

# Game Of Death

Esham

Who wants to get a game  
Who wants to get a game, 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 guarenteed 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 they tongues when I sung  
Play a game, press your luck, punk  
I don't give a fuck punk  
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, you get 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 life  
I 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  
And press your luck and get slammed hoe  
The price is right so come on down  
Remember don't say damn say where me woe  
In the game of death