

MC Lyte, Trg (The Rap Game)

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 the this industry that's how quick niggas die
Through my eyes its 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 being to think you can 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 faze
Rope chains two finger rings, those where the days
Latin quarters m y puma suit was cool
Now let me be caught in that and I'll be damned a fool ya
gotta changed with the times like the weather
MC's that lasts is the MC's that's clover
You can't move to slow cause when
it's to time to go, you see it's to time to go
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But one day brother your ass is gone
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You can rock on till the break of dawn
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 it's time to let go of the rhyme
it's about half past the monkeys ass
You should have been gone but you
still trying to hang on, what happens when you
chilling at the level on the 10th floor nobody
knows your name anymore, aren't you?
Wait and let me think, just as quick as you
got large you can quickly shrink & sink into the crates and
collect dust, don't be mad cause it happens to best of us
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To and from they come and go, you better change your flow
And then switch up your show, I seen some come with the
booming ass hits, then they gone but 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 out your Land Rover
when you 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 niggas 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 you gotta go, gotta go
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