

## Frankie Cutlass

### "Know Da Game"

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Featuring Mobb Deep Kool G Rap M.O.P.]

(Mobb Deep)

Shit is real on the muthafucking hill God

Times is hard visons blurred kid I can't see far

Thinking will I be the next nigga deceased

Over some bullshit beef I pack heat

Son it's '96 and I ain't going out like that

Never roll a dollo cuz my crew got my back

And it's a fact niggas don't know how to act

Till I cop back react leave 'em laying on they back

Sometime I try to maintain and chill

Stop my brain from thinking, restrain from grabbing my steal

I'm stressed out, trying to live right on the wrong route

Thinking of ways to get loot in large amounts

So I chill on the block, nigga respect mines

?A giver wit the nets? and the muthafucking tech nines

So pack steel if you come through, front if you want to

Before you do, so let me warn you

We more infamous, crime shit, take it to the gat

Fuck the rhyme shit, you reminded of what the nine did

Remanded, QBC, then left stranded

We cock cannons, punishing and back handing

Chorus(2x)

(M.O.P)

In order to survive the game

Know the game

Hold your name

And let them niggas know

The way to win the war

Attend the war

End the war

And let your hammer go

(Kool G. Rap)

Yo, I'll leave your whole body twisted when you get  
lifted

And police'll have to fist rumblistics on a basket,  
another statistic

I try to chill but you insisted coming all in my district

I don't know why the fuck you risk it

I be more deep, walking the streets, packing the heat

Bring the cowmeat, you'll lifted off your feet and leave  
you sleeping

on

the concrete

Get blown at home or whatever is on your bone

Get to flown to your dome, blow chromosomes out your  
flesh and bones

Hitman for hire, who's the next one to expire

Shoot it up in black attire, hit you wit the rapid fire

The stainless basket will leave your brain smoking

Your whole frame broken and clothes soaken, head  
blown the fuck open

Try to step inside of fort and get caught

Wit the trey pound shorter left on the sidewalks of New  
York

The decompose, blood flows are holes in your clothes,  
eyes closed

Body be frozed, posing for pictures with a rose

Head to your toes, look like you got wetted with a hose

The road you choose got your brain drain through your  
nose, nigga

So who be commiting crimes, dangerous minds, put  
two to your spine

Lay you behind enemy lines

When we cross it and leave you like a broken faucet

The underworld production family can reinforce it

(Mobb Deep)

Yo, when shit get real, it ain't what you expected

Me and kikos are known to get hectic

Only to wreck shit, many slugs in all directions

Make you see the light when my shot makes  
connections

Niggas get their face split in section

Shooked, using ice grilled looks for they protection

?We saw? everything you fear

And indulging in crime-filled atmosphere

This shit ain't nuttin' new, it's only things that we used to

We used to stick niggas on the F through to

The E train, when it's time to recruit

I humble on the D train, see my man D, Don't need to purchase my

cocaine

Word to my newborn seed

A nigga gotta make loot to support greed

On the wildside of the fence, the shit is on the verge of explosion

It's so cold, you might get frozen

If you leave yourself vulnerable and time lasping

Fools collasping and caught up in gun clapping

No matter who you are if you know many faces

I don't discriminate, my shot bleed all races

And coaches, we sorts like vultures

Eating your insides like ulcers and pour niggas closer nigga

Chorus

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