

Will Smith

"For The Love Of The Game"

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Jazzy Jeff ftg Baby Blak & Paul Yams - For The Love of the Game

Representt for hip hop not for rap yo

Representt for hip hop not for rap

[Paul Yams]

I got love for the game that's why I'm rhyming always
stay in the booth

Never lying to the people always telling the truth

I feel the bass in my chest give power to songs

Girl ripping when I'm home about the hours I'm gone

I can't help it the studio where paul be at

Tried to walk away from it but it called me back

Forget my pride shit I even quit my job

For the one that I love to work music

Recognised by my art that I spill in my game

Pour my heart on the track and have you feeling my
pain

Seen a lot of hard times on the way to success

When I'm mad writing a rhyme is my way to express

Lay back and fall deep in a verse

If I was out in the street yo I probably lay a sleep in a
hearse

There's nothing like when you on a mic tearing a track

Then you come from out the booth and start hearing it
back

Everybody their love the sound that's why they give you
hugs and pounds

Now you know you was spittin it

You got the whole run vibing the same

You ain't doing this for dollars and chains

You got love for the game

Love what you do

And do what you Love (for the game)

Represent for hip hop not for rap yo

Love what you do

And do what you Love (for the game)

Represent for hip hop not for rap

(yo im feeling you yams do the same thing yo)

[Baby Blak]

For the love of the game
I only deal with dollars and change
Switch places from big faces one in the same
With Snares and kicks prepared to mix
In the both till I'm dead
No roof on my head
Even tools in the shed
Got a place to stay
But a place to lay?
That's what I deal with on a day to day
Phone off heat off loan sharks spaghetti no meat balls
At least yall can eat y'all
Feel my strain on a cloudy feel my rain
No food no drink just hunger pains
Thinkin everyday who this chrome 'gone kill
Smile in women face for a home cooked meal
Right now I hate my life
But love the way I write
For real I think I seen my death
Think I like bumming cheese from Jeff?
Pockets of my jeans on e and they seems on f
I'm a hard working all nighter ASCAP sesac song writer
worldwide weedhead bong lighta (lp version)
Feel my blood and tears
But my love is the drug that got me loved and revered
from thugs for years
It's the game yo
-BabyBlakKat copywrite2002(c)-

Love what you do
And do what you Love (for the game)
Represent for hip hop and not for rap yo
Love what you do
And do what you Love (for the game)

Represent for hip hop and not for rap

Yo blak it seem like we both feeling the same
Remember when I walked away and you were still in the
game? (uh ha)
That shit was hot I'm still feeling the flame
Plus you never forgot every other verse spilling my
name

Chilling with dames to will they range killin their brain
with game
If not cousin I be still on the train

Like you said we ain't willing to change
I'm feeling you maing
Damn see family and we

Stick together
Shows overseas spit together
No doubt for the love of the game
We gonna keep staying the same
When you not around laying your dame
Getting paper from a play in a lane
Keep heat for any hater wanna test the rap
And even more on the wax so sat jeff is phat

I attest to that
Still walk with dressroom back
Same ghetto
Same whip
Still stressed on wack
Just wanna back yall nothin less than that
Just want some cash cars and them records with blak
It's just a game yo
But whether or not
I still got love for hip hop
It's the game

Love what you do
And do what you Love (for the game)
Represent for hip hop and not for rap yo
Love what you do
And do what you Love (for the game)
Represent for hip hop and not for rap yo

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