

# True To The Game

## Ice Cube

It's the nigga ya love to hate with a new song  
So what really goes on  
Nothing but a come-up, but ain't that a bitch  
They hate to see a young nigga rich  
But I refuse to switch even though  
Cause I can't move to the snow  
Cause soon as y'all get some dough  
Ya wanna put a white bitch on your elbow  
Moving out your neighborhood  
But I walk through the ghetto and the flavor's good  
Little kids jumping on me  
But you, you wanna be white and corny  
Living way out  
"Nigger go home" spray-painted on your house  
Trying to be White or a Jew  
But ask yourself, who are they to be equal to?  
Get the hell out  
Stop being an Uncle Tom, you little sell-out  
House nigga scum  
Give something back to the place where you made it from  
Before you end up broke  
Fuck around and get your ghetto pass revoked  
I ain't saying no names, you know who you are  
You little punk, be true to the game  
When you first start rhyiming  
It started off slow and then you start climbing  
But it wasn't fast enough I guess  
So you gave your other style a test  
You was hardcore hip-hop  
Now look at yourself, boy you done flip-flopped  
Giving our music away to the mainstream  
Don't you know they ain't down with the team  
They just sent they boss over  
Put a bug in your ear and now you crossed over  
On MTV but they don't care  
They'll have a new nigga next year  
You out in the cold  
No more white fans and no more soul  
And you might have a heart attack  
When you find out the black folks don't want you back

And you know what's worse?  
You was just like the nigga in the first verse  
Stop selling out your race  
And wipe that stupid-ass smile off your face  
Niggas always gotta show they teeth  
Now I'm a be brief  
Be true to the game  
A message to the oreo cookie  
Find a mirror and take a look, G  
Do you like what you see?  
But you're quick to point the finger at me  
You wanna be the big fish, you little guppy  
Black man can't be no yuppie  
You put on your suit and tie and your big clothes  
You don't associate with the Negroes  
You wanna be just like Jack  
But Jack is calling you a nigger behind your back  
So back off genius  
I don't need you to correct my broken English  
You know that's right  
You ain't white  
So stop holding your ass tight  
Cause you can't pass  
So why you keep trying to pass?  
With your black ass  
Mister Big  
But in reality, you're shorter than a midge  
You only got yourself to blame  
Get a grip, oreo and be true to the game

Songwriters

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