

The Game

Jurassic 5

All right, everybody shut up
I said, "Shut up"
Now are you ready to play the game?
No!
Are you ready to play the game?
Yeah!
The game
Playing to survive
Aiming to win anyway they can
Yo, yo
Pass the ball, final casting call
First of all, verbal basketball
Off the glass, smash your jaw
Too fast for y'all
You might take a nasty fall
Trying to stick with the prehistoric passenger
(Foul Ball)
All breath, no physical contact
Bounce back, demonstrate invincible bomb raps
Not no hustler no player or speakin' no crime crap
I'm vocally trying to score before my time lapse
Uh! Full court press, hands in your chest
Runnin' 'cause I'm a rebel with the ghetto finesse
No fouls just checks, make the brother sweat
Word for y'all to earn my reject
Get it out of here, attack from the rear
Ya'll niggas ain't nothin' but some bitch ass queers
I'll be in your ear, increase the fear
Rippin' with the shears as the crowd just cheers
Bring on the opposition
'Cause my position is to shut you down
As the basketball pounds on the concrete floor
Envisioning moves to freak brothers every which way
Dominating like Doc J.
Pass me the rock, I know just what to do with it
It's real vivid, I pivot through the lane
Three hundred and sixty behind my back
I take your monkey ass to the rack like Jerry Stack
I'm saw by most recruiters and heavily recommended

Stickin' your best shooters they lower verbal percentage
It's takin' its toll, 24-second clock control
Stoppin' this obstacle, impossible
I was the number one block project in the city prospect
Now that's something that you can believe
So be it whether pro or collegiate, the hit but don't miss
Prime time the offense switch
Y'all can't ball, y'all can't ball
Yo ref, where's the tech? Man make the call
The game is gettin' tight, verbal victories in sight
What counts is what you write not concerned about the hype
My rhymes go baseline so why you tryin' to take mine?
Last man tried just died inside the paint line
I bank rhymes, got a call so I flex
I'm on the foul line with a few verses left
When my flow hits the net, the next brother flex
I put my foot in the pavement
With the brothers I'm raised with
Play with and breakdance back in the days with
And still in the game with 12 points, 4 assists
Get up in the game, in your face like swish
Crash the boards with metaphors in the air like a Concord
Aiiyyo what you out for? Yo I'm out for the whole score
22 flat seconds for me to win, I can't win for losin' with this cheatin' ass ref
My squad's supreme
So I don't need Clyde or the dream
Next time you play the game boy pick a better team
Your choice is short when you on a concrete court
But my mental cohorts is 'bout to change the whole sport
Give me the pill boy, crossover with the skills
Wrap around pass, fly right past your grill
Take off from half court in some J5 shorts
The rap band with the man when my words play sports
Comin' through your lane with pure skills so stand clear
Vocal charge is a mirage, I still stand here
Damn near, make your shit look soft like Pam Grier
Fans cheer for the paragraph Bill Lambier
Show me the rock so I can show these fool what I got
(He's heating up)
Fuck that, I'm flaming hot
Verbally take you to the blacktop and wreck shop
Turn my game up a notch, pass me the rock
1 on 1, 3 on 3, 5 on 5, horse, 21
It really don't matter 'cause son you'll still get done
Yo you should know better than try to barter with this globetrotter

Malicious, vicious dunks, I'm Vince Carter
And it's the high draft pick, flashin' it hair face
Still can penetrate and slightly overweight
But whatever it takes my shot can elevate
No pain, no gain for the brothers with no game

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