

# 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 gentleman, 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

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Back to Pinkin Avenue