

# Glorious Game

## Black Thought

Yeah

Okay, I'm too Black for y'all to erase  
Shoot too straight for y'all to replace  
Too abstract for y'all to retrace  
You all would be safe but y'all are deep fake  
Too fake for me to waste time  
Too two-faced for me to say "Fine"  
I'm the one-man army, Ason  
The baseline is we just ain't the same kind  
Gloves and mask off, time to blast off  
Baton I'll pass off, rhyme your ass off  
If we clash, I'll haul the trash off  
Then haul the cash off and ball in Nassau  
That's all, it ain't too much talk  
All y'all chumps, it ain't enough chalk  
Y'all thought the name was just Thought?  
C'mon, I'm too strong for y'all to cut short  
You see light like mine once a lifetime  
When some young gun becomes an icon  
But somehow they'll cut down the flight time  
Unless they send that heat down the pipeline  
My mind is hard to explain  
Call y'all all aboard for this train  
I float like a Nautilus, mane  
Damn, I love this glorious game

Ah, pimpin' ain't dead, baby  
Mackin' ain't dead, baby, ooh, these are the glory days  
Pimpin' ain't dead, baby  
Mackin' ain't dead, baby, I swear, these are the glory days

I might put my fur on and talk my shit  
I might put my game on and take your bitch  
I might put my fur on and talk my shit (My shit)  
I might put my game on and take your bitch

Okay, I'm proof that we all should get free  
Direct from the streets of S.P.  
Who alone tryna be the next thing?  
For real, I'm just tryna be the best me, so  
No gas, I'm high in octane  
Which icon am I if not flames?  
Goddammit, guess who not lame  
And locked the block down before the block chain  
Stop playin', the stakes is too high  
Some say life's a trip, then you die  
Patience brings all things in due time  
If you's a real one, well, that's a true sign  
My time the valuable kind  
Take these words to rendezvous by  
Y'all style on the comical side  
I drive psychological vibes  
Seekers, keep this close to your chest  
Weakness killed this culture, more or less  
Your projects is such a snore fest  
No paycheck, just exit stage left

My grind is hard to explain  
I contain one marvelous brain  
I float like a Nautilus, mane  
Damn, I love this glorious game

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These are the glory days  
These are the glory days

I might put my fur on and talk my shit  
I might put my game on and take your bitch  
I might put my fur on and talk my shit (I might put my fur on and talk my shit)  
I might put my game on and take your bitch (I might put my game on and take your bitch)