

Outkast F/ C-Bone, Slimm Calhoun, T-Mo

"Games People Play"

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[Intro]

Hello
this is Pacific Bell with
a called call from...
Ryan D.
oh, that's my homeboy
if you accept the charge
press 1 now
hey Rhino on the phone ya'll
If not
hang up
yeah, I accept
for operator assistance...
oh, ok hold on
please stay on the line
Which one?
I push 1
thank you for using Pacific Bell
no problem bitch
oh, what's up blood?
yeah
this is Ryan D. man
yeah
you know where am at
up here with my boy Tac
they got my boy G up in max
any how
where in here writing some lyrics
about what where going through
you know, it's kind of heavy
but...
yo
this is on my mind man
but I want you to check this out man
check it out

[Verse 1]

I'm living in the ghetto
selling dope is the only thing I know
penny petty jobs never helped buy a 5.0
I know I'm living wrong

every day I pray the lord
to give me
the strength and courage
to take care of my wife and kids
I'm only 23
but I feel like 46
try to be responsible
I gotta feed my kids
system on my back
no matter how I try to fight
It's really plain and simple
black is bad and good is white
the life I'm forced to live
or should I say the life I lead
It's too materialistic
and my goals are fuelled by greed
but looking back in time
I really can't be blame
because it's sad
In school I seen the white kids
with everything I wish I had
a big and happy home
a mother and a father
should' it stayed in school
but the streets say why bother
so I'm on the corner
shooting dice into
the late night
trying to make my money
hope ing soon to live a normal life
but things are looking bad
rollers sweet me everyday
so when I'm in my house
I write my raps
and hope it pays
my mother tried to warn me
what comes around goes around
selling dope to brothers
is bringing my own people down
deep down I know she's right
but maybe soon
ill make her proud
making legal money with my music
while I move the crowd
but now I gotta struggle
day by night and night by day
stuck with all these problems
and these games people play
word

[Talking]

Yeah
you know what I'm saying blood
I'm just...
that's just something I wrote man
a little something

(Background Voice)*

*hey
man why you passing the phone to him dude

shit out my mind for shit I don't know
anyways-old blood

*fuck no dude, no dude no

my boy Tac he hitting it
you know my boy got some shit too man

*come on man, hurry up

he wrote some dope shit
I want you to check this out man
he got it going on you know

*I let you guy's use the phone for the last time

check it out thou
Tac bust that shit

[Verse 2]

I'll never happened to me
that's what I always said
now I'm locked down 50 thou
that's for bail
I think I'm going to spend it
If I sit here any longer
Its gonna make me kill
one of these redneck motherfuckers
the day before court
thinking hard about my rights
am I gonna fight
or plied guilty the drug site
the judge will plead me close
like I shot a cop
but I got cough with rocks
but the judge just won't stop
my nerves is at their ends
I just really, really
wanna go home
I promise to get a job

go to school
and leave drugs alone
but he aint going for it
In other words kissing ass
well he rally tells me like my daddy
gonna ship my ass up the fucking river
In a bloody body bag

*body bag (laughs)

with the rest of the black trash
looking for his white ass
now a nigga is stuck
in the dope move
situation sentence
by this race nation
go on a longer case
and I really don't know
how the fuck I should feel
Is like I'm on a slave boat
getting shipped to prison Ville
niggas getting months

[Chorus] Repeat 6x

Niggas getting months
for doing petty crimes

[Talking]
Dam word
you know what I'm saying, I a I
I, I know where the man is coming from
you know
he turn, he aint bullshitting
cause you know
the way they're doing brothers down there
this aint right
you know what I'm saying
but you know
I aint getting into all that
yo check this out

[Verse 3]
My baby needs some food
his sister needs a winter coat
so I'm on the streets
forced again to sell dope
already cough a case
did my time
but now I'm back again
tried to get a job

but a felon really can't win
so when I'm on the block
must be smart
I can't be dumb now
I refused to be the one
doing time in
Quinton lock down
my gat is got my back
my mind it's got my future
try to interfere
well the fact
is I might shoot you
don't want to be a killer
but my instinct gives a bad type
won't even acetate
to wipe away a cop's life
some times I want to cry
but a man will never shed a tear
I fight with my emotions
but I never fight fear
the game is getting rough
the stakes are getting higher
who ever said is not
must be dumb
and just a liar
cause brothers got it real tough
dying every day
a mist of life and problems

*hey fool wheres your whole passÃ©?
what up dude

and these games people play
word

*ok fool

[Outro]
Well you know
hey, hey... man
I hope... you know
that's just some
tight shit we wrote

*how long till lunch

any how thou man

*hey, ok check this out

umm

I'm about to get out the phone

*hey dude

this fool is over here
sweating me for the phone
hey
man you about to get your turn
just wait

*where they at?

my boy said...
my boy Tac said be cool
wish me luck in court tomorrow
aight you know
I'll tell G what's up if I see him
ya'll be cool now
peace

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