Game Of Death

Esham

Who wants to get a game?
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Let's play a game of death
Get down, lay your cards down
Duck down, as my chain ball spins round and round
When it stops, I bet it chops to the ground
Now how that shit sound? Sounds like a shake down
Here comes the break down
I bet'cha break, I bet'cha gotta headache
Ya can't keep ya ass awake
Fool, why ya think the unholy had to wake the dead
To many niggaz sleepin' so we give blows to ya head
One time, in and out ya mind
I know the rules to the game, give assistance to my rhyme
I'm workin' my voodoo on you and you
What can ya do to stop Mastamind and his crew?
The magic I use is blacker than blacker than black
Get back, fool what'cha know about that?
What'cha know about this? When I aim I don't miss
Fuck around and catch a fist when TNT's pissed
Droppin' bombs on your crews, I quicked the life refused
Ya played the game of death and you're guaranteed to lose
Play your cards right, tonight's helter skelter
The cards I dealt ya ain't good, find shelter in your hood
I'm comin' at 'cha like a body snatcher, I'm gonna get 'cha
And show ya I'm the game's masta
Mastamindin' my game till there's no suckas left
When ya fuck with the wrong nigga ya play the game of death
This is the game, come take a spin on the wheel
How many cops can I kill?
I'm ill, buck 'em down at a stand still
Watch me get ill, watch the blood spill
Chop, swing, off with your head
I'm kinda misled, I'd rather be dead
This is the game that I play with no shame
Russian roulette, cock back and take aim
I want me some bacon, so I'm fina cutta pig
Wha-dada dame, so I split 'cha wig
Not by the hairs on your chinny chin chin

Will you play the game of death with me and never win?

Killin' be a sin, snatch your throat and grin
Gettin' buck wild with the rin-tin-tin
The chrome's to your dome, so tell me what's left
And breathe your last breath, and play the game of death
Bad guys never lose, so I bet I win
I don't die, but I come back again and again
Red rum, red rum come and get some
Hey mad niggaz hung by their tongues when I sung
Play a game, press your luck, punk I don't give a fuck
If the butcher knife don't cut then I buck, buck, buck
Watch me get 'em, watch me hunt 'em out and hit 'em
I'm hungry for Adam's apples I gotta slit 'em
You can't play my game motherfuckers hate I came
Let the sky storm, let it rain, let it rain
Chopped off her head now the blood is just gushin'
I picked up the knife and the steel's steady pushin'
Aimin' for the kill, the kill is what I got
Playin' in my game, and this is the plot
Now I'm playin' doctor, grab the knife and chopped her
Shivers, quivers, out comes the liver
Shoot a dead body and I dumped it in the river
The beat when I deliver, no more life to give her
I hate to behave the same to savor it for yourself
When the tables dealt, it gets felt in the game of death
Now as I come in, I take one final spin on the wheels of jeopardy
For all those hoes who slept with me
Wicked rhyme kicka, sick 'em for when I trick up
Peter pipper picka, you have to suck my dick up
Nigga I'm outta liqour, cuttin' to kill ya quicka
Six, six, six, 'cause I'm sick sick sicka
The U N H O L Y, watch your heada fly
You'd be dead a guy, rock a bye-bye
If you wanna play, yes, we playin' dead
I gotta screw loose and a hole in my head
Dead bodies layin' all around
The price is right so come on down
And press your luck and get slammed hoe
Remember don't say damn say where me woe
In the game of death

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