

## Valuable Game

Ice-T

This song is dedicated to my man Tupac Shakur, rest in peace!!  
Notorious B.I.G., rest in peace!!  
And all my other homies that have died  
in the madness called street life  
Rest in peace!!

I'ma straight up G, let's not pretend  
Dedicated to, all of my friends  
On the East and the West Coast  
Gotta let this drama go

Nineteen eighty six, deep in the mix  
me and my team out for cream and jewel-likes  
the faster, the better, blood, leather, the baby sledge  
Case hitters - me, I'm the point man  
Give less than a damn about anything, just let my hammer swing  
Come up, give me my cut - what?  
Girls don't mean nothin' to me, don't push the button on me  
Out for the twist, ya nastically nasty G  
Basically makin' me anti-social individual, too hype  
Recognize the type?  
Then a music called hip-hop came along and saved my life  
I had a story to tell about my knowledge of hell  
\$2.50 for a book, listen and look, now let's do some Math  
A gun and a hand, plus an angry man, minus love  
equals and me, the sky's blue and they rags  
toe-tags and body bags - y'all feel me?  
Is it too real G? Brothers say drop some heat T  
Absoulutely, everything's goochie since we realized  
this games' the only one we got left  
Hip-hop's become the game of death  
Some of y'all busters out there tryin' to waste up  
It would've took some of us hustlers all this time to lace up

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Ok, let me break it down, they got the one strike law  
You go in, you reach the other two before you know  
what happen to you - game's over dude  
On the next page, they got power in effect  
while you two rednecks waitin' to see which one of us  
kills the next brother next  
Think about it too long'll make you sick  
Believe me the last thing they wanna see is us risin'  
economically, astronomically it could happen homie - follow me  
Hip-hop's the black goal - mind and soul  
refined as we roll, another ghetto story is told  
I stopped flippin' ki's in eighty three  
They need a time machine to carcerate me  
I'm square as a pool table, twice as green, know what I mean?  
flippin' from heat, the legal green, the hip-hop scene  
Beef, the only beef I got is the steak  
I'm tryin' to eat from the players elite  
East, West, North, South, Moon, Star

I'm gonna ball wherever the chips are  
I hope y'all players listen, ain't out there hatin' and dissin'  
Y'all know the game is to be sold and not told  
I should be takin' a collection, this time I'll make an exception  
I've just been here for the start of this  
I gotta come from the heart for this

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Some nights I lay awake tryin' to analyse  
and anticipate the moves of the fakes  
Wonder if the cancers' in too deep - can't sleep  
Tryin' to diagnose the poison that's increased  
injected into a pure hustle born on city streak  
Migranes fill my brain as I reach toward the realm of the insane  
Wishin' and prayin' that another brother gets  
to live the life that I got to play in  
Tryin' to represent to the fullest  
I gotta come hard y'all, no time to pull it  
Y'all fools think illin' and tearin' up  
hip-hop is the thing to do G?  
I'm paid I don't need rap no more fool I make a movie  
Y'all tryin' to lose me  
And to y'all suckers with your afrobatic, player hatin' tatics  
tryin' to jump over the bree and plannin' and hustlin'  
I've been corporatin' to this music over these years  
Y'all will fall victim to your own lies and the P.I.  
will continue to rise, over your eyes kid  
This games' immaculate, dramas' irrelevant - stay sucker reppellin'  
Invent, incorporate, parlay, play  
And I got no reason to lie to you

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