Tha Game

Erick Sermon

I know you gonna dig this
Where did the game go?
Where
Where did the game go?

Huh, the game takin' a turn for the worst
Niggas makin' whatever, doin' it for the thirst
The money and the women, the fame for the position
To be number one, got 'em trappin' in the kitchen
Cookin' up that white girl, oh yeah, I get it
Everybody a dealer, it goes with the gimmick
The rest of them mimic like they the new Jeezy
Make a couple of records, thinkin' it's just easy
Shit, this the streets, motherfucker, it's beef in it
Niggas don't give a fuck, you see Chief Keef in it
They ain't your friends, ask a stranger
They wanna see you dead
The other people who hungry don't wanna see you fed
The Devil's a liar, he bring whatever you want in your face, that's fire
The proper attire
Oh, look at that round fat, brown skin, few tats, hair black
That's not where I was goin', I was showin' ya niggas the mirror
To see your nonsense way clearer, here's the picture
Hold up, wait a minute, Erick Sermon puttin' on a clinic
Spittin' up authentic (Mmh), likin' the way I pen it
My team is hittin', like we ran the pendant (Ball game)
I love those thinkin' I'm over (Uh huh)
I pull up, left foot out the Rover
Some ain't believin' it (Nah)
I'm chillin', motherfucker, milk with D in it
I ain't ask to be in it, I was destined for seein' it
So why you wan' try me?
Sayin' I'm washed up, today I used ivory
Everybody askin' me, where I been (Uh huh)
I'm out in Mexico, homie, with Carlos Slim
Everybody askin' who's him?
The richest man on the planet
I'm gettin' that money, goddammit

When you turn on the radio (Ooh ooh)
When you lookin' at the video
It's just the same old (Same old)
Where did the game go? (I don't know)
It's all the same, it's all the same
I'm like
Where did the game go?

Ah, from the era the crack wars
Rubber band stacks, fitted caps, and rap tours
Certain plug was let in the backdoor
We show love 'cause this is what that's for
Fly dude, destroyer of Yaku
Dutches and fried food
Fuck, it was my move
Vibes rule, spoke what we felt then
Like jailed men, nothin' was held in
I tell spendin' the coupe with no roof

Off that 40 proof, the spook with the gold tooth
Flow the truth, I know the booth
Been about it, got photos as a youth
Salute, my trap raps was facts
Attack tracks in black, these rap cats is wack
Bring it back, that feel good when it still hood
Big would if still alive, his skills could

I don't play the radio, I ain't watchin' no videos (Uh uh)
In the juice bar just buildin' with the Millennials (Facts)
Everybody sound the same, everybody look the same (Same ol', same ol')
I'm cut from a cloth of them old school criminals (Cut from that)
Keep that fake shit to a minimal
Matter fact, don't even do it 'cause I'm a general (Don't even do it)
I ain't got time for no industry lies from a industry guy, I'm in the G5
Homies catch a sting like we in the beehive
Got beef? We don't go to sleep, let the heat fly (We let it fly)
Like them birds goin' south
Yeah, I splurge goin' out and I swerve goin' out
Come around the curve, hit second and third, then I'm out (Out)
Fast life make you holla, told E-Dub
I'm the other P makin' dollars gettin' high
Pray to God that I'm gonna see tomorrow
Ghost (Ghost)

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