

Rasco

"What Happened to the Game?"

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{*ad libs for the first 12 seconds*}

[Rasco]

Yeah, once again y'all
Ha, it's the Soulfather Rasco, yeah
Cali Agent #1, Dick Swan' back with it
Uhh, 'bout to set the shit off, check it
Yeah

Yo, hip-hop ain't never felt this good
Got my back off the mat, set to bless the hood
Yo, man I did it with the sweat off my back
Spent six long years tryin to better the stacks
The better the tracks, the better I can spit these rhymes
When it's all said and done I can stick these dimes
Yeah, I can hit these niggaz from close range
Nigga we throw thangs, nigga we won't change
We - keep the zone, to each his own
On the top of the hill you can keep your thrown
Listen - guns and steel'll stun you still
While these cats stay fake I'm the one that's real
Aiyyo I'm straight from the Bay ay, where these cats
don't P-lay
It's the home of the DJ
They try to catch us on the replay, T-Bo
We go to the top never be-low

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Aiyyo what happened to the game homey?
Man these cats done changed on me, they still try to
put the chains on me
I bust loose, man I'm ready to fly
Bust shots in the sky like I'm ready to die

[Rasco]

Aiyyo I came up from ze-ro, now my baby girl's he-ro
I bet you cats never seen dough
Been on the d-low, cause I will come re-po your shit
We rollin thick
Deez flows is sick (ha) you need to call the MD
Leave it up to Ras' to MC

Even if your glass is empty I pour your shots
Then take you for the four you got
Point guards never scored a lot, 'til I entered the game
You want to win, gotta enter your name
Dick Swan' still quick on the draw, I'm still spittin it raw
I will still put dick in your jaw
Man I had to bring it back to this, this is classic shit
The type of shit a nigga has to get
Had to take it back to '98, there's no time to wait
I still gotta put food on the plate

[Chorus]

[Rasco]

Aiyyo this is how it is (yeah) I came to handle my biz
Do my thing so a brother can live
Yo even if I got it to give I'm never holdin back
Feel better when I'm foldin stacks
Control the track, ain't another cold as that
Like haters in the game tryin to hold us back
We, break the chains, take your name
Do hip-hop shit go against the grain
Twist and sprain, yellin but I missed your name
Man ain't nuttin worse when they spit the same
We, bring the real, swing for grills
Tell the man up top he can bring the bills
Fuck your deal~! We don't really need the shit
Just a brother in the game tryin to breathe and shit
Just gimme what's mine and things'll be fine
Two-double-oh-five put it all on the line

[Chorus]

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