

Maestro Fresh Wes, Still In Da Game

[Maestro]

I know the feeling
Yeah, yeah
Ain't a damn thing changed
Check it out, check it out
Still in da game
My man in the studio
Ain't a damn thing changed
Big Snow
Yeah, yeah

Peace to all my niggas in the gasoline
Get your mack upon a candy queen
Make her shake it like a tamborine
Get your money from a honey
Then you bounce like a man be on a trampoline
Chicken heads wanna get next to me
Molestin' me, sexually, I give 'em ecsatcy
I'm with the lamb, not less to be
Get a fat bag of weed from Chesterlee
Mother fuckers didn't know I had the skills to last
So feel the wrath, money, 'cause I'm built to last
My records ain't hard to sell
Kardinal know I'm hard as hell
I make your backbone flip, do the dip
Make your brain cells flip, 'cause I'm intricate
At a table I sit, makin' it legit
When my pen hits the paper (ahh)
Do a record with Snow, gots to blow
My last name's Fessional, first name's Pro
Flippin' the script
Hit chicks with the thickets and biggest of hips
Head from the prettiest lips
Put a rum in you, and you'd be comin' too
Nice and slow, baby, tell me what you wanna do
I'm I to freaks, nobody else is deep
Even Rapheal Saddiq
Nobody could step to this, Mr. Wes is the best with this
Honeys undress with this
I made another record in a second
And I realized still I'm getting stress for this

[Snow]

High, high, high
We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)
Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)
No no no no (all around the world people know the name...)
Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the fame)
Still in the game (still in the game)
Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)
And the one named Snow (all around the world people know the name...)
High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of fame)

[Maestro]

&From the Mardi Gras to the Shangrala
Get a couple hookers over for menage-a-trois
Hit 'em from the back, honey stack
Knock 'em down like a lumberjack, still they wanted money, black
Niggas wanna see me drop instead of see me rock
Still I'm gonna reach the top
I'm still in the game, ain't a damn thing changed
Still got the claim to fame

[Snow]

When I am thinking, I can't understand
How a women gets women and a man, ah, get mad
you wanna hear it from the Maestro man

[Maestro]
Slow down, son, slow down
Niggas ain't understandin' you, son

[Snow]
High, high, high
We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)
Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)
No no no no no (all around the world people know the name...)
Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the fame)
Still in the game (still in the game)
Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)
And the one named Snow (all around the world people know the name...)
High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of fame)

[Snow]
Ladies dreamin'
Steady feenin', screamin'

[Maestro]
Me and Snow be gleamin'
And we feenin', while in limousine and

[Snow]
High, high, high
We still not a superstar, still no (still in the game)
Ooh, go (ain't a damn thing changed)
No no no no no (all around the world people know the name...)
Time run, I'm (...but they didn't know the price of the fame)
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Maestro (ain't a damn thing changed)
And the one named Snow (all around the world people know the name...)
High high, high high (...but they didn't know the price of fame)

[Snow]
Take out one of us, take your car
Any way
I've come with the message that today will be a brighter day
Who goes to the down in January
South till May
Big as Buju Banton, me cultured, and ah ????
Don't forget
To the front to the back to the side to the dock
Me ?????
Come up in, talkin' about you be a big deal
Wherever you are
It's quater to one like slurrin' my speech
Gettin' champagne on my new car
Call out to the area, man
And come inside
Woah, Maestro
Oh, and now you know, and Snow
Rude boys, standin' on the corner square where I
beat up your mind, me, I'm the don
Sing a sing sing high
<fade out>