

## Godflesh

### "Games, Dames, and Automobiles"

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Yo check it out (one time)

Network Reps, Punch and Words (Network Reps)

Have just assembled

Pay attention

Aiyo forget gettin busy, a brother stays productive

Makin what is turn to was cause I must give

Steady hits, get ready kid, I'm leavin dead zones

Rough sounds, they got bloodhounds tryna peep the set

Emcees get bent, for fackin jax then, I make it happen

Street event, major attraction, paper assassin

Workin while you relaxin, hurtin my back and never slackin

You get broke on my brake, no joke I take action

Carshin spots like tidal waves smashin rocks

Never got glasses locked on cash and props, I'd rather not

Instead dashes hot like cops blastin shots

And I realize that, for the most part, no heart emcees

Try to deny facts when the flow starts, to get a bit

More complicated than the rhetoric that they kick

Cause K mixes concentrated elements is evident

And obvious, when my lines drop, that instead of just

Watchin this, I got they minds locked without postin bail

Confrontation, you better off droppin Coast in jail

Chorus:

If you don't know, then I can't mess wit you (I ain't messin wit you)

If you steal flows, then I can't mess wit you (I ain't messin wit you)

If you're a chick from the show, I probably left wit you (That's right, I slept wit you)

If you ain't tryna roll, forget the rest of you (I ain't stressin you)

[car screeching]

Enter the over proof sleuth calculating whose

Fakin in the booth and still rakin in the loot

Son slide in opposite stances, spread my vibe like its

cancer  
Lock horns with the shadow dancer, the neck romancer  
Who controls the track, never holdin back  
Deflatin gas niggas from a swollen cap  
Understand, we got no room for false plans  
Come in like a lion and you leavin like a lamb,  
sacrificial hand  
You wanna strap the missile and bomb the holy land  
You're not invincible, just a lonely man  
I know the ambassador of a rappin tour has to score,  
So I'ma blow shows when I'm passin your vicinity  
You'll be gone quick like virginity, first you wanna be  
gritty  
But now you're silk and linen me, I'm skimmin the  
Profit of a prophet thats false, you need to stop and  
halt  
Meltin ice grills like I'm droppin salt, its not your fault  
How could your frontin ass know, livin next to your  
enemy  
Like Kennedy and Castro

Word up Network Reps (Castro)  
Takin all your cash flow  
Y'all don't know (educated you assholes)

Chorus: (1st half)

[phone rings] (Wordsworth)  
Now let me fill y'all in on details, how Words tip scales  
I got some females at Yale that send e-mails  
Faxin'em, I get cash to spendin from gasin' women  
Got the guest lists and passes to get in  
Began junior high, freshman adolescence  
mirrors on my shoes, lookin under girls dresses  
I'm eager to rhyme, arrived in the clothes I slept in  
We got nothin in Common besides only Resurrection  
If its about women, in one ear and out the other  
All's fair, long as sperm don't come out the rubber  
Everyday I wake up and take a morning piss  
Hide my porno flicks in a box of Girl 6  
Harassed by former chicks, that perform in whips  
And out my crib I got kicked, forgot mom came home  
at six  
And I know why you feel shame, cause I can call your  
girls crib Sayin its  
Words, while you use your real name

[Punchline]

And its a damn shame, that they got caught frontin  
Sayin you nice, when you can't rip the function  
Plus, you take credit for the next man's production

Puttin yourself in weird positions like fuckin  
Metaphors is raw, in ciphers you fear it  
That's why I only hang wit niggas who got lyrics  
You beat around the bush and just talk off an ear  
While just keep it brief like tight underwear  
I wreck crews when there's nothin else to do  
It seems your ego is gettin the best of you  
Shit you never knew, you about to learn  
We got dope beats, you can't produce like bad sperm  
To whom it may concern, we droppin the bomb  
We real, you fake like a prosthetic arm, address the  
mike with charm  
Watch Punch crush it, the Moet lifestyle with the 40  
ounce budget  
Now just hush it and don't say nothin  
I dedicate this to the ones that be frontin  
(Cats be frontin in the game know what I mean,  
break it down like this y'all)

Chorus 2X

Punchline wit the rhyme  
Network Reps  
Big Met  
Words  
Engineer on the boards  
Underground hip-hop be the new day baby  
Comin through  
Its like that  
Rotten Apple

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