Game Break (feat. Lecrae, Termanology & Posdnuos)

Statik Selektah

If the game shakes me or breaks me, I hope that
It makes me a better man, take a better stanceLook
This song's dedicated to all the kind of Gs that seem miseducated
A young Malcolm Red got up out of his prison bed
Said "I'ma leave a mark on this world when I'm dead"
X marks the spot
A lot of clowns get shot
But they living for nothing when he died for a lot
From the blocks to the prison
Many have risen and lead
But I can't get a job cause they be testing my peace
Man, I keep it real I got tired of calling in sick
Waiting for an A&R to come and find me in the sticks
Ain't had the money for school, so I applied for scholarships
From black and Indian roots, it's amazing what you get
Was I wonderfully crafted to piss and pay taxes
Made a reflective master and lay on the mad tricks, get up, get out
Get something man, cultivate a creation
Don't blame it on your lack of education
Go to church, go to school, Walk the earth, watch the news
Type a person that hates what he learns called a fool
Type a person that don't want to work called skinny
Type of person that learns and applies I call winning
You were wired to be hungry for more than what you currently are
But you spoiled your appetite on these mediocre bars
Mediocre stars is all they shooting for
It's a wonder why we rarely get far
She got Bette Davis eyes, Phyllis Diller grill
The game that she's name is such a killer ville!
Killed to be killed, you might end up in a dirt
With no guarantee to end up on a shirt
Made to work hard up until the coffin
So when you're hard at work, you don't get to see death's cousin often
But why rest? When the rest of the world is like yo
Grown man, you need to drop up some pearls!
Them legends from the ground up pulled me through school
Had me run up on stage and look 'em dead in they eyes
Known to do the same, school the newest to the games
So when they run up on stage they look 'em dead in they eye

Phone and I'm known as a vet.
We don't take kindly to some old school title around the neck
Challenge the game herself to a game of wealth
She laughed and gave me money, but I kept my fame on stealth
Quiet money still money and we talk tall
She got her face dolled up, white nose all on froze lines
The snow crawled up in the calm
They claim they dope, stay shot up in the arm
The B. Manilow be the handle though
They say that we made it
But the low part check it your dated
But if the game shakes me or breaks me
A better man, I will become 'til the day I will be done
Uh, it's too much ice grilling with eyes closed
It's too much ice work and fly clothes
We gotta get our priorities in order
Before we go and order another pair of Jordans
Cause I got a daughter, she fine, she taken care of this time
Or is just another D minus you get for always lying
Can you go and put it behind us?
So what you trying to find?
I ain't trying to say I'm perfect, but I sure am trying
One thing about me, feel the music in my soul
Could have changed up, could have went the wrong road
Seen the door opened, could have seen the door closed
Could have seen the cup empty, but I've seen the cup full
Now that the tank full, man, where you wanna go?
I ain't gotta sell records for my heart to go, go
Learn that while you're young, save a lot of heart break
Drop jewels on your son, listen to what mom say
Son, first was the apostle second was the prophet
Third was the teacher, now they all watch him
Try to be peaceful, man I'm just trying to live
Cause Lord knows I had problems at my momma crib.
Life had me stuck, oh, making dollars there
But the dollars I was chasing, they was counterfeit
So bogus, living your life hopeless
Up against the ropes just trying to stay focused
While I'm on this Earth, I'mma try to progress
I know a lot of men that's rich, but they know less
But since I guaged being rich with health, God, fam
My friends and my fans, I'mma die a rich man!

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