

Nas, The Game Lives On

Black hoods cops and projects
Sewers flooded wit foul blockage
The gutters wild and every child watches
Chains and top locks get ripped off hindges doors kicked off
Drunks stagger off smeared off wipe your beard off
Crippled dope fiends in wheelchairs stare vision blurry
Cause burried deep in their mind are hidden stories
Bet he's a mirror image of the 70's error
he's finished for the rest of his life til he fades out
the liquor store workers miss him but then it plays out
So many ways out the hood, but no signs say out
Mental slave house where gats go off
I show off, niggas up north
Prisonology talks till they time cut off
You used to chill you short, prepare deep thought
They hit the streets again, get it on
Get this paper and breed again
Planet leave somethin behind, so your name will live on
No matter what the game lives on.....
Chorus: (there is no chorus, the beat just plays on)
Uh, yo, if this pianos
The cake and my words to the candles
Light it up, make a wish and them angels will grant you
And patience one try, puttin those angles as bamboo
They lit it up, (nas inhales 2 times)
hit it up, (nas inhales once) now they dismantle
Think the whole world is crazy, got a nine
Watch where you walk, two dollar fine
Sign of the times, hearin New York high satin
United Nations quietly takin toll on your soul
take it or leave it, just my evaluation
Stack newly guns, teach the girls karate school your sons
Not to hate, but to stay awake
Cause the scars a razor make is nothin in comparison
To the gas left on his whole mask, if we dont get it controlled fast
Might as well be, laughing with Malcom X's assassin
As we die slow, parishin brain dead from an Ericson
Words of the medicine, two teaspoons for goons
A couple of it for those thuggin it
Yall sing the tune.....
Chorus
Another day another dollar my mother will holler
She said go and see the world for myself, in my brothers Impala
Pops was smooth from his top to his shoes
He sang the blues, guitar strings he played Smokin in School
Two pellican hats, picture this yo, 70's cat
He rolled his music in the back of the crib, I did my homework
At night the windows and speakers, pumpin life out
A fight people screamin, cause somebody pulled a knife out
So I look at this room, I'm hooked to this tune
Every night the same melody
Hell soundin so heavenly.....