

**Nas****"The Game Lives On"**Visit "[The Game Lives On](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Black hoods cops and projects  
Sewers flooded wit foul blockage  
The gutters wild and every child watches  
Chains and top locks get ripped off hindges doors  
kicked off  
Drunks stagger off smeared off wipe your beard off  
Crippled dope fiends in wheelchairs stare vision blurry  
Cause burried deep in their mind are hidden stories  
Bet he's a mirror image of the 70's error  
he's finished for the rest of his life til he fades out  
the liquor store workers miss him but then it plays out  
So many ways out the hood, but no signs say out  
Mental slave house where gats go off  
I show off, niggas up north  
Prisonology talks till they time cut off  
You used to chill you short, prepare deep thought  
They hit the streets again, get it on  
Get this paper and breed again  
Planet leave somethin behind, so your name will live on  
No matter what the game lives on.....

Chorus: (there is no chorus, the beat just plays on)

Uh, yo, if this pianos  
The cake and my words to the candles  
Light it up, make a wish and them angels will grant you  
And patience one try, puttin those angles as bamboo  
They lit it up, (nas inhales 2 times)  
hit it up, (nas inhales once) now they dismantle  
Think the whole world is crazy, got a nine  
Watch where you walk, two dollar fine  
Sign of the times, hearin New York high satin  
United Nations quietly takin toll on your soul  
take it or leave it, just my evaluation  
Stack newly guns, teach the girls karate school your  
sons  
Not to hate, but to stay awake  
Cause the scars a razor make is nothin in comparison  
To the gas left on his whole mask, if we dont get it  
controlled fast  
Might as well be, laughing with Malcom X's assassin

As we die slow, parishin brain dead from an Ericson  
Words of the medicine, two teaspoons for goons  
A couple of it for those thuggin it  
Yall sing the tune.....

Chorus

Another day another dollar my mother will holler  
She said go and see the world for myself, in my  
brothers Impala  
Pops was smooth from his top to his shoes  
He sang the blues, guitar strings he played Smokin in  
School  
Two pellican hats, picture this yo, 70's cat  
He rolled his music in the back of the crib, I did my  
homework  
At night the windows and speakers, pumpin life out  
A fight people screamin, cause somebody pulled a  
knife out  
So I look at this room, I'm hooked to this tune  
Every night the same melody  
Hell soundin so heavenly.....

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