

Timati

"Life Game"

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Nebo zatjanuli plotno tuchi
Holodno segodnja. Hot' by luchik
Sogrev, probezhal v mojo okno.
No na ulice pasmurno i temno
Dopivaju vino, beru mobil'nyj
Vizhu sms ot svoej ljubimoj.
Ona pishet: milyj, ja tak skuchaju
Ja bez tebjja zdes' odna pogibaju.
Jeto moja vina ona tam odna
A ja na gastroljah, mezhdu nami stena.
Iz moego okna vizhu Krewatnik
Sotni onej. Ja ustal, hvatit!
Mysli o nej. Da poshlo vsjo k chjortu!
K chjortu gastroli, koncerty, rabotu!
Ja ne mogu zhit' bez nejo, zhdi, skoro budu
Solnce mojo.
Bystro iz nomera vniz po lestnice
Cherez resenspshn, ja na ulice
Tam davno limuzin menja zhdjot
Net, ne na koncert, a v ajeroport.
Direktor rvjot telefona dinamiki
Organizatory mechutsja v panike
Ja sazhus' na rejs Kiev-Moskva
Pohozhe, chto Timati soshjol s uma.

[Pripev:]

Ja bol'she ne mogu, s toboju byt' hochu
Skazhi mne, ch'ja vina, ja odin i ty odna.
K tebe opjat' lechu voplotit' svoju mechtu
No zhizn' igraet v igru, ne obmanut' nam sud'bu.
Zhizn'-igra, moja igra.

Tri s polovinoj chasa bez sna
Ja priletaju, v Moskve zima
Po doroge v mashine smotrju na kol'co
Sejchas podarju, i zhenjus', i vsjo.
Svad'bu sygraem cherez tri nedeli
V razgar sezona v Kurshavele
Leto v Monte-Karlo, San Trope
Vsjo jeto krutilos' v golove.
Ja plyn po nochnoj Moskve prjamo k tebe

Skvoz' hlop'ja snega v pustote
Skvoz' sotni blokov spal'nyh rajonov
Po doroge vzjal buket belyh pionov.
Belyj - tvoj ljubimyj cvet
Da - tvoj otvet.
Ja prosto zajdu i skazhu "Privet".
Net, ja vbegu, zakrichu "Sjurpriz".
A ty zavizzhish', pobezhish' ko mne vniz.
Vsjo, ostanovis', shofjor, domoj.
Tri chasa nochi ty sam ne svoj
So mnoj vsjo normal'no ja idu domoj
Sdelat' ejo svoej zhenoj.
Belyj mercedes stoit u doma
Rjodom chjornyj bumer neznakomyj.
Whose?
Samoe glavnoe chto ona sejchas doma
A jetot bumer naverno ejo znakomoj.
Podhozhu, vstavljaju kljuch v zamok
Dver' otkryta, chto za strannyj zvuk?
Polumrak, vokrug svechi, blagovonija
Ja terjaju dar rechi.
Ona ne gotovilas' k jetoj vstreche
Ne znala, chto ja budu v jetot vecher
V golove mel'kajut sotni kartinok
I vdruk ja vizhu paru chuzhjih botinok
Rezko ochen' sil'no szhimaet zheludok
Ja dostaju stvol: "Derzhis', ubljudok!"
Kak ona mogla?
Nu derzhis', ubljudok.

[Pripev:] (Dmitrij Klimashenko)
Ja bol'she ne mogu, s toboju byt' hochu
Skazhi mne, ch'ja vina, ja odin i ty odna.
K tebe opjat' lechu voplotit' svoju mechtu
No zhizn' igraet v igru, ne obmanut' nam sud'bu.
Zhizn'-igra, moja igra.

Dal'she tiho kradus' po lestnice
Moja stal' gotova k dejstviju
Jetot koridor privedjot menja k bedstviju
Poh*j na vsjo, ja hochu videt' bestiju.
Spal'na, krovat', na nej moja chika
Sverhu na njom stonet diko
Ja zahozhu prjamo bez stuka
Tango vtrojom stancuem, suka?
Ty predala menja, grjaznaja shljuha
Dva patrona ej prjao v brjuho
Dal'she hvataju ego prjamo za uho
Ty znal, ch'ja ona?! Poluchi opeluhu
On upal, srazu zanyl, chtoby ja ego otpustil.
"Ja ejo trener! - on molil na kolenjah.

