

## T Ice

### "You Played Yourself"

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Verse 1

This is it dope from the fly kid

The Ice mic is back with the high bid

Suckers you've lost cos players you're not gangstas  
you ain't

You're faintin' punk if you ever heard a gunshot

Yo the pusher the player the pimp gangsta the hustler

High Roller dead pres folder

Is cold lampin' like a black king on a throne

Evil E...turn up the microphone

So I can ill and break on the rollin' tape

Another album to make? Great

Islam turn the bass kick up a bit

Hype the snare, now I got a place to sit

And ride the track like a black mack in his 'lac

Hit the corner slow where the girls are at

And kick game the way it should be done

How you gonna drop science? You're dumb

Stupid ignorant, don't even talk to me

At school you dropped Math, Science and History

And then you get on the mic and try to act smart

Well let me tell you one thing, you got heart

To perpetrate, you're bait, so just wait

Till the press shove a mic in your face

Or you meet Boogie Down or Chuck D

Stetsasonic or the Big Daddy

And they ask you about the game you claim you got

Drop science now, why not?

You start to sweat and fret, it gets hot

How'd you get into this spot?

You played yourself...

Yo, yo, you played yourself...

Verse 2

I'm no authority but I know the D-E-A-L

When it comes to dealin' with the females

What you got they want, cash is what they need

Slip sucker and they'll break you with speed

But you meet a freak, you try to turn her out

Spendin' money's what I'm talkin' about

But you fool out, your pockets got blew out

And after the date, no boots, you got threw out

Mad and shook cos your duckets got took

Call her up, phone's off the hook

But who told you to front and flaunt your grip?

You can't buy no relationship

You played yourself...

Yo, homeboy, you played yourself...

### Verse 3

I'm in the MC game, a lot of MC's front  
And for the money they're sell out stunts  
But they claim that they're rich and that they keep cash  
Yo, let me straighten this out fast  
Two hundred thousand records sold  
And these brothers start yellin' 'bout gold?  
You better double that, then double that again  
And still don't get sooped, my friend  
You think you've made it, you're just a lucky man  
Guess who controls your destiny, fans  
But you diss 'em cos you think you're a star  
That attitude is rude, you won't get far  
Cos they'll turn on you quick, you'll drop like a brick  
Unemployment's where you'll sit  
No friends cos you dissed 'em too  
No money, no crew, you're through  
You played yourself...  
That's right, you played yourself...  
You played yourself...  
Yo, yo, you played yourself...

### Verse 4

You got problems, you claim you need a break  
But every dollar you get you take  
Straight to the Dopeman, try to get a beam up

Your idle time is spent tryna scheme up  
Another way to get money for a jumbo  
When you go to sleep you count Five-O's  
Lyn' and cheatin', everybody you're beatin'  
Dirty clothes and you're skinny cos you haven't been  
eatin'  
You ripped off all your family and your friends  
Nowhere does your larceny end  
And then you get an idea for a big move  
An armed robbery...smooth  
But everything went wrong, somebody got shot  
You couldn't get away, the cops roll, you're popped  
And now you're locked, yo, lampin' on Death Row  
Society's fault? No  
Nobody put the crack into the pipe  
Nobody made you smoke off your life  
You thought that you could do dope and still stay cool?  
Fool.  
You played yourself...  
You played yourself...  
Ain't nobody else's fault, you played yourself

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