

Kelis F/ Pusha T

"The Game"

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All right, everybody shut up
I said shut up!
Now are you ready to play the game?
NO!
Are you ready to play the game?
YEAH!

The Game
Playing to survive
Aiming to win anyway they can

Yo, yo
Pass the ball, final casting call
First of all, verbal basketball
Off the glass, smash your jaw
Too fast for y'all
You might take a nasty fall
Trying to stick with the prehistoric passenger
(Foul Ball)
All breath, no physical contact
Bounce back, demonstrate invincible bomb raps
Not no hustler no player or speakin no crime crap
I'm vocally trying to score before my time lapse

Uh! Full court press, hands in your chest
Runnin' cause I'm a rebel with the ghetto
No fouls just checks, make a brother sweat
Word for y'all to earn my reject
Get it out of here, attack from the rear
Ya'll niggas aint nothin but some bitch ass queers
I'll be in your ear, increase the fear
Rippin with the shears as the crowd just cheers

Bring on the opposition
Cause my position is to shut you down
As the basketball pounds on the concrete floor
Envisioning moves to freak brothers every which way
Dominating like Doc J.
Pass me the rock, I know just what to do with it
It's real vivid, I pivot, through the lane
Three hundred and sixty behind my back

I take your monkey ass to the rack like Jerry Stack

I'm saw by most recruiters and heavily recommended
Stickin your best shooters they lower verbal percentage
It's takin its toll, 24-second clock control
Stoppin this obstacle, impossible
I was the number one ???? project in the city
Prospect, now thats something that you can believe
So be it, whether pro or collegiate, the hit but don't
miss
Prime time the offense, switch

Y'all can't ball, Y'all can't ball
Yo ref, where's the tech? Man, make the call
The game is gettin tight verbal victories in sight
What counts is what you write not concerned about the
hype
My rhymes go baseline so why you tryin to take mine?
Last man tried just died inside the paint line
I bank rhymes, got a call so I flex
I'm on the foul line with a few verses left
When my flow hits the net, the next brother flex

I put my foot in the pavement
With the brothers I'm raised with
Play with and break dance back in the days with
And still in the game with 12 points, 4 assists
Get up in the game, in your face like swish
Crash the boards with metaphors
In the air like a concord
Aiiyyo what you out for?
Yo I'm out for the whole score
22 flat seconds for me to win
I can't win for losin with this cheatin ass ref

[Clip from Laker game]

My squad's supreme
So I don't need Clyde or the dream
Next time you play the game boy pick a better team
Your choice is short when you on a concrete court
But my mental cohorts is bout to change the whole
sport
Give me the pill boy, crossover with the skills
Wrap around pass, fly right past your grill
Take off from half court, in some J5 shorts
The rap band with the man when my words play sports
Comin' through your lane, with pure skills so stand
clear
Vocal charge is a mirage, I still stand here
Damn near, make your shit look soft like Pam Grier

Fans cheer for the paragraph Bill Lambier

Show me the rock, so I can show these fool what I got
(He's heating up) Fuck that, I'm flaming hot
Verbally take you to the blacktop, and wreck shop
Turn my game up a notch, pass me the rock
1 on 1, 3 on 3, 5 on 5, horse, 21
It really don't matter cause son you'll still get done
Yo you should know better than try to barter with this
globetrotter
Militious, vicious dunks, I'm Vince Carter
And it's the high draft pick, flashin it
Still can penetrate and slightly overweight
But whatever it takes my shot can elevate
No pain, no gain for the brothers with no game

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