

# Surviving the Game

Insane Clown Posse

Tell me, what the fuck you gonna tell a vet, a boss?  
... yet? You lost  
You underestimated, weak expectations  
We superceeded all of that, fat all in the map  
With that (ooh), like we brand new  
We schoolin, freak it the whole game  
Feelin' like a fool for speakin'  
But we ain't tryna win any awards, make fake friends  
Exploding below the streets, earthquake  
In this... shed networking and digging tunnels  
Invading the industry, hijacking the channels  
The hatchet and hard truth, part proof that lives  
Among the mass contention, the system gives  
If you attackin' back with axes, gats and hatchets  
Bust 'n doing backflips by any means tactics  
Get it, their head all in the way? Split it  
Always leave one alive so they can tell 'em you did it  
And then we

We break bread, make bread, take bread  
They said, that we couldn't do it  
But we still here surviving the game  
We ride and we grind, survivin' they try to  
Keep our voice quiet, but we still here survivin' the game  
From killa county to the motor city rollin'  
We holdin' 'em steady underground heaters  
And we still here survivin' the game  
It ain't nothing but a thing to us  
It ain't nothing but a thing to bust  
We crush 'em

It ain't nothing but a thing to spit fire  
The real shit don't expire we at a high wire  
Pullin' tricks 'n stunts we done only hit once  
Electrocute the industry every six months  
We get on this bitch but we don't want it  
Keep the Lotus low love don't flaunt it  
Another Juggalo hit bitch I'm on it  
And if I ever won a Grammy I'd pawn it  
You wanna know about this?  
Well I doubt this you wanna diss  
Cause what you love ain't about shit  
We not only survive but thrive and blast  
And never stop like "Ah, at last"  
Puttin' in work self-made experts  
Show this played out scene how the next works  
Ambition, that's what got these ho's dissin'  
Thowin' weak ass blows and all week missin'

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Dough gotta cut, let me introduce  
To the Juggalo nation ain't no substitute  
For the original hard truth soldier it's on  
I get the strap of the wreck and get yo motherfuckin' back blown  
The revolutionary pro hitter  
Spittin' hard truth bricks over street slaps we get with' ya  
With 4 million sold...  
It ain't a thing for me to post and reach across the motherfuckin Nile  
Motor city get yo grib tight  
'N recognise the arcitect that sparked the light  
Crack the code, show the whole world the power of truth  
Now motherfucker can you buy that too? I guess ruthless  
I see the bitch in them ho's they get nervous  
'Cause I'm N.W.A. but with a purpose  
In these days and times all fake raps and media traps keep it underground  
Guerilla attack

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It's like a blast fast massacre, mass than blast faster  
'N slash your whole status, you're staff 'cause y'all have had it  
I crash through with mac-mooze [?] attack fools with the black tool  
With the hard truth for the grass roots and greet y'all with that Whoop Whoop  
p!  
It's MC'in, I'm seein' 'em eatin' them notice  
It's no supposing just quotable quotes I wrote 'em  
Fuck around in the arena, I'm meaner, supreme 'n leaner  
I seen 'em slippin', I rip 'em, I'm set trippin' 'n blitz in your system  
Juggalos know the best they, recognise my essay  
Comin' deep as essays, I'm S.A  
The moral of the story's like Maury, I am the father  
Split your wig back, bullshit raps don't even bother  
Take your motherfuckers back to battlin'  
I'm battlin', known to make 'em scatter when spittin' gangster chattering  
All up in your gathering, back I'm with that black on snatch  
'N crack your backbone, bitch don't even act on  
Write a check 'n make your whole crew bounce  
Fake rappers wanna give me a pound

Can't fuck around with that wanna-g, wannabee-itus it's like a virus  
Sign they ass into the clinic, g shit I be the venom, hit him up, for sinnin  
,  
Run, protect yo women, Juggalettes know, recognise the true's for jokes  
Let a soldier do his thing when I'm in yo scene  
Kiss the pinky ring now motherfucker I'm anti-bling  
And I take bread 'n make bread, what they said  
And all that, but stall that, I never change the format  
Recall that, when this drop, I am Hip-Hop  
So fuck what you claimin', hard truth don't stop  
So before you fix your mouth and say that you ain't heard  
The A-R after the P before the I-S served  
No I put you up on gang cook, ain't have a skirt  
From my mouth to your motherfuckin' ears now that's my word