

Levellers

"Russian Roulette"

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We do three eh? One two three, three

[Thirstin Howl III]

I ain't scared to play (THREE)

Let me see that, whatchu thought?

You're not playin this game right, look

You gotta spin it, spin it, just like that

Spin the barrel - I'ma TRY IT!

SPIN THE BARREL! Watch, I ain't scared

SPIN THE BARREL WATCH THIS WATCH! {*BLAM*}

Chorus: {*overlaps TH3 above*}

You get one shot, once chance to bust, who bust first?

First to get slayed, playin russian roulette

You get one shot, once chance to bust, who bust first?

First to get slayed, playin russian roulette

[Thirstin Howl III]

Poured blood, ignored love

Even swore I trusted a little devil, in all us

The motive that keeps cheatin wives, lawns cut

At a boilin temperature before I'm even warmed up

At the speed of thought

thug niggaz fightin for a needless cause

All you hear is, "John they're stealing!"

when we in the stores

Uncommon valor with the French make players

take the bench above the rim without touchin the net

Thirsty, greedy, sometimes desperate

When I lock rap down I'ma booby trap the exit

Barricade, the entrance

Turn demonic screamin into harmless careless

whispers

No challengers, winnin the belt

If I say I'm top notch I'll be just limitin myself

MC's bore me like, elevator music

Street panhandlers with resalvaged sewage

All A&R's, bling-you-fit(??)

If life's a bitch, I'm one of her two kids

A motherfucker, if the shoe fits

If rap was a school I'd be teachin at Yale's institution
Brooklyn Hard Rock, with a toothpick
Threatenin your life and safety, with no risk
Skillionaire.. after I burn MC's
I give 'em information on free clinic care

[Chorus]

[Mr. Medaphor]

My lyrics sprout like a brussel son
I get you open like a clam or a mussel
I might jam my knuckle
Breakin down walls like brick-face and stucco
Eat you like a thick steak, you fuck-o
Whip you with my belt buckle; you wanna scuffle?
I pull your cards while you shuffle
I bag your bitch like a duffle
Then grill you like a waffle
You'll fall like falafel(?)
I remove your tonsils
I'm housin kids like youth hostels
Enhalin forest fires blowin trees out my nostrils
Takin underground and carvin pipes out of fossils
I wet you up like ponchos on a dark stormy night
and spark forty mics
I beat you up like forty dykes in Brooklyn
You'll get taken, tooken, for every nook and cranny
I'll stick your daughter and the nanny
Take your baby's candy
Grab the brandy out the cabinet
Take any found inhabitant
and make his mind inadequete, I spit my lyrics
accurate
Immaculate it's hard to capture it
You don't got half my wit; you better find an advocate
to plead your rapture
I'm leavin hands in the air, you leave in laughter
Stuck in the intro, I'm on the final chapter

[Chorus]

[Pumpkinhead]

I play roulette, with five bullets in the revolver
The problem solver rhyme evolver descend into Ghana
Usin the marijuana to blaze niggaz like lava
Hot like sippin java in the sauna
I'm cold blooded like iguanas
My rhyme takes form
Cock back the hammer on the biscuit, I make storms
The weather wizard who (??) and never visit
heaven's limits, my arms cross in b-boy positionin

Mix hydro with nitroglycerin; pose with the mic
in a tight hold lyrics hard like pistol-whippin
I studied alchemian(??) mysticism
But still quick to cut you
like you Quiza-prison(??) from a distant vision
I'm about to pull the trigger, gotta make a quick
decision
The sweat triple clouded my wisdom, lost my religion
I guess that's the cost of livin in this world with no girl
no jewels or pearls; unfurl my new script
My thoughts are suicidal sick
I pull the trigger all I hear is a click
My thoughts is sick I pull the trigger all I hear is was a..
{*BOOM*}

[Block McCloud]

Then I rise and shine from lies that blinded mind's eyes
and ties that bind to find your rhymes are dime sized
compared to mine, you got no concepts
Eatin from my table of contents
Take words out of my context
My language is, like arabic too complex
Got you mixed like marriages
My songs flex from my larynx
Plex you like a labryinth
I stab you with, my dagger if you have a riff
The block hit, toxic material that's hazardous
You bring life, like Christ to Nazareth then Lazarus
Fabulous how I react with, presents to rap gifts
In fact it's, radioactive flows that hold you captive
Trapped in zones homes is where this, rapper roams
in catacombs, trappin poems that stay with you like
chaperones
Control the (?) of dark, like Napoleon Bonaparte
to get stoned and sparked
Bones that burn poems(?) like Joan of Arc

[Chorus 2X]

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