

Lyte Mc

"The Rap Game"

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Hook:

TRG we making that cream

People get fooled it ain't easy as it seems

You can rock on till the break of dawn

But one by one your ass is gone

I got trapped in the rap game at sixteen and saw

it's no more than a crap game know what I mean?

Like when you feel you shake em right

they fake roll snake eyes in this industry that's how
quick niggaz die

Through my eyes it's like Russian Roulette

Never do you know when you about to get wet

So you should stay set so you don't fall and go under

Have people saying I wonder what happened

to him or her it's sad when you begin to think

you can't be gone but you can be gone in the blink

of an eye, don't ask why cause you try

Somebody came along that was twice as fly

I remember when I hit the scene it was the second
phase

Rope chains two finger rings, those were the days

Latin Quarters my Puma suit was cool

Now let me be caught in that and I'll be damned a fool

Ya gotta change with the times like the weather

MC's that alsts is the MC's that's clever

You can't move too slow cause when it's to time to go

You see it's to time to go

repeat Hook 2X

(1. But one day brother your ass is gone)

(2. But one day sister your ass is gone)

Come back after come back, nigga came back

more wack than the wackest wax on the rack

What's up with that, new jacks are coming through

taking no slack

They hungry and they looking for a spot

to cop a squat, you better watch the clock

It can be awfully embarrassing to not know when

to let go of the rhyme, it's about half past the monkey
ass

You should have been gone but you still trying to hang
on

What happens when you chilling at the label on the 10th
floor

Nobody knows your name anymore, aren't you...?

Wait and let me think, just as quick as you get large

you can quickly shrink

And sink into the crates and collect dust

Don't be mad cause it happens to the best of us

repeat Hook 2X

To and fro they come and go

You better change your flow and then switch up your show

I mean come with the booming ass hits

Then they gone buy then they don't leave with shit

You better tell an exec you need to be set

So when it's over you ain't living our your Land Rover

When your rap life dies

And you still alive nigga, you better know how to survive

It ain't easy and it ain't supposed to be

Letting niggaz know what time it is

when it comes to me the L-Y-T-E

Stronger than the ox the octane that

knocks in your brain I sustain

My mission is to maintain sane, know what I mean?

Keep doing my thang, you can't move too slow

Cause when it's your time to go, gotta go

Hook

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