

# Game Over

## Tinchy Stryder

Time to get that profit all in  
Won't rest 'til all my niggers rocket ballin'  
I don't even think I stopped this mornin'  
I'm that nigga that usually gets them "what's it called's it"  
I'm caught, when it's time to get that shoppin' sorted  
Oh, this Armani blazer, which I got imported  
Yeah, I like that whip because I'm on the bands  
Only reason I ain't dropped that forty  
Chicks see me on the street and they stop and call me  
Want me to get my willy out so they can toss it for me  
Got 'em goin' topless for me  
When she pop it for me, really got me horny  
Record label contract, my lawyers got it for me  
Dotted all the I's, and the T's, can you cross 'em for me?  
You can try and put your crosses on me  
I watch, hate, I got shooters that'll watch it for me  
I'm heavy, I'm colder  
Better me? No sir  
I could tear apart MC's  
But I'd rather read a book on childcare by Kerry Katona  
No niceness, I ran out of it  
Dumb it down a bit, ain't somethin' I'm prepared to do  
And I ain't ever gonna run out of lip  
Here's something I prepared for you  
I tried to relax but being spaced it inspires me back  
When will I be nice to Katie Price  
The day I see a cage fighter in drag, ah  
I don't want a tomorrow without friction  
Jump in to beat, both feet first  
They make pros eat their words  
And sit and watch 'em swallow their own diction  
Uh, Ishi distort that bass  
Man grew up on a raw estate  
Now, every time I draw my dates  
They're like "How the fuck did you afford this place?"  
First place, first place, first place  
Try and act up them man will address that  
Call it, put a fuckin' man in his place  
Bitch, I'm great, for goodness sake

I ain't got a queue 'cause they know my face  
Glance at my watch tryin' to wind up on me  
I was like I ain't got time to waste  
Get it, I ain't got time to waste  
Get it, try and get hype in my face, regret it  
Got a big pit bull and I don't remember  
The last time I fed it, so don't up set it  
Let me grieve for the beat before I murder it  
Don't know my name by now? You shoulda heard of it  
Why, 'cause I'm murdering  
Anybody lurking in, close proximity, circling  
Don't make an example of men when I stride in  
Dev's has got a tiny temper  
I'm observing this, learning  
But know I'm just yearning to burn it  
I'll fire your agenda  
Lock me up, might high risk offender  
Make a man turn on his own team, like an Irish defender  
I'm a rhyming inventor  
That's climbing to heights ya not meant to  
The game's over, so roll over  
I'm sober, but I'll still kidnap a so-called soldier  
And bolt in the Rover to Dover  
Yeah, it's over, the game's over  
Put up ya' lighters, I clash the Titans  
Fight the fighters, might fight the biters  
Spit on my flow, got tonsillitis  
That's on a Monday mornin', ha  
Takin' over, run straight past ya  
No warning that I rule disaster  
Harder, faster, stronger, longer  
This one here was top of the classroom  
Stop the lecture, drop the pressure  
Never say never but nevertheless I  
Never say no to experiments  
Whether it's tenements, clubs, yards, spitting with eloquence  
Positive sentiments, having a hell of a time and it's evident  
Don't question my relevance  
I've started on this so I'm back in my element  
Element, element, element, element  
Uh, I open my mouth, niggas panic  
The jewel the liabilities, I'm the asset  
Underdogs are barking up, hush puppy  
My new chain's got red and blue ice man, I call it my slush puppy  
Yeah, let me clap them with the reminder flow

I was best new comer, time ago  
Yeah, you've all passed ya sell by date to me  
I'm different, nigga, I sell out when you at the venue and date to me  
And now it's game over  
Kick him out the team but heard he's snaking, he's a cobra  
Could have lived the dream but now ya' days are done, it's over  
Should have remembered scheming and your looking for a shoulder  
To lean on, to wipe your tears on, it's over  
Breathe, breathe  
First stretch, the clouds are black  
My shades are black  
Let me go  
They better let me go, let me loose  
I'm frozen cold, my veins are blue  
Hell to home but it's Satan-proof  
Good as gold, my angels flew  
Yo, they can't knock down mine  
Cuffs on flows, I lock down lines  
I am not human, real life mutant  
Ask Mick Foley, I'm not mankind  
Yeah, look under my eyelids  
All red, I bleed from the iris  
Like I've been toking on weed, highest  
Now my brain's on freeze, minus  
Yeah, I ain't letting it melt  
I'm stark, haze, I ain't letting it fill  
Sideline this now separate that  
I'm stayin' here, I ain't lettin' it gel, ill

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