

## **Jamie O'Neal F/ Mark Wills**

### **"Part of the Game"**

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Lone Catalysts

Yo

I grab these microphones to live, son

Pay the rent, put food on the table

Got a roof over my head

But I take it serious

No joke

[ VERSE 1: J. Sands ]

Comin straight out the box, first edition, nutrition

From musicians, food for thought when you listen

I been around the atlas, countries and states

Everybody knows the Catalysts bumps, beats and  
breaks

The most true to life rap tactics for practise

The fact is, I tilt a nigga off his axis

The way that Sands taxes, doin his mic matches

Somethin massive, let me explain what the wrath is

Four hundred years of oppression, anger, aggression

And the anxiety of a blackman stressin

The devil keep on testin, always gotta offer his  
suggestions

Make it seem greater when it's less than

That's just trickknowledge

They teach you it from high school through college

So you can go out and get them dollars

It's just a game they play to see who has the fattest  
wallet

That's why most blacks smoke crack and most white  
alcoholics

[ CHORUS: J. Sands ]

I grab these microphones to live, son, rest in peace Big  
Pun

Because you know another day you're not promised to  
live one

Yo, the streets are hot, most blocks are like a prison

So if you're lookin for love, kid, you gots to give some

Man, these days are cold-blooded, everyone's butted

Rock jewels that stay flooded, the weak, they never cut  
it

Sometime I be like 'what if' but ain't a damn thing  
gonna change  
Cause it's just part of the game

[ VERSE 2: J. Sands ]

Aiyo, I slap-box lyrics through mics, the smooth type  
That move right into a state of mind to fight  
Cause it's all ground zero, my street level bureau  
We'll play this game until we master it like Ken Duro  
So what's your role? My part is the aural  
Sub-moral, Lone Catalysts remain plural  
I'm like ???? headin out to ????  
Maryland, in a caravan to a rural  
Spot to make a drop-off, that's how I hustle my raps to  
prosper  
Cause MC's disappear like Jimmy Hoffa  
The hungriest cats are at the crib writin this very minute  
They see the pennant and wanna win it  
That's how styles get invented  
Y'all new jack timid frontin-ass niggas rhymes be  
rented  
I got no respect for y'all, y'all probably be the next to  
fall  
You wanna bang, kid, should be waitin for the ref to call  
A time-out, so you can find out  
Any possible way to exit this rhyme bout

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: J. Sands ]

Okay now let me get back to the session at hand  
My DJ's name is Jason Rawls, I don't need no band  
Yo, I travel across the land, microphone in hand  
Do some dates out west so I can work on my tan  
I guess it's just the rap life  
Y'all know who y'all niggas act like?  
Quick to blaze the bag pipe and talk about the last night  
Some are real grimey muthafuckas up in the fast life  
Don't give a damn about rap cause they're stresin the  
crack price  
(And grip the Mack tight) Some niggas frail like a glass  
pipe  
With more bodyguards than Bill Clinton around they  
ass, type  
To walk the streets at night carryin a flashlight  
Some are players grabbin all the mamis on they ass  
tight  
Bust it, some smoke weed, get skeed, hashis  
Dust and ecstasy, shrooms and drink ??booze??  
For all my rappin niggas, I hope we link soon  
Get yours, I'm gettin mine, cause it's about time

[ CHORUS ]

A life...

Yo, I wanna give a shoutout to everybody in hip-hop  
who couldn't be here

Yo, Big Pun

Freaky Tah

Big L

Scott La Rock

Trouble T Roy

MC Trouble

Keith Cowboy

Peace

We miss you

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