win some, you lose some
That's in the game

You win some, you lose some
That's how it go, son
You win some, you lose some
That's in the game, it's in the game

You win some, you lose some
It's in the game
It's in the game, it's in the game
It's in the game, it's in the game

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