

We On The Game

Chorus- On the road to maintain sum pepo keep it insane,
It's a shame how they came there so lame
- We On The Game
Rolling on the same plan my own name
Gotta take all I claim n' keep searching for the fame
- We On The Game

Verse 1

- When I get up on the mic, I be kickin' it n' keepin' it tight
So don't worry bout a thing, everything is alright
Despite what critics say, I'm gonna do it my way
I run the day n' it's gonna be my play
I stack the tray n' I'm serving all the ladies
And holding up cars from Golfs to Mercedes
Throw in sum beamers to piss off the sceamers
You can't play ball n' you'll always be dreamers
- (So what you wanna do, wanna start shit
I'll break you down, a bit for bit
Ain't got no time for losers, air abusers
And your excuses only make you sound useless
Only make a brother like me rhyme more profusely
Only makes me wanna score more than I usually
Coming at you with anger and scorn
Make you wish Styles MC had never been born)

Chorus- x 2

Verse 2

- You can say I let this rap thing get the best of me
I guess that it's all been a part of my destiny
Letting express all my beliefs and my feelings
Now knowledge just slips out my mouth like banana peelings
Raisin' the roof and breaking many ceilings
It's all fun to me I love the wheelings and dealings
From the day I got on stage, (man) I gotta get a tour
started drinkin the night before tryna even up the score
- (Got all dressed up for Styles to hit the Ball
Sent electricty from the floors to the walls
Could have sworn I saw a chinese man pack his stores
I couldn't even hear myself rap over applause
So I kept writing but haters just keep on biting
With their piracy inciting but that's nothing exciting
What's next football hooliganism and rioting
They probably think that'll be better Societing

Chorus- x 2

Verse 3

- So, now it's Styles MC, hope you got yourself a plan
In this world your either a critic or a fan
But be warned, there's nothing killin' this man to try is silly my man
That's why my next trip's gonna be to Afghanistan
I'm so slick, that's how I drop it for all my fans

Making mad tunes is like my only stance
On a mission to make the girls jump and prance
Going against the beat, you don' t stand a chance
- Your sound system' s pants and the girls can' t dance
And thats why everybody' s listening to Trance
But see my flow is dynamite kid outta sight
Bringing crazy Styles from the left to the right
Of the globe, my flow flashes bright like a strode
Causing epileptic fits you' ve been told
with incredible side step you' ve been sold
Unstoppable the swing you' ve been bowled

Chorus- x 2