

Ghostface Killah

"Game Time"

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(feat. Trife Da God & Tommy Whispers)

[Intro: Trife Da Good]

Mmm-hmm... yo we going in, nigga

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]

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

[Trife Da God]

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

[Chorus 2X]

[Tommy Whispers]

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

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