

Man Method

"It's In The Game"

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You know I'm bout it bout it
What? Huh?
You know
Huh?
It's like, you don't limit yourself to one thing
Your mama
Got to broaden your horizons
Broaden your joints
Keep your eyes on the prize
The struggle goes on
Eryday (ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha)
Eryday
And I'ma live it through my music
(ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha)
You know how we do
Choose or lose from it

[Verse One: Method Man]

Pull your shoes up, don't get stuck
or get your frame struck, when my squad blitzin
hittin like Mack trucks, head splittin paper written
in windy cities like Chicago, no bullshhhh
You see me spittin at the kitten with the lost mitten
As we engage in cold war gettin frostbitten
Once again up in these stank drawers baby listen
One mind and for one cause, heavy hittin
The penalty illegal ruffnecks, we bring ruckus
in pursuit of gold lines, can a n---a touch it
If I can't see ya can't truss it
A shady character like Buzz Buzzard
Lay him out like a plush rug-ged
mimicking Brand Nubian Now you can love it, or
leave it alone
We drink death and puff bone
Draggin your body out the end zone
And any way the wind blow that's where you flow
That's why you be the first one caught, last to know
Body layin out on the flo', substitute
Heavy players from the run and shoot, we open do'
Third and long, quarterback pack the cannon on

I go deep he drop bombs, *whistle* that's when I touch-
down
Six points, what now?
Once again who comin through in the clutch now,
perfect strangerous
Ever since I came with this, and wrecked a body
You convinced like Lombardi, that Johnny Dangerous
Offensive shotgun
Calm in the pocket I got one, in the milli gun
Deep threats to chose from, that's how it goes son
You win some you lose some, it's in the game

You win some you lose some (uhh!) that's how it goes
son (yeah)
You win some you lose some (uhh!) it's in the game ...
(yeah)
You win some you lose some, that's how it goes son
You win some you lose some, it's in the game

[Verse Two: Ricky Watters]

From the football field
(It's in the game
You win some you lose some, it's in the game)
To the mountain, yaknowhatl'msayin?
(That's how it goes son, that's how it goes
You win some you lose some, it's in the game)

Freestylin, profilin, won't catch me smilin
Straight from Fema Island, buckwhylin, I'm stylin
A funky type of style with the lyrical incision
S--t locked down, like my n---z out in prison
Good riddance, keep it hidden, up in my knapsack
Sippin cognac, while I vibe off this funky track
Yo bring it back, or make it hit harder
Infiltrate your mind like Nino at the Carter, but smarter
So drop harder, if you wanna conjugate
Verbs and nouns, make it profound as I pound
In your earpiece I'm the beast
To say the least, we must increase, the peace
But keep it real, so I can feel, the skills
Funky fresh rhymes I will build so I kill
and thrill, lyrics spittin, through my lips
Doin backflips, it's another hit
Come take a sip, of the running Watters
Lyrically I slaughter, mentally I author
the rhymes that you feel to the map
Crushin double barrels, sing em out like carols
Who it be? It be I, the n---a with the chinky eyes
From NY, city we committee we gets busy
With killa beez on the swarm

Lyrically we storm, mentally a lord
Verbally I bomb (boom!), guard your grill
It's the man that chill, run for the hills from Grassville
Drillin rhymes straight on tracks and double cuff
Another TV, and they loved it

(You win some you lose some, that's how it go son
You win some you lose some, that's in the game
You win some you lose some, that's how it go son
You win some you lose some, that's in the game
It's in the game
You win some you lose some, it's in the game
It's in the game, it's in the game, it's in the game, it's in
the game

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