Ne ubivaj, u menja den' rozhdenie!"
A, den' rozhden'e, tak ctozh ty molchal
Otmechaete. chto ne pozval?
Ladno, poluchi moj podarok, on zdes'
Stal' i poroh, gremuchaja smes'.
Otkroj ka rot, zakroj glaza
Pora tebe na nebesa.

"Gospodi Bozhe da ctozh ja nadelal?
Chto tvoril ja sam ne vedal
Sto let teper' goret' v adu"
Ja sheptal, nahodjas' v bredu.
Medlenno opustilsja na pol
S nej na rukah, i zaplakal
Odel ej kol'co, celoval ruki-nogi
Vzvod OMONA uzhe byl na poroge.

Mgnovennaja mysl': "Zachem dal'she zhit'?
Mne nezachem, ne s kem, kogo mne ljubit'?
Zachem mne byt'? Kuda mne plyt'?
Nadejus' moi ljudi mne smogut prostit'.

[Pripev:]

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K tebe opjat' lechu voplotit' svoju mechtu
No zhizn' igraet v igru, ne obmanut' nam sud'bu.
Zhizn'-igra, moja igra.

[English:]

The sky was tightened densely with clouds
Coldly today. Though luchik
Having warmed, has run in my window.
But in the street cloudy & darkly
I finish drinking wine, I take mobile
I see sms from favorite.
It writes: the darling, I so miss
Without you here; I perish.
Its my fault we're alone.
& I'm on tours, between us is a wall.
From my window I see Krewatnik
Hundreds fire. I am tired, I will suffice!
Ideas on it. Yes all has gone to hell!
To hell tours, concerts, work!
I cannot live without it, wait, soon I shall
My sun.
Quickly from number downwards on a ladder
Through resenpshn, I'm in the street
There for a long time the limousine waits for me

No, not on a concert, & in the airport.
Director tears phone of dynamics
Organizers mechutsja in a panic
I sit down on flight Kiev-Moscow
Similar, that Timati has gone mad.

[Refrain:]

I cannot any more, with you to be I want
Tell to me, whose fault, I'm one and you're one.
To you again I fly to embody the dream
But the life plays game, to not deceive to us destiny.
Life-game, my game.

3 & 1/2 hours without a dream
I arrive, in Moscow winter
On road to the machine I look at a ring
Now I shall present, & I marry, & all.
Wedding we shall play in 3 weeks
During the high season in Kurshavele
Summer to Monte-Carlo, the Dignity to the Track
All it turned in a head.
I floated across night Moscow directly to you
Through hlop'ja snows in emptiness
Through hundreds blocks of sleeping areas
On road has taken a bouquet of white peonies.
White - your favourite color
Yes - your answer.
I shall simply come and I shall tell "Greetings".
No, I shall run in, I shall cry "Surprise".
And you will begin to squeal, will run to me downwards.
Everything, stop, the driver, home.
1:00 in the morning; your not there
With me all normally I go home
To make its wife.
A white Mercedes costs at the house
Beside black bumer unfamiliar.
Whose?
The most important that it now at home
And this bumer likely its friend.
I approach, I insert a key into the lock
The door is opened, what for a strange sound?
Twilight, around of a candle, aroma
I lose gift of speech.
It did not prepare for this meeting
Did not know, that I shall be this evening
In a head hundreds pictures flash
And suddenly I see pair another's a boot
Sharply very strongly compresses a stomach
I get a trunk: " Keep, the mongrel! "
How it could?
Well keep, the mongrel.

Further I am silently stolen on a ladder
My steel is ready to action
This corridor will lead me to disaster
F*ck everything, I wish to see the knave.
Spal'na, a bed, on it my girl
From above on it groans the b*st*rd
I come directly without knock
Tango 3 together we shall dance, b**ch?
You have betraid me, the dirty wh*re
2 cartridges to it prjao in a belly
Further it suffices directly for an ear
You knew, whose it?! Receive opeluhu
It has fallen, at once zanyl that I have released it.
"I its trainer! - it asked in a lap.
Do not kill, at me put a birth! "
And, your birthday; so what you were silent
Mark. What has not called?
All right, receive my gift, it here
Steel & gunpowder, rattling mix.
Open your mouth, close