

# Back in the Game (feat. Ronald Isley)

## Wu-Tang Clan

{ "It's true, the Shaolin and the Wu-Tang, could be dangerous!" } Uh-huh, Mr. Bigs, Track Masters  
It's a Wu-Tang official right here you know Yeah, the employees of the year yeah we're back to work  
We took time off, while other rappers got jerked  
Shits 'bout to change now, it's a shame how  
Things ain't the same but I'm back in the game now  
And as we step in the door, we cause panic  
Yep, the usual suspects, we at it  
Vexed at it, y'all went a week with the belt  
Few chicks felt your style, now you feelin' yourself Meet your maker, I dropped you at eight years old  
I got stock in your flow and crops to sharehold  
Crops with the pros where cops won't dare go  
Got top centerfolds too hot to wear clothes  
Still me, always have and will be I.L.L.G  
It's silly to hate but feel free  
Hey, hear what I say, they gotta pay  
And my return is like Christ, declare the holiday Back in the game now, copped me some weed now  
My people 'bout to eat now, shits 'bout to change now  
Back in the game now, all my niggaz in the hood now  
Better catch up now, shits 'bout to change now, yeah Uh, y'all see I'm in the street strugglin'  
Young dumb and thuggin', give a fuck about nuttin'  
Stuck at rock bottom, tryin' to come up on somethin'  
Pumpkin' from sundown to sun-up, we hustlin'  
Vision my nigga now get in where you fit in  
And see prison, as just the high cost of livin' the life  
Ante up 'cause if you blow the dice  
On that O-Z, Dorothy ain't goin' home tonight  
That's on everything, put it on the kids and the wife  
Been buryin' my folks ever since they raised the price on the coke  
Searchin' for a quick antidote  
Mo' money, mo' problems to cope We were at the same table when the chips were checked  
A gamblin', rebel who inspects the deck  
Just when you thought we would fold our hand  
Against all odds we raised the bet like we changed the plans  
It was live on air but in between station breaks  
I was holdin' a pair and just made the table stakes  
Split the demos, put insurance on tapes  
A safeguard against the crusaders in capes If I double down they say the Gods are sharks  
If we win against the house they thought the cards was marked  
We draw hit after hit from a royal flush menu

While the dealer promoted the full house venue  
A spade in the club with the heart to wear diamonds  
The high roller who got credit upon signin'  
They look puzzled when I shuffle, most of 'em stunned by the hustle  
Recourse of bluff game's your muscle I'm back in the game now, copped me some weed now  
My people 'bout to eat now, shit's 'bout to change now  
Back in the game now, all my niggaz in the hood now  
Better catch up now  
Say what?

{"Shaolin shadowboxing!"}

Shits 'bout to change Ayyo, on rainy days I sit back and count ways on  
How to get rich, coolin' with a mean ill Jamaican bitch  
Banana coat matchin' with the ratchet  
Lil' black weave sweatpants style, air force is actin'  
Jump in the six, kicks look crisp, talkin' 'bout the bird  
Flow through your hood in the mean tints that's giant  
It's like the family that flipped on you for lyin'  
Buried you alive, left your whore cryin'  
We on your floor look more doors  
Dey ain't ate either, I hope y'all niggaz is armed  
And when we get there, all my niggaz in the mix

Yeah Shallah Lex, Diamond got me buyin' Louis Rich Most people say the Clan was missin' since  
I got dropped off a radio

Overnight your whole style was bitten in the process  
Everybody switched they names like  
Whatcha call it, any fast D.James

It was the Gods that rapped that, sharkskin' dark skinned bitches  
Clerks from Digi left the game dizzy

Ooh got busy, that dancey shit slid through We had to stay hood 'cause that's who we been through  
R.Z.A came through, mastermind got the cash and power  
Proof that power plastered divine classical lines  
Mathematical rhymes, the style is unbearable  
Now niggaz with the radical shines  
It's ghost Deini, every coast need me  
We back motherfucker that's right, it's the W.T.C.  
World Trade Center, Wu-Tang Clan

We brought so much heat that we was givin' you tears an' shit I'm back in the game now, copped me some weed  
now

My people 'bout to eat now, shit's 'bout to change now  
Back in the game now, all my niggaz in the hood now  
Better catch up now, shits 'bout to change now  
Shits 'bout to change  
Back in the hood now  
Back in the game

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