

TRG (The Rap Game)

MC Lyte

TRG we making that cream
People get fooled it ain't easy as it seems
You can rock on till the break of dawn
But one by one your ass is gone I got trapped in the rap game at sixteen
And saw it's no more than a crap game, know what I mean?
Like when you feel you shake 'em right they fake roll snake eyes
In this industry that's how quick niggas die Through my eyes it's like Russian roulette
Never do you know when you about to get wet
So you should stay set so you don't fall or go under
Have people saying I wonder what happened to him or her It's sad when you begin to think you can be gone
But you can be gone in the blink of an eye
Don't ask why 'cause you try
Somebody came along that was twice as fly I remember when I hit the scene it was the second faze
Rope chains two finger rings those where the days
Latin quarters, my Puma suit was cool
Now let me be caught in that and I'll be damned a fool you You gotta changed with the times like the weather
An Mc that lasts is an Mc that's clever
You can't move tot slow 'cause
When it's to time to go, you see it's your time to go TRG we making that cream
People get fooled it ain't easy as it seems
You can rock on till the break of dawn
But one day brother your ass is gone TRG we making that cream
People get fooled it ain't easy as it seems
You can rock on till the break of dawn
But one day sister your ass is gone Come back after, come back, nigga came back
More wack than the wackiest wax on the rack, what's up with that?
New Jacks are coming through taking no slack they hungry
And they looking for a spot to pop a squat, you better watch the clock It can be awfully embarrassing
To not know when it's time to let go of the rhyme
It's about half past the monkeys ass
You should have been gone but you still trying to hang on What happens when you chilling at the level on the
10th floor
Nobody knows your name anymore, aren't you?
Wait and let me think just as quick as you
Got large you can quickly shrink and sink into the crates and collect dust
Don't be mad 'cause it happens to best of us TRG we making that cream
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But one day sister your ass is gone
To and fro they come and go, you better change your flow
And then switch up your show
I seen some come with the booming ass hits
Then they gone but then they don't leave with shit
You better tell an exec you need to be set
So when it's over you ain't living out your Land Rover
When you rap life dies and you still alive nigga
You better know how to survive
It ain't easy and it ain't supposed to be
Letting niggas know what time it is when it comes to me
The L Y T E stronger than the ox
Or the octane that knocks in your brain
I sustain my mission is to maintain sane
Know what I mean, keep doing my thang
You can't move too slow 'cause when it's your time
To go you gotta go, gotta go
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