Muscle Game (feat. Mark Curry & Mario Winans)

Black Rob

Yeah
Uh, uh oh
Startin' to feel this
Startin' to feel it[Black Rob]
Yo, who these cats think they is takin' they biz that's round here?
Yo, dog, don't even go there
This is ours; we built this from the ground on up
Now it's flowers; I think you best a round on up
Your entourage - slim chance of y'all gettin' large
It's non-cipher; that's because B.R.'s in charge
It's set here; cats is known for gettin' wet here
And left here, till the cops come pick us up[Mark Curry]
Step in a territory that's corrupt, pushin' your luck
Intrudin' wishes is already sowed up; nigga fold up
You and your crew and peoples will get slain
This ain't the place to try and gain fame from
You gets burnt in the streets a nigga worked hard to make
And I'll be damned if I let another brother take it
Alive for his own sake; they better vacate
Promptly, 'fore they get they ass stomped
Listen, take heed to what we sayin', niggas[Chorus]
We won't lie; sometimes we stick 'em up
Last time, it was enough, though word life some hos did 'em up
And nine glocks set 'em up
I know it was your dough 'cause I was right there when they split it up
I could tell you where to find the corpse
But that cheddar - I'm afraid, dog, that's gone forever[Mark Curry]
Greed for wealth got us stingy
We got a spot that's hot
Niggas envy the fact that we clock mad dough
They want to see us shut down, but, no
I don't think so; the crew is still rakin' the cash flow
For every dime bag sold on this block, we want in
One slug behind the back; it's under the skin
When niggas try to step to the block and Bogard
We can't see it happenin'
Warn them first; get the fuck out of dodge
Better believe that; test it
See if we won't put you on your back, niggas[Chorus][Black Rob]

Now bein' that it's all out war
I'm bringin' more than that four-by-four
Watch me dispose of all y'all
Y'all fraud ass niggas
Tape me reboard ass niggas
Gun bigger than sword ass niggas
Now enter in the ring, gun drawn, makin' moves like pawns
Two at a time, comin' for mine
Like a song, nigga, CBS, he can't be serious finesse
He don't believe I keep a gun in the vest[Mark Curry]
You think you can disgrace this empire we built from scratch?
You stupid; I wouldn't care how ruthless your crew is
We got defense on this area; try to attack
Mad niggas on the barriers that's dyin' of blast back
There be no givin' and no takin', definitely no breakin'
Laws we lay down; here's the situation
Severe torture is what those who don't feel us face
I show no love for a punk-ass nigga we hate
Try to pay me no bribe, then come up missin'
Happens to hard-headed niggas when they don't listen
I gave you fair warnin' 'bout the danger you're messin' with
A stranger invadin' the street corners are goners
Try me, if you think it's a lie, the attitude many niggas had
But in the process many die
Thinkin' they can step to the block and Bogard
And couldn't see it happenin'
Warned 'em first: get the fuck outta dodge[Chorus]

Songwriters
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