

Game Over

P-square

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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