

# Roots

## "Game Theory"

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**(feat. Malik B)**

*[Chorus A 4X]*

This is a game  
I'm your specimen  
You've got to let me know baby  
So I can go, I'd have to fake it  
I could not make it  
You could not take it

*[Black Thought]*

Yeah, where I'ma start it at, look I'ma part of that  
Downtown Philly where it's realer than a heart attack  
It wasn't really that ill until the start of crack  
Now it's a body caught every night on the Almanac  
Rock bottom where them cops gotta problem at  
Where them outsiders getting popped for they wallet at  
I had nothin but I made somethin outta that  
Now I'm the first out the limo like Charlie Mack  
From 215 it's him the livest one  
And he's representin Philly to the fullest  
Blacks the realest  
You can't touch him and not for nothin  
If you bout hip hop then you gots to love it  
If not then fuck it  
I'm still handlin  
Smokin more reefer than Redman and them damaging  
MC's  
And my name's Rick Gees you endangered species  
For what I do I'm about to up the fees  
I'm paperchase motivated I ain't the one to play with  
These cats get set ablaze  
You can't have it y'all way but I'd rather parlay  
Just smoke og and get cabbage all day  
The way thought play causes your main thing to say  
Your style so splendid you bout your business  
You arousing my interests  
You sharper than a Shogun  
You know the way it go, huh, game know what I'm talkin  
bout

*[Chorus B]*

Hus, that's short for hustlers  
We Black Inc Raw Life productions  
Tryin to find our spota amongst the ruckus  
And be sucker free, flea chumps and busters  
Man yeah, Get 'em hus, get 'em hus, get 'em hus

*[Black Thought]*

Hey yo I'm tryin to get it at any cost so it's no remorse  
When I'm blastin off like you been askin for it  
When Black step in the door all hats is off  
Your hands up in the air goin back and forth  
I'm about ready for a classic massacre  
I'll make it hotter than when Shaft in Africa  
Jump outta a black Porshe huffin a fat cigar  
Night ridin on 'em like my last name Hasselhoff  
Voted unlikely to succeed cause my class was full  
Of naysayers, cheaters and thieves  
All it gave me was a good enough reason to leave  
And put the writing on the wall for y'all to read it and weep  
Cause I'm the force of the Lord, the rage of hell  
You'd rather head for the hills and save yourselves  
My Man rip drums like He ringin the bells  
The King of the Realm you seen Him do His thing in a film  
Come on

*[Chorus B]*

*[Malik B]*

Dreams when M16's with infrared beams  
Blowin up presidents' cribs with cans of kerosene  
Highjack the limousine with a strategic routine  
Then blast my enemy, head for the Caribbean  
Militant guerilla camp is ready for war  
Lay your corner face down, place down your jewels  
cash and four four  
When I score prepare for torture  
Fuck around and make your town Warsaw  
I'm from Illadel the land where the killas dwell  
My technique is to ambush you guerilla style  
My instinct is of a killer whale bang you up from head to toe  
With lyrics I pack like a nine millimal  
My types subliminal mentality switched to criminal  
Importing heroin internash from Senegal  
A soldier takes a stripes from a general  
Used the mike of iron or lead  
You choose your mineral

*[Chorus A]*

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