

## Soul Kid Klik

### "Masters of the Game"

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[Chorus: all] I'm on a path to perfection, travelling a road Where evil souls be lurking at the intersection I know my destiny's to shine like gold For the Soul Kid name, be a master of the game [Infamous Mr. Savage] Yo, my third eye elevates, and focuses the heat it generates To the Earth, til it disintegrates Born a master of the game, the Solar Controller Who crushes and civilized minds like a bulldozer It's all over, when I return like Jehovah Crossbow cocked on my shoulders, dropping jewels like boulders They should of told ya, the Infamous, I reign superior Inferior crews, who lack get pierced exteriors, now Who be the master of this so called game? When I hit the self destruct button, and blow this world to flames Ain't nothing changed, I'm from the woods, it stays the same Where Sleepy Hollow point tips, penetrate ya brain Remain still, cuz thoughts kill whenever I build Reveal Truth, on the real, manifested through skill My team is coming on hard, and can never be stopped, cuz Not only did I master this game, I got it locked [Storm Da Ghetto Mutant] Hip hop, hoes, tempted by money and gold Fucking for the demo or a spot up in a video Waiting on the Meth to get they titties sucked Third eye shut, no knowledge of the steel you clutch Your style fraudulent, posin' as a lyricist You're living off the thoughts of another man's consciousness Corrupted seeds, lost in a wilderness Making it hard, for the true to exist But I persist, discipline to master it The art of sparking, building with the intellect System immune to the ways of the harlot Storm Da Ghetto Mutant, got y'all bitches marked for target Smashin' fantasies of the rap starlet Trail blazing, going into waters uncharted Wide awake, never sleeping on the path Making bitches feel the wrath, from a master of the craft! [Chorus] [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] Yo, my style was translated from ancient cave writings Of pictorial hieroglyph depicting pharaohs smoking spliffs Shinee Sonji Sunji So, which in ancient Chinese means, act like you fucking know! Or should I say fucking knew? The essence of my lessons is blueprinted within you Mad Komposa, muthafucka, sample chip orchestrations from the

heavenly harp conductor I'm bungee jumping off the  
surface of Uranus Creating sick test tones, breaking  
microphones into fragments Yo Infamous, please hand  
over the magnets I'm try'nna make a truth serum from  
electrified Zagnuts Because G-Clef, I be the  
butterfinger You know, the dusty track gutter slinger  
humiliating ya stutter singer My baseline pattern  
predicts the future And if ya style crash, don't worry, I'll  
just reboot ya [Goodfella Mike G.] Yo, Neapolitan,  
paisan, Calabrese Cosa Nostra faction from the  
Castamalo race Sicilian Godfather boss of bosses,  
mafioso Organized crime underground virtuoso Black  
hand, made man, avanti magisterial Syndicate chief,  
goomba grand imperial Mustache Pete, all world Don  
Vito Operating undercover, quiet as kept, incognito The  
master of the game with the Rothstein brain I maintain  
like Gigante with the claim 'insane' I'm the Mikey  
Francese, the Don Genevose, Carlo Gambino, Sam  
Anthony Calisi, Or Frankie the Wop, Pete the Killer,  
Mickey Eyes, The mobster murder incorporated wise  
guy Goodfella Mike G., you know the man you all fear  
Time to make the pasta, get the fuck outta here  
[Blakspik] I was born son of Ham, cuz my skin tone is  
that of the original Who ruled the savage land with an  
iron hand. My mind's possessed with stress that is evil I  
look into my inner soul but still have no control They  
say the eyes are the window to the soul, But how can I  
control what I can't touch and can't hold? I'm frustrated  
with the cards life has dealt me I try to maintain, but I'm  
deaded by the Devil's reign My circumference is evil,  
but I don't care I face the east immovable in the square  
Teleport my thoughts so I become the master Stressed  
to test, and say farewell to the flesh Who makes war  
with the beast, the revelation quotin' ? Stepping into  
battle, with my vest and my pistol smokin' So beware of  
the click that's coming at cha Joakim the Blakspik, Born  
Power Who's the master?

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