

# Just A Friendly Game of Baseball

## Main Source

### Verse One:

[blam] Aww shit, another young brother hit  
I better go over my man's crib and get the pump  
Cause to the cops, shootin brothers is like playin baseball  
And they're never in a slump  
I guess when they shoot up a crew, it's a grand slam  
And when it's one, it's a home run  
But I'ma be ready with a wild pitch  
My finger got a bad twitch, plus I'm on the switch --  
-- side, and step up to the batter's box  
Fuck red and white, I got on Black Sox  
But let him shoot a person from the White Sox  
What's the call? Foul ball!  
Babe Ruth woulda made a good cop, but he didn't  
Instead he was a bigot, dig it  
My life is valuable and I protect it like a gem  
Instead of cops gettin me I'm goin out gettin them  
And let em cough up blood like phlegm  
It's grim [blam blam] but dead is my antonym  
And legally they can't take a fall  
Yo check it out it's just a friendly game of baseball

### Verse Two:

R.B.I. -- real bad injury  
But don't get happy you're in jail for a century  
Just as bad as bein shot in the groin  
To see who'll shoot ya, they'll flip a coin  
And watch him run for the stretch  
But you don't know the man is at home waitin to make the catch  
So the outfielder guns you down  
You're out, off to the dugout, underground  
I know a cop that's savage, his pockets stay green like cabbage  
Cause he has a good batting average  
No questions, just pulls out the flamer  
[blam] And his excuses get lamer  
Once a brother tried to take a leave  
But they shot him in his face sayin he was tryin to steal a base

And people watch the news for coverage on the game  
    Hmm, and got the nerve to complain  
    They need to get themselves a front row seat  
    Or sink a baseline for a beat  
Cause television just ain't designed for precision y'all  
    It's just a friendly game of baseball

Verse Three:

A kid caught on, but I don't know where the brother went  
    The umpires are the government  
I guess they took him out the game, and replace him  
    with a pinch-hitter, in the scam he was a quitter  
    So the cops usually torment, I mean tournament  
    Win em I was sayin  
You can't let the umpires, hear ya speak and battle  
    like the other kid you won't be playin  
    Cause they'll beat you til your ass drop  
A walking gun with a shell in his hand is their mascot  
And when they walk around let it be known to step lightly  
    The bases are loaded  
    My man got out from three strikes  
In the skull but the knife he was carrying was dull  
    Instead of innings, we have endings  
    What a fine way to win things  
    And hot-dog vendors have fun  
    Sellin you the cat rat and dog on a bun  
And when you ask what is all of this called?  
    It's just a friendly game of baseball

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