

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 clic
k

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