

# The Rap Game

MC Lyte

Trg we making that cream  
People get fooled it ain't easy as it seems  
You can rock on till the break of dawn  
But one by one your ass is gone

I got trapped in the rap game at sixteen and saw  
It's no more than a crap game, know what I mean?  
Like when you feel you shake em right  
They fake roll snake eyes in this industry that's how quick niggaz die  
Through my eyes it's like russian roulette  
Never do you know when you about to get wet  
So you should stay set so you don't fall and go under  
Have people saying I wonder what happened  
To him or her it's sad when you begin to think  
You can't be gone but you can be gone in the blink  
Of an eye, don't ask why cause you try  
Somebody came along that was twice as fly  
I remember when I hit the scene it was the second phase  
Rope chains two finger rings, those were the days  
Latin quarters my puma suit was cool  
Now let me be caught in that and I'll be damned a fool  
Ya gotta change with the times like the weather  
Mc's that alsts is the mc's that's clever  
You can't move too slow cause when it's to time to go  
You see it's to time to go

- (1. but one day brother your ass is gone)
- (2. but one day sister your ass is gone)

Come back after come back, nigga came back  
More wack than the wackest wax on the rack  
What's up with that, new jacks are coming through  
Taking no slack  
They hungry and they looking for a spot  
To cop a squat, you better watch the clock  
It can be awfully embarrassing to not know when  
To let go of the rhyme, it's about half past the monkey ass  
You should have been gone but you still trying to hang on  
What happens when you chilling at the label on the 10th floor  
Nobody knows your name anymore, aren't you...?  
Wait and let me think, just as quick as you get large  
You can quickly shrink  
And sink into the crates and collect dust  
Don't be mad cause it happens to the best of us

To and fro they come and go  
You better change your flow and then switch up your show  
I mean come with the booming ass hits  
Then they gone buy then they don't leave with shit  
You better tell an exec you need to be set  
So when it's over you ain't living our your land rover  
When your rap life dies  
And you still alive nigga, you better know how to survive  
It ain't easy and it ain't supposed to be  
Letting niggaz know what time it is  
When it comes to me the l-y-t-e  
Stronger than the ox the octane that

Knocks in your brain I sustain  
My mission is to maintain sane, know what I mean?  
Keep doing my thang, you can't move too slow  
Cause when it's your time to go, gotta go