

## Philly's Most Wanted "The Game"

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[Mr. Man (Boobonic)]

"Ayyo, let me tell y'all somethin'. We ball like the ballers  
ball,  
("We ball.") pimp like the pimpers pimp; ("We pimps.")  
and when we want, we can take like the takers take.  
("You want drugs?") 'Knaw-mean? Southwest, we get  
down.  
("That's right.") What. Ayyo, check it."

Ay, for the most part, I'm smart. Keep birds  
I'm the type 'get head in the whip, won't swerve'  
In the winter rock Timberland boots, long furs  
Usually if I shot at you niggas, we had words  
Aim might be off a little, it's bad nerves  
Mister, a step above like street curbs  
M-R D-O-T, somethin' nasty  
Price it but ain' gon' cop? Don't ask me  
Hot as the drop. Cold, my top glassy  
You don't really think I'm grown? Kidnap me  
Uh, respect is all I ask for  
Wit' no problem, spray your Accord  
I leave you face down, dead on your dashboard  
Sixteen shots in your front left door  
then I spent off, wipe my fingerprints off  
Rob pass the creep. Man, that scene get tossed  
Playin' ketchup/catch-up got you lost on the sauce  
You ain't nothin' but crack, I supply all raw  
like them cars you saw bounce on Crenshaw  
Tell them Boyz in your Hood the same goes for y'all.  
What?!

[T-Mix]

That's how the game go. Young blood, ask your kinfolk  
Don't do the same dumb shit that got him smoked  
Man, you know it's real when the gun go. (Gun shot)  
Pay for no respect. Mothafucka, better let it go  
That's how the game go. Young blood, ask your kinfolk  
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[Boobonic]

Yo, again it's Boobonic. Shit, I leave a thug wet  
Trust me when I tell ya, you ain't seen blood yet  
Layin' on the deck, blood pressure gettin' low  
and it's fucked up because you was never gettin'  
dough  
'Young boy, who you talkin' to?' Then I bust him  
Sonny, talkin' to C. I love you but can't trust you  
It's me and Mister, 's like A.C. and O.J.:  
everybody know we all about that all day  
Tell ya again, don't fuck wit' A. Jones,  
kill you while you talkin' to broads on pay phones  
Sick flow, I know how to get dough. ("Yeah.")  
Ski mask outta ya house and get low  
I don't see you when you talk? That's invisible threats  
See Boo iced out in invisible sets  
Niggas must think that I'm outta my mind  
like I'm out in the streets without the nine  
Come on, use your brain before I put 'em on the floor  
One shot, I bet you won't walk no more  
Reason why, you went sick-up crazy  
Now your mom over top of you like 'Get up, baby!'  
But not today, he gone and that's that  
I'ma put it on wax in fact and that's rap  
Let it go. Uh. Mister Man, Boobonic  
Uh. You ain't ready, nigga

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[Mr. Man]

Who keep the hot block? ("Mister.") Hot glock?  
("Mister.")  
Call the cops tryin' to snitch on... ("Mister.")  
Big chips? ("Mister.") Nice whips? ("Mister.")  
Big dick? ("Mister.") Fuck yo' sister  
Bitch you call, she call to talk about Mister  
Whole time, thinkin' it was all about rap  
knowin' I'ma playa. How the fuck you think that?  
Compare a brick of raw to an ounce just of crack

[Boobonic]

You can catch me in your bitch ear sayin' I'm fuckin'  
nice  
at the bar. Cristal and a bucket of ice  
You can catch a nigga lookin' at me, mad 'cause I'm

eatin'

Type: crack on my bitch just to tell her I'm cheatin'.

("Sucka.")

I talk that shit and walk it like beat cops

'Bonic all over it soon as the beat drops

It's Most Wanted; them niggas that got the street hot,

crushin' all y'all niggas that pray that we flop

Shit I spit, well

Out in Cali in a four-point-six tippin' richter scales. ("Get it?")

The new lever, did more than you ever

Real niggas hate when we spill, we too clever

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