

Game Theory (ft. Malik B)

The Roots

This is a game
I'm your specimen. This is a game
I'm your specimen. This is a game
I'm your specimen. This is a game
I'm your specimen. You've got to let me know baby
So I can go, I'd have to fake it
I could not make it
You could not take it.
Yeah, where I'm a start it at, look I'm a part of that
Downtown Philly where it's realer than a heart attack
It wasn't really that ill until the start of crack
Now it's a body caught every night on the Almanac
Rock bottom where them cops gotta problem at
Where them outsiders gettin' popped for they wallet at
I had nothin' but I made somethin' outta that
Now I'm the first out the limo like Charlie Mack
From 215 it's him the livest one
& he's representin' Philly to the fullest
Blacks the realest
You can't touch him & not for nothin'
If you 'bout Hip-Hop then you gots to love it
If not then fuck it
I'm still handlin'
Smokin' more reefer than Redman & them damagin' MC's
& my name's Rick Gees you endangered species
For what I do I'm about to up the fees
I'm paperchase motivated I ain't the one to play with
These cats get set ablaze
You can't have it y'all way but I'd rather parlay
Just smoke O.G. & get cabbage all day
The way thought play causes your main thing to say
Your style so splendid you 'bout your business
You arousin' my interests
You sharper than a Shogun
You know the way it go, huh, game. Know what I'm talkin' 'about?
This is a game
& I'm your specimen.
You've got to let me know baby
So I can go, I'd have to fake it

I could not make it
You could not take it.Hus, that's short for hustlers
We Black Inc Raw Life productions
Tryin' to find our spots amongst the ruckus
& be sucker free, flea chumps & busters
Man yeah, Get 'em hus, get 'em hus, get 'em hus.Hey yo I'm tryin' to get it at any cost so it's no remorse
When I'm blastin' off like you been askin' for it
When Black step in the doors all hats is off
Your hands up in the air goin' back & forth
I'm about ready for a classic massacre
I'll make it hotter than when Shaft in Africa
Jump outta a black Porshe huffin' a fat cigar
Night ridin' on 'em like my last name Hasselhoff
Voted unlikely to succeed 'cause my class was full of naysayers, cheaters & thieves
All it gave me was a good enough reason to leave
& put the writin' on the wall for y'all to read it & weep
'Cause I'm the force of the Lord, the rage of hell
You'd rather head for the hills & save yourselves
My Man rip drums like He ringin' the bells
The King of the Realm you seen Him do His thing in a film
Come on.Hus, that's short for hustlers
We Black Inc Raw Life productions
Tryin' to find our spots amongst the ruckus
& be sucker free, flea chumps & busters
Man yeah, Get 'em hus, get 'em hus, get 'em hus.Dreams when M16's with infrared beams
Blowin' up presidents' cribs with cans of kerosene
Highjack the limousine with a strategic routine
Then blast my enemy's head for the Caribbean
Militant guerilla camp is ready for war
Lay your corner face down, place down your jewels cash & .44
When I score prepare for torture
Fuck around & make your town Warsaw
I'm from Illadel the land where the killers dwell
My technique is to ambush you guerilla style
My instinct is of a killer whale bang you up from head to toe
With lyrics I pack like a 9 millimal
My types subliminal mentality switched to criminal
Importing heroin internash from Senegal
A soldier takes a stripes from a general
Used the mike of iron or led
You choose your mineral.This is a game
& I'm your specimen.
You've got to let me know baby
So I can go, I'd have to fake it
I could not make it

You could not take it.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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