

The Game

Abstract

As long as the kids love it, then so do we

As long as the kids love it, then so do we
As long as the crate's comin', then I'll have me
We don't really care what it is, just wait 'til the stair really is
Matter fact, fuck it, put it out
Nobody gon' notice, they don't care about the mix
We just want the dough
No one's got enough
Never are happy, oh, we're going insane
It's all part of the game we didn't know we were playing

Workin' like nobody know my name
I'm not really in it for the fame
Not too many that can say the same
I'm cool, just cruisin' on my lane
Never chose goin' with the flow of a dream's
Funny that I'm livin' how I chose off of streams
Livin' in a movie 'cause I penned all the scenes
Everybody say they want it, it ain't really what it seems

When the highs get high
Then the lows get low
I know most tryna hide it
But the cracks still show
See that light's got a price
And most sell their soul
And they'll tell you that they got drive
But it's not their own

I can see the Devil in the levels of the game (Yeah)
I can see 'em stuntin', tryna cover up the flames (Yeah)
I can hear you talkin' but you only droppin' names
Wouldn't it be nice to be yourself for a change?
Get back to the soul in the music
Get back to the roots of the art
Quick-serve, that's some fast-food music
But that ain't good for the heart

Heard you treat your mix like a drive-thru
So that ain't somethin' that I can drive to
Hear you treat your lyrics like cut, copy and glue
Heard that you got everything's 'cept any 'semblance of you
But they tell me!

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