

Ice-T f/ Deuce Fever, Mark Live, Smoothe Da Hustler, Trigger Tha Gambler

"The Game Is Real"

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[Verse One: Ice-T] Enough time has passed, false prophets steering you wrong You won't appreciate my wisdom, 'til I'm dead and I'm gone Underground dead from combat Laid down on the floor.. in some club Girls scream at the ocean of blood No use to call the paramedics, to hit me with the fifth energetic Close range, cut in the base of my brain Blew my face on through some bitch's head, before I hit the ground Some niggaz touched me in the chest, and blew it out with the pound My niggaz didn't have chance to move, they used silenced weaponry Couldn't hear the sound, as the club bass bound All you heard was.. Yo, Ice is on the ground The assassins, when they heard this up, stepped back and mixed in with the crowd Gloom broke into hysteria, spot went wild A lot of bitches yelling and crying, while fake niggaz smile I heard voices of my loved ones said I leave the party God kisses my face as I leave my body [Interlude: Deuce Fever] Yo, I wanna see what the fuck's happening! Yo, yo, back off my man, man! (*Sample of L.A.P.D. sirens*) Awww shit! y'all [Chorus: Ice-T X2] The game is real, anyone can get touched up Get moved on, left in a plunger blood No matter how gangster you are, how deep your crew Niggaz can get you if they want to [Verse Two: Mark Live] Yo.. yo.. yo.. attack mode Look, listen, it's the general.. code Gully and gutter, I roll with some box cutters I'm bringing.. fucking Jersey City niggaz We got.. tons of triggers, for tons of niggaz We walk and talk a lot, we run some niggaz No glitter and glades, it's guns and niggaz Nightclubs or your social clubs Backstage with your membrane, on the side of your freeway It's ugly, the bomb squashed blonde bitch for our shit It's M-16s switch off clips Bullets ripped fleshy death right through your kids Except your bids, except all that shit you did Uhh.. you can't hide in the town houses When two niggaz are nine-ing like two ounces Scarface Colombia, Walker Tah's style surrounding, your white bitches out [Chorus: Ice-T X2] [Verse Three: Ice-T] Now, if you faggots got some questions about

how real this is A straight Strong-Arm, half of you
niggaz in the biz' Your bodyguard, bitch made,
motherfucking fake ass whores Can't even roll for dolo,
walk through your own hood solo Niggaz push up and
change-s snatch your logo The truth is.. no homeboys
are brought through Your own crew is destorying you
So now you're carrying guns, you know, you won't
shoot You copped a new whip, had to get a bulletproof
You wanted to be Rap-Star, now, you're too shook to
move Cause the streets say the words, you kid gotta
prove Living a lie, you might die, in this game of hot
caption whores Check your rearview you're being
followed [Chorus: Ice-T X2] [Verse Four: Trigger Tha
Gambler] Eat the dick, if it be.. we gonna shoot from a
block away We keep with heat, and turn your face into a
plot to play Yeah, we spray out your feet and watch you
burn in a flock away Nerd, niggaz stop and pray Heard,
they can't drop the lay We come out, run out, one route
to Dun-house We're about to blow his wig off "yeah
yeah" Nigga we jump out, pump out, dump out Infront
of the Dun house with the sun-hounds Shit to peel off
and I'm.. running the trot like crooked cops Taking
capas, pushing weight, while I shipped this back From
California to the.. Hill Tah, Comille fitting dots Activille
for them bills and he'll get drop [verse Five: Smoothe
Da Hustler] Look I.. show guys and buyers we're not
kidding I know the size, brothers stick-bys, when we
start spitting They go beside rocks and dodge with
guns ticking But it's devilish regardless the art is
squash business [Chorus: Ice-T X2]

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