Game Theory

Malik B.

This is a game, I'm your specimen
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You've got to let me know, baby
So I can go, I'd have to fake it
I could not make it, you could not take it
Yeah, where I'ma start it at, look I'ma part of that
Downtown Philly where it's realer than a heart attack
It wasn't really that ill until the start of crack
Now it's a body caught every night on the Almanac
Rock bottom where them cops gotta problem at
Where them outsiders getting popped for they wallet at
I had nothin' but I made somethin' outta that
Now I'm the first out the limo like Charlie Mack
From 215 it's him the livest one
And he's representin' Philly to the fullest, blacks the realest
You can't touch him and not for nothin'
If you 'bout hip hop then you gots to love it
If not then fuck it, I'm still handlin'
Smokin' more reefer than Redman and them damaging MC's
And my name's Rick Gees you endangered species
For what I do I'm about to up the fees
I'm paper chase motivated I ain't the one to play with
These cats get set ablaze
You can't have it y'all way but I'd rather parlay
Just smoke OG and get cabbage all day
The way thought play causes your main thing to say
Your style so splendid, you bout your business
You arousing my interests, you sharper than a Shogun
You know the way it go, huh, game know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Hus, that's short for hustlers
We Black Inc Raw Life productions
Tryin' to find our spot amongst the ruckus
And be sucker free, flea chumps and busters
Man yeah, get 'em hus, get 'em hus, get 'em hus
Hey yo, I'm tryin' to get it at any cost so it's no remorse
When I'm blastin' off like you been askin' for it
When Black step in the door all hats is off

Your hands up in the air goin' back and forth
I'm about ready for a classic massacre
I'll make it hotter than when Shaft in Africa
Jump outta a black Porshe huffin' a fat cigar
Night ridin' on 'em like my last name Hasselhoff
Voted unlikely to succeed 'cause my class was full
Of naysayers, cheaters and thieves
All it gave me was a good enough reason to leave
And put the writing on the wall for y'all to read it and weep
'Cause I'm the force of the Lord, the rage of hell
You'd rather head for the hills and save yourselves
My Man rip drums like he ringin' the bells
The King of the Realm you seen Him do His thing in a film
Come on
Hus, that's short for hustlers
We Black Inc Raw Life productions
Tryin' to find our spot amongst the ruckus
And be sucker free, flea chumps and busters
Man yeah, get 'em hus, get 'em hus, get 'em hus
Dreams when M16's with infrared beams
Blowin' up presidents' cribs with cans of kerosene
Hijack the limousine with a strategic routine
Then blast my enemy, head for the Caribbean
Militant guerrilla camp is ready for war, lay your corner face down
Place down your jewels cash and four, four
When I score prepare for torture
Fuck around and make your town Warsaw
I'm from Illadel the land where the killas dwell
My technique is to ambush you guerrilla style
My instinct is of a killer whale bang you up from head to toe
With lyrics I pack like a nine millimal
My types subliminal mentality switched to criminal
Importing heroin intern ash from Senegal
A soldier takes a stripes from a general
Used the mike of iron or lead, you choose your mineral
This is a game, I'm your specimen
You've got to let me know, baby
So I can go, I'd have to fake it
I could not make it, you could not take it

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