

The Big Game

Inspectah Deck

Yeah, major players of the game, still swinging
I'm up to bat again, ya'll already know
Barry Bonds flow, out of the park with it (Mental Instruments)
Let's go

You run through the competition, they treat you like a champ
When you winning and you make it to the big game
Dive in a pile of riches, fly bitches
Chain fridged when you, make it to the big game
Get money, big money, big fame
Spot packed out, and the fans entertained
They like me, we go hard when we play
And that's how the f**k you get to make it to the big game

Early on the paper route, blood on my hands
Cannons and lasers out, cool as a fan standing in Satan's house
Show 'em what my name about, boss of myself
Turning your lady out, talk is cheap, shut up, pay me now
Hands on the dice work, stopping your bank
Shorty you're light work, Comic View rap making my side hurt
Talent's in the mic worse, drama to rank
Feels like my life cursed, down to go out, what's the price worth
Seats leaning with the rod held tight
In the BMW g'ing with the Roswell lights
I spit gemstars, splitting your dome and I double up
Everything, heavy swing, bringing 'em home
So I'm sitting like a king on the throne, like I used to be
The right hand, now I got a thing on my own
Showing love for all my ringers home, quoting my name
You niggas been a clone, homey can't swing in my zone

Revolvers with the lazy eye, late for my plate frame
You crazy fly, screw the tip off, jump in the baby I
More papers, law makers, all of us jaw breakers is on
Vaticans in action in all ages
All my teams armored, from all the way to bulletproof socks
Hit me in the calf, it's no option
I won't fold, destined to make bail
Call up my Norfolk niggas, tip that bill, we can't play jail
No time for RICOs, kids ego
f**ked up the game, that's like sticking your eye next to the peephole
The next generation of dumb niggas, we built the legacy
These bum niggas, got invaded by slum niggas
All mine battling, we gonna battle for mansions
Branson and more bottles of Gallo
A villain slash genetleman, blowing with nine thousand Indians
I'm the Chief, this the millennium

After all that I been through, critiquing all that the kid do
The moral though, I'm a continue
We hungry, son, you ain't seen gully
You Wesley at the Carter, New Jack City, you G-Money
I beast money, feet stay fresh off the runway
Hotter than a summer day sunray, I must say
Truth like a Bible page, twenty flow said night or day
Twenty warheads at you right away
Play maker A-gamer'll sell the house out, silence the nay sayer

Throw a shout out, to all my major players
Deck take it out the park, Barry Bonds stance
They wonder, damn is his performance enhanced?
Rumble in the jungle, blind to the pressure
See, son's cool, million to one odds, he come through
I leave your trunk blue, holding your head, stuck off the one-two
Turn up the game, I just begun to

Live and direct, Staten Island 10304
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Back to Pinkin Avenue