

# For da Love of da Game (TV)

## DJ Jazzy Jeff

I got love for the game that's why I'm rhyming always stay in the booth  
Never lying to the people always telling the truth  
I feel the bass in my chest give power to songs  
Girl ripping when I'm home about the hours I'm gone  
I can't help it the studio where Paul be at  
Tried to walk away from it but it called me back  
Forget my pride shit I even quit my job  
For the one that I love to work music  
Recognized by my art that I spill in my game  
Pour my heart on the track and have you feeling my pain  
Seen a lot of hard times on the way to success  
When I'm mad writing a rhyme is my way to express  
Lay back and fall deep in a verse  
If I was out in the street yo I probably lay a sleep in a hearse  
There's nothing like when you on a mic tearing a track  
Then you come from out the booth and start hearing it back  
Everybody their love the sound that's why they give you hugs and pounds  
Now you know you was spittin it  
You got the whole run vibing the same  
You ain't doing this for dollars and chains  
You got love for the game Love what you do  
And do what you Love (for the game)  
Just for just for hip hop not for rap yo  
Love what you do  
And do what you Love (for the game)  
Just for just for hip hop not for rap (Yo I'm feeling you yams do the same thing yo) For the love of the game  
Only deal in dollars and change  
Switch places for big faces one and the same  
With Snares and kicks prepared to mix  
In the booth till I'm dead  
No roof on my head  
Keep the tools in the shed  
Got a place to lay  
But a place to stay  
That's what I deal with on a day to day  
Phone off heat off loan shark spaghetti no meat balls  
At least y'all can eat y'all can feel my pain  
When a cloudy day feel my rain  
No food no drink just hunger pains

Thinkin of that day who this chrome gonna kill  
Smiling women face for a home cooked meal  
Right now I hate my life  
But love the way I write  
For real I think I seen my death  
Think I like bumming g's from Jeff  
Pockets on my cheese on e and they seems on f  
I'm a hard working all nighter ass cat see sack song writer worldwide doom ball rider  
Feel my blood and tears but the love for the drug got me loved and revered  
From these thugs for years  
It's the game yoLove what you do  
And do what you Love (for the game)  
Just for just for hip hop and not for rap yo  
Love what you do  
And do what you Love (for the game)  
Just for just for hip hop and not for rapYo black it seem like we both feeling the same  
Remember when I walked away and you were still in the game  
(Uh ha)  
That shit was hot I'm still feeling the flame  
Plus you never forgot every other verse spilling my name  
Chilling with dames to will they range killin their brain with game  
If not cousin I be still on the train  
Like you said we ain't willing to change  
I'm feeling you making  
Damn see family and we  
Stick together  
Shows overseas spit together  
No doubt for the love of the game  
We gonna keep staying the same  
When you not around laying your dame  
Getting paper from a play in a lane  
Keep heat for any hater wanna test the rap  
And even more on the wax so sat Jeff is phatI attest to that  
Still walk with dress room back  
Same ghetto  
Same whip  
Still stressed on whack  
Just wanna back y'all nothin less than that  
Just want some cash cars and them records with black  
It's just a game yo  
But whether or not  
I still got love for hip hop  
It's the gameLove what you do  
And do what you Love (for the game)  
Just for just for hip hop and not for rap yo

Love what you do  
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