

# 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 jointsKeep your eyes on the prize  
The struggle goes on everyday  
(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)  
Everyday and I'm a live it through my music  
(Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)

You know how we do, choose or lose from itPull 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 bullshitYou 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 hittingThe 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-gedNow 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 knowBody 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 downSix points, what now? Once again who coming  
Through in the clutch now, perfect strangleous  
Ever since I came with this, and wrecked a body

You convinced like Lombardi, that Johnny DangerousOffensive 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 gameYou 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 gameFrom 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 prisonGood 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 smarterSo 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 peaceBut 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 hitCome 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 carolsWho 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 lordVerbally 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 itYou win some, you lose some  
That's how it go, son  
You win some, you lose some

That's in the gameYou 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 gameYou 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