

Game

"People"

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Graveyards in my pocket.
Tombstones in my wallet.
If you talkin' 'bout my profit,
All I see is dead people.
All I see is dead people.
You starve so when my momma tryna make a couple
dollars,
Any nigga with a problem, they be dyin' over dead
people.
Muthafuckin' dead people.

This shit gets deep.
Don't fuck with me.
You end up six feet deep.
Listen to how I did it.
I crept up slow on Willow.
Thinkin' 'bout climbin' through the fuckin' window.
In the backseat, potato burners.
Ski mask, body bag, duct tape, and a pillow.
In the front solo.
Sittin' low with the lights out.
Feelin' like Manson on some Sonny Sam shit.
With a murder on my mind that my mind on the
homicide,
And my watch said they outta time.
Somebody gotta die, bottom line.
Front page, column nine.
Headline: Another Columbine.
I plan and plot and strategized, and thought about it.
Loaded up everything in the closet.
My objective is to get bloody.
They can beg and plead, yell and scream.
Try to leave, get in cheese, pray to God on they knees,
but I'm still gettin' fucking ugly.
I fuckin' love it.
Took this nigga by his throat and fuckin' cut it and
thought nothin' of it.
It's simple insanity.
Just a murderous fantasy.
It's simple insanity.
Just a murderous fantasy of mine.

(Man, I feel like killin me a mother fucka.)

Last night, I must've had a blast choppin up bodies.
Woke up bloody as fuck in the hospital lobby.
Body filled with adrenaline.
Not rememberin what I did to get all this blood on my
fuckin' Timberlands.
Cop's sayin I did what to him?
Showin me pictures of cut-up bitches, disfigured
members with body parts missin.
Listen, I ain't do shit, I don't know shit.
Man, I don't give a fuck about that bitch.
Fuck whatever she said, fuck whatever she saw, it
wasn't me.
Oh no no, not me.
Listen to the alibi.
I was at the movies, that Avatar shit,
With them 3-D glasses on,
And that shit longer than mother fucka.
Look at my pocket, get the tickets though.
That's my alibi, bitch.
Now what up?
Fresh out the cuffs, now I'm back on the outside,
And headed west where Homicide reside.
That's my nigga.
He live on 1st and 48th right next to the white chalk in
between the yellow tape,
Behind the black gate.
Rottwieliers and pitbulls, surrounded by snakes, AK's
and AR's.
Some niggas hard to play, some niggas play hard
But that house right there, don't go in they yard
It's simple insanity.
Just a murderous fantasy.
It's simple insanity.
Just a murderous fantasy of mine.
(Man, I feel like killin me a mother fucka.)

Beware of dark shit, shot 'em through the fence
Tough offensive line men couldn't stop the blitz.
Them niggas inside, a couple kittens
And this right here, good riddance.
Nigga fuck around, it's suicide for instance
Picture the mind of a bullet
Here I come I can smell the flesh aimin' for your head
or neck.
Nigga, pray to God I won't hit your chest.
Now here I come straight outta drum, headed for your
lungs.
You in my sight.
The last one didn't do it right,

And I'm waitin.
Just lookin at you.
Thinkin about it and gettin tired of lookin at you.
Hi, daddy, remember me?
Goodbye, daddy, this is what it gotta be.
You brought me in this world, now I'm takin you out.
Now you open up your muthafuckin mouth.
Simple insanity.
Just a murderous fantasy.
Simple insanity.
Just a murderous fantasy of mine.
(Now I feel like killin me a mother fucka.)

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