

It's In The Game

Method Man

You know, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it
What? Huh, you know, huh
It's like you don't limit yourself to one thing
Your mama got to broaden your horizons
Broaden your joints Keep your eyes on the prize
The struggle goes on everyday
(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)
Everyday and I'm a live it through my music
(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)
You know how we do, choose or lose from it Pull your shoes up, don't get stuck
Or get your frame struck, when my squad blitzing
Hitting like Mack trucks, head splitting paper written
In windy cities like Chicago, no bullshit You see me spitting at the kitten with the lost mitten
As we engage in cold war getting frostbitten
Once again up in these stank drawers baby listen
One mind and for one cause, heavy hitting The penalty illegal ruff necks, we bring ruckus
In pursuit of gold lines, can a nigga touch it?
If I can't see you, can't trust it
A shady character like Buzz Buzzard
Lay him out like a plush rug-ged Now you can love it, or leave it alone
We drink death and puff bone
Dragging your body out the end zone
And any way the wind blow that's where you flow
That's why you be the first one caught, last to know Body laying out on the floor, substitute
Heavy players from the run and shoot, we open door
Third and long, quarterback pack the cannon on
I go deep he drop bombs, that's when I touch down Six points, what now? Once again who coming
Through in the clutch now, perfect strangerous
Ever since I came with this, and wrecked a body
You convinced like Lombardi, that Johnny Dangerous Offensive shotgun
Calm in the pocket I got one, in the milli gun
Deep threats to chose from, that's how it goes son
You win some you lose some, it's in the game You win some, you lose some
(Uh)
That's how it goes, son
(Yeah)
You win some, you lose some
(Uh) it's in the game
(Yeah) You win some, you lose some

That's how it goes son
 You win some, you lose some
 It's in the game From the football field
 (It's in the game, you win some, you lose some, it's in the game)
 To the mountain, you know what I'm saying?
 (That's how it goes, son, that's how it goes)
 (You win some, you lose some, it's in the game) Free styling, profiling, won't catch me smiling
 Straight from Fema Island, buck whiling, I'm styling
 A funky type of style with the lyrical incision
 Shit locked down like my niggaz out in prison Good riddance, keep it hidden, up in my knapsack
 Sipping cognac while I vibe off this funky track
 Yo, bring it back or make it hit harder
 Infiltrate your mind like Nino at the Carter but smarter So drop harder if you wanna conjugate
 Verbs and nouns, make it profound as I pound
 In your earpiece, I'm the beast
 To say the least, we must increase the peace But keep it real, so I can feel, the skills
 Funky fresh rhymes I will build so I kill
 And thrill, lyrics spitting, through my lips
 Doing back flips, it's another hit Come take a sip, of the running waters
 Lyrically I slaughter, mentally I author
 The rhymes that you feel to the map
 Crushing double barrels, sing 'em out like carols Who it be? It be I, the nigga with the chinky eyes
 From NY, city we committee we gets busy
 With killa beez on the swarm
 Lyrically we storm, mentally a lord Verbally I bomb
 (Boom)
 Guard your grill
 It's the man that chill, run for the hills from Grassville
 Drilling rhymes straight on tracks and double cuff
 Another TV and they loved it You win some, you lose some
 That's how it go, son
 You win some, you lose some
 That's in the game You win some, you lose some
 That's how it go, son
 You win some, you lose some
 That's in the game, it's in the game You win some, you lose some
 It's in the game
 It's in the game, it's in the game
 It's in the game, it's in the game