# 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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