The Game

Philly's Most Wanted

[Mr. Man (Boobonic)]("That's right.") What. Ayyo, check it."
Ay, for the most part, I'm smart. Keep birds
I'm the type 'get head in the whip, won't swerve'
In the winter rock Timberland boots, long furs
Usually if I shot at you niggas, we had words
Aim might be off a little, it's bad nerves
Mister, a step above like street curbs
M-R D-O-T, somethin' nasty
Price it but ain' gon' cop? Don't ask me
Hot as the drop. Cold, my top glassy
You don't really think I'm grown? Kidnap me
Uh, respect is all I ask for
Wit' no problem, spray your Accord
I leave you face down, dead on your dashboard
Sixteen shots in your front left door
then I spent off, wipe my fingerprints off
Rob pass the creep. Man, that scene get tossed
Playin' ketchup/catch-up got you lost on the sauce
You ain't nothin' but crack, I supply all raw
like them cars you saw bounce on Crenshaw
Tell them Boyz in your Hood the same goes for y'all. What?!
[T-Mix]That's how the game go. Young blood, ask your kinfolk
Don't do the same dumb shit that got him smoked
Man, you know it's real when the gun go. (Gun shot)
Pay for no respect. Mothafucka, better let it go
That's how the game go. Young blood, ask your kinfolk
Don't do the same dumb shit that got him smoked
Man, you know it's real when the gun go. (Gun shot)
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[Boobonic]Yo, again it's Boobonic. Shit, I leave a thug wet
Trust me when I tell ya, you ain't seen blood yet
Layin' on the deck, blood pressure gettin' low
and it's fucked up because you was never gettin' dough
'Young boy, who you talkin' to?' Then I bust him
Sonny, talkin' to C. I love you but can't trust you
It's me and Mister, 's like A.C. and O.J.:
everybody know we all about that all day
Tell ya again, don't fuck wit' A. Jones,
kill you while you talkin' to broads on pay phones

Sick flow, I know how to get dough. ("Yeah.")
Ski mask outta ya house and get low
I don't see you when you talk? That's invisible threats
See Boo iced out in invisible sets
Niggas must think that I'm outta my mind
like I'm out in the streets without the nine
Come on, use your brain before I put 'em on the floor
One shot, I bet you won't walk no more
Reason why, you went sick-up crazy
Now your mom over top of you like 'Get up, baby!'
But not today, he gone and that's that
I'ma put it on wax in fact and that's rap

Let it go. Uh. Mister Man, Boobonic
Uh. You ain't ready, nigga
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[Mr. Man]Who keep the hot block? ("Mister.") Hot glock? ("Mister.")
Call the cops tryin' to snitch on... ("Mister.")
Big chips? ("Mister.") Nice whips? ("Mister.")
Big dick? ("Mister.") Fuck yo' sister
Bitch you call, she call to talk about Mister
Whole time, thinkin' it was all about rap
knowin' I'ma playa. How the fuck you think that?
Compare a brick of raw to an ounce just of crack
[Boobonic]You can catch me in your bitch ear sayin' I'm fuckin' nice
at the bar. Cristal and a bucket of ice
You can catch a nigga lookin' at me, mad 'cause I'm eatin'
Type: crack on my bitch just to tell her I'm cheatin'. ("Sucka.")
I talk that shit and walk it like beat cops
'Bonic all over it soon as the beat drops
It's Most Wanted; them niggas that got the street hot,
crushin' all y'all niggas that pray that we flop
Shit I spit, well
Out in Cali in a four-point-six tippin' richter scales. ("Get it?")
The new lever, did more than you ever
Real niggas hate when we spill, we too clever
[T-Mix]That's how the game go. Young blood, ask your kinfolk
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