

## Game Time

Ghostface Killah

Mmm-hmm... yo we going in, nigga  
It's game time, gear the lacing of your kicks  
When I bang mine, ain't no escaping out this bitch  
And your chain's mine, kidnap the bracelet off your wrist  
Heard it through the grapevine, that you was hating on the click

I'm not Chris Tuck', but I'll tuck them ratchets  
When I was young, I used to beat off, and fuck the mattress  
And I promise you, step out of line, see what that llama do  
Demolish you, rip through your chest, hit your abdominal  
My hammer hold twelve like a dozen of eggs  
And your man'll get bodied over something he said  
I'm not a blood, but I rock nothing but red  
He got his button on, I heard son fuck with the feds  
Why niggaz wanna fuck with my bread, like I ain't starving  
When I reign, I leave niggaz in Payne, but I ain't Martin  
If I ain't gone, I'm gonna move the weight by the carton  
On the plate carving, find me out of sight like a martian  
And I'm bobbing and weaving, dodging the precinct  
Hit I-95, blowing cigars on the Decon  
Even when I'm fucked up, you know the God'll be eating  
It's all good, my hood is like the Garden of Eden

We make hits, classical shit, spit acid  
Turn bodies into ashes, T.M.F., we the masters  
Father to your style, so you can't be called a bastard  
Held fast in close casket, on the verge of collapsion  
Demolition derby, car crashing, heart smashed in  
Brutaly, I beast on beats, Broadstreet, Staten  
Usually I creep black heat, in dusty clothes  
Then drift from rusty 'fro's  
Communicate