

# Play Dead

## The Network

Well I was sleepin' dreamin' about my own death  
I'm like a cat with nine lives, but none left  
I hear word after word after word once again  
I find myself prayin' on my knees sayin' Amen  
Cold sweat falls off my head onto my pillow  
At night in my sleep I weep just like a willow  
I'm sufferin' I need some aspirin or some bufferin'  
Everytime I close my eyes it gets rougher in  
The rhythm cold smotherin' every sister and brother in  
Another murder, but red rum I never heard of  
Something when I'm thinkin' of drinkin'  
Some red rum 13 ways causin' bedlam  
Don't say I'm a problem you'll die if you follow me  
I'm like poison so come and swallow me  
Locked in your mind, a funky rhyme and I busted  
But when I start droppin' wicked shit you can't trust it  
Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde ridin' inside your mind  
It's hard to see the U-N-H-O-L-Y when you're blind  
Some say I'm the devil, but it's really all in your head  
And they say when I play I roll over and play dead  
A funky, funky rhyme is what I got  
A sellout is what I'm not  
Boomin' words from hell is hot, dissin' me will get you shot  
Esham affiliate of Reel Life Production  
All the suckers dissin' me, fuck 'em  
'Cause my homicidal vital recital is still said  
And when I wake the dead the I play dead  
And I'm not dead and then I knock 'em out

'Cause dissin' me on a record ain't what it's all about  
Motherfuckers wanna come up and then they dumb up  
So get to the gat and put the fuckin' drum up  
Nigga how you figure you was bigger than a giant  
Tryin' to diss the undissable so keep tryin'  
Pick a pack a mags so get fitted for your bodybag  
You wanna do it like me? Let your words drag  
You're bound to catch 17 in the head  
So you better fake death or play dead  
You put the mic in the wrong hands then you get me

A nigga that's hooked on A-C-I-D  
I can't go to sleep at night, I get hyped  
See you wanna dance with the devil in the holy light  
Wouldn't give a fuck if my records didn't sell  
'Cause I'm goin' to hell with Pattie Labelle  
Florence Nightingale, sippin' on ale  
The devil's in the soup as the witches swap tails  
Can't save my soul as I was told  
Dropped outta school at 16 years old  
The mic is in my hand, the bitch is on my tip  
Niggaz wanna know am I a blood or a crypt  
Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge  
Playin' Russian Roulette with a gun to my head  
Snub nose grade me one peace a lead  
So if I win I guess I can't play dead

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