

P Diddy F. Usher

"Let the Games Begin"

Visit "[Let the Games Begin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rasheed]

Battle in the field, shoot to kill,
Put a couple up in that coupe DeVille,
Scoop a mil, got a few to chill,
put a nigga on ice in a graveyard hill,
I stay raw real, with the murderous skill,
Put the body in the back of a automobile,
Collect my collateral bill, shatter your fuckin' grill,
Humidity heated when I step in the arena,
Better come cleaner with felonies, what you're tellin'
me's misdemeanor,
Bombs go off like firecrackers, stackin' my foes like
bricks,
Hoes on the mic like tricks,
Get 'em up hit 'em up, lit 'em up, I move too quick

Chorus:

Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin,
Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin,
Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin,
Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin,
Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin,
Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin,
Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin,
Y'all niggas ain't got no win, let the muthafuckin'
games begin

[Rasheed]

Rasheed lyrical gladiator, hysterical bustin' at a hater,
In an all black navigator,
Too sick to see with these suicidal symphonies,
To get with me handle business efficiently,
Officially certified platinum with these lyrical murders,

Servin' a Hell of punch crunch time,
Blowin' like landmines,
Brainless bodies droppin' in no particular order,
Prepare for slaughter ammunition is gettin' shorter,
Teleport the blood sport to ghetto block, put the game
on lock,
Nigga try to put 'em in shock,
With the crocodiles,
Watch his muthafuckin' head drift down the Nile,
Graphic murders three dimensional witch doctors,
Killin' like Shaka, from Port Lovaca to Morocco.

Chorus

[Rasheed]

Demolition turn your hood into a sand castle,
Take the rest of your posse, wrap 'em up in a lasso,
Tarantino couldn't come more loony,
Strikin' folks from dusk to dawn like George Clooney,
Amazons want me in this jungle but I'm burnin' titans,
Til' I'm attacked by my foe and then it's back to fightin',
Bring your army meet me in the middle of the Atlantic,
And we can go out in war on a sinkin' Titanic,
Don't panic, least you got granted to be a millionaire,
Let's purchase two one way tickets on Egypt Air,
Library, mortuary,
In front of your house or the cemetery,
Any time, any place, I'ma do whatever's necessary

Chorus

Visit [P Diddy F. Usher](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.