

Inspectah Deck f/ A.C., Raekwon

"The Big Game"

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck] Yeah, major players of the game, still swinging I'm up to bat again, ya'll already know Barry Bonds flow, out of the park with it (Mental Instruments) Let's go [Chorus: A.C.] You run through the competition, they treat you like a champ When you winning and you make it to the big game Dive in a pile of riches, fly bitches Chain fridged when you, make it to the big game Get money, big money, big fame Spot packed out, and the fans entertained They like me, we go hard when we play And that's how the fuck you get to make it to the big game [Inspectah Deck] Early on the paper route, blood on my hands Cannons and lasers out, cool as a fan standing in Satan's house Show 'em what my name about, boss of myself Turning your lady out, talk is cheap, shut up, pay me now Hands on the dice work, stopping your bank Shorty you're light work, Comic View rap making my side hurt Talent's in the mic worse, drama to rank Feels like my life cursed, down to go out, what's the price worth Seats leaning with the rod held tight In the BMW g'ing with the Roswell lights I spit gemstars, splitting your dome and I double up Everything, heavy swing, bringing 'em home So I'm sitting like a king on the throne, like I used to be The right hand, now I got a thing on my own Showing love for all my ringers home, quoting my name You niggas been a clone, homey can't swing in my zone [Chorus] [Raekwon] Revolvers with the lazy eye, late for my plate frame You crazy fly, screw the tip off, jump in the baby I More papers, law makers, all of us jaw breakers is on Vaticans in action in all ages All my teams armored, from all the way to bulletproof socks Hit me in the calf, it's no option I won't fold, destined to make bail Call up my Norfolk niggas, tip that bill, we can't play jail No time for RICOs, kids ego Fucked up the game, that's like sticking your eye next to the peephole The next generation of dumb niggas, we built the legacy These bum niggas, got invaded by slum niggas All mine battling, we gonna battle for mansions Branson and more bottles of Gallo A villain slash genetleman, blowing with nine thousand Indians I'm the Chief, this the millennium [Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck] After all that I been through,
critiquing all that the kid do The moral though, I'mma
continue We hungry, son, you ain't seen gully You
Wesley at the Carter, New Jack City, you G-Money I
beast money, feet stay fresh off the runway Hotter than
a summer day sunray, I must say Truth like a Bible
page, twenty flow said night or day Twenty warheads
at you right away Play maker A-gamer'll sell the house
out, silence the nay sayer Throw a shout out, to all my
major players Deck take it out the park, Barry Bonds
stance They wonder, damn is his performance
enhanced? Rumble in the jungle, blind to the pressure
See, son's cool, million to one odds, he come through I
leave your trunk blue, holding your head, stuck off the
one-two Turn up the game, I just begun to [Chorus]
[Outro: Raekwon] Live and direct, Staten Island 10304
USA, all the way to muthafucking Africa Back to Pinkin
Avenue

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