

## Mcgruff "What Part of The Game"

Visit "[What Part of The Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm the greatest rapper in the world, you who tryin to  
kid man  
I will slam dunk on your big man  
Been rappin for years, crackin them bears, the sound  
of platinum chairs  
Predict future cash and it's near, my speech is dittly  
I bust shots until the heat gets heavy  
Fuck bitches until the sheets get sweaty  
Beats and melodies, will make me blink  
I'll pull my shank out, and give a warrior's cry  
If you ain't down wit my crew, all you die  
You can tell I'm real, by lookin in the ball of my eye  
I will get some cream from it, one day, your baby and  
my baby  
Can my some dough on Teem Summit  
Countin the loot, fountain the youth, the young God  
Here's the inside thug, like a Marmashad  
Some wanna have emotions and kill me  
Put the toast to my kidney, when I speak most of them  
feel me  
So, keep my name off ya breath  
'Fore my nigga Gruff take the chain off ya chest  
All guaranteeing, blaow, take the brain off ya neck  
Off the top of the dough, one shot and you'll blow  
Fuckin wit Panama P.I., guarantee I'll take ya outta ya  
zone

Ayyo me and my nigga Hais, ride, lay loose  
Case ya try to play Zeus, got the tray deuce  
Hidin right inside the bubble, face goose  
Not to quickly to make to make news  
I'ma ace deuce, caught cases, I got Gotti and O.J. juice  
And my crew, you're very stackless, very cock now  
Phase of every Rocky, turn your caviar ass into, um  
Chicken teriyaki, Spanish nigga try to front on me  
I say papi Rocky, wish he would of shot me  
'Cause I don't care if he frail or cock D  
When I got the glock, B, can't stop me  
And no judicial system could affix me, try to lock me  
Over papas on mine, Mr. D.A., someone to lace ya dime  
And tell P.H. that the camera job, come on, that's a  
waste of mine

'Cause I got my girl Curry, live in D.C  
Work the spring court, you know for me, that just scary  
How Harlem nigga do, get in the building bitch hurry  
Before my girl see, back to top, so she can give me one  
on jury  
Says hung, got her sprung, she fell that I'm young  
Her little toy boy, make her lick my ass wit a tongue  
She's so smart, she's dumb, but I keep, tomorrow ain't  
promised  
Now I might need a one way flight to St. Thomas  
And at the same time I got a JAG fetish  
And who knows, I might have bad credit  
I can't borrow from niggas I ass betted  
Go to your girl, I pop my truck faster  
Don't make me Flex on you ghetto style like Funkmaster

You got money, what it look like?  
You got crack, what it cook like?  
You got a song, wit the hook like?  
Word is bond, when P.I. hit the microphone, niggas took  
mics  
You got crack, what it cook like?  
You got a song, wit the hook like?  
You got some money, what it look like?  
What part of the game is that?  
You fuck around wit my track, blaow, part of the  
flaming stat

I live the God knowledge, my book of life, he read like  
twice  
Five percent shine, today the grease like, my attribute's  
like  
Paretic chrome, I thrown, throw it at your dome, blown  
It be known, like Sa Salasi clone, connect wit one zone  
Cybernetic, verbal buck slang, king ebonic  
Nickname Farad, all of ya dude, rock me Muhammad  
I came swift, wit off as the shit, they couldn't catch it  
Define this, got drawn so swift, couldn't detect it  
Thug covert, sip Scotch drink, just like an Irish  
Move like the infamous full blown antivirus  
Apollus, mad Olympic, fragile fitness  
Supreme gymnast, ancient decent, homey scriptures  
Equilibrium, catch me at the Wimbledon, thug  
gentlemen  
Guess jeans, Wu shirts, construction Timberland  
You're nobody wit nothing and your name shall be  
Nathan  
Who you facin, slugs blazin the amazin

Ayyo check it, I used to live reckless  
Snatch kids necklace, nigga respect this

A nigga catch this, blaow, trigga specialist  
Is your death wish, leave you rib and chestless  
Gun ho, real life thug, every one know  
From the Bumjo, to the kids, to Colombo  
My niggas locked down doin state, did you rumble?  
Twenty five to L, on the humble, real thug shit  
Plug shit, catch you, wouldn't dare fuck wit  
Care rugged, from the skulls down to the Timb's  
Surroundin your Benz, wit niggas houndin your gems  
Yo pump this jam in your joint  
All my thug niggas cruisin wit the mamas on points  
City wise guys, gritty high guys, pretty mamas  
I even make boricua, shake the titty tatas  
Harlem World slugger, watch it explode like Pearl  
Harbor  
Screw ma, get a girl's Vodka  
And get them hotter, slide 'em off, twist 'em proper  
Yo I'm a sex fiend, fuckin in my 400 hundred Lex' ring  
Flex cream, presidential roly wit Gets gleam

You got money, what it look like?  
You got crack, what it cook like?  
You got a song, wit the hook like?  
Word is bond, when P.I. hit the microphone, niggas took  
mics  
You got crack, what it cook like?  
You got a song, wit the hook like?  
You got some money, what it look like?  
What part of the game is that?  
You fuck around wit my track, blaow, part of the  
flaming stat

You got money, what it look like?  
You got crack, what it cook like?  
You got a song, wit the hook like?  
Word is bond, when P.I. hit the microphone, niggas took  
mics  
You got crack, what it cook like?  
You got a song, wit the hook like?  
You got some money, what it look like?  
What part of the game is that?  
You fuck around wit my track, blaow, part of the  
flaming stat

Visit [Mcgruff](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.