

## Snow

# "Still In Da Game"

Visit "[Still In Da Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Maestro]

I know the feeling  
Yeah, yeah (maestro yeah)  
Ain't a damn thing changed  
Check it out, check it out  
Still in da game (what)  
My man in the studio  
Ain't a damn thing changed  
With Snow  
Yeah, yeah

[Maestro]

Peace to all my niggas in the gasoline  
Get your mack upon a candy queen  
Make her shake it like a tamborine  
Get your money from a honey  
Then you bounce like a man be on a trampoline  
Chicken heads wanna get next to me  
Molestin' me, sexually, I give 'em ecsatcy  
I'm with the Lam., not Lester B.  
Get a fat bag of weed from Chester Le  
Mother fuckers didn't know I had the skills to last  
So feel the wrath, money, 'cause I'm built to last...  
My records ain't hard to sell  
Kardinal know I'm hard as hell  
I make your backbone slip, do the dip  
Make your brain cells flip, 'cause I'm intricate  
At a table I sit, makin' it legit  
When my pen hits the paper (ahh)  
Do a record with Snow, gots to blow  
My last name's Fessional, first name's Pro  
Flippin' the script  
Hit chicks with the thicketts and biggest of hips  
Head from the prettiest lips  
Put a rum in you, and you'd be comin' too  
Nice and slow, baby, tell me what you wanna do  
I'm L to freaks, nobody else is deep  
Even Raphael Saddiq  
Nobody could step to this, Mr. Wes is the best with this  
Honeys undress with this  
I made another record in a second  
And I realized still I'm getting stress for this

[Snow]

High, high, high

We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)

Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)

No no no no no (all around the world people know the name...)

Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the fame)

Still in the game (still in the game)

Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)

And the one named Snow (all around the world people know the name...)

High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of fame)

[Maestro]

From the Mardi Gras to the Shangri-La

Get a couple hookers over for menage-a-trois

Hit 'em from the back, honey stack

Knock 'em down like a lumberjack, still they wanted money, black

Niggas wanna see me drop instead of see me rock

Still I'm gonna reach the top

I'm still in the game, ain't a damn thing changed

Still got the claim to fame

[Snow]

When I am thinking, I can't understand

How a women gets women and a man, ah, get mad

you wanna hear it from the Maestro man

[Maestro]

Slow down, son, slow down

They ain't understandin' you, son

[Snow]

Ladies dreamin'

Steady and screamin'

[Maestro]

Me and Snow be gleamin'

And we feelin', while in limousine and

[Snow]

High, high

We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)

Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)

No no no no no (all around the world people know the name...)

Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the

fame)  
Still in the game (still in the game)  
Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)  
And the one named Snow (all around the world people  
know the name...)  
High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of  
fame)

[Snow]

Take out one of us, one take your call  
Anyway, I've come with the message that today will be  
a brighter day  
Who goes to the down ?? Junior Reid  
??  
Big as Buju Banton, me cultured, and ah ????  
Don't forget  
To the front to the back to the side to the dock  
Me ?????? Ninja  
Come up in, talkin' about you be a big deal  
Wherever you are ???????  
It's quarter to one like slurrin' my speech  
Gettin' champagne on my new ride  
Call out to the area, man  
Fi come inside  
Woah, Maestro  
Oh, and the one you know named Snow, (Maestro)  
Rude boys, standin' on the corner where I  
beat up your mind, beat up your mind  
Sing a sing sing high

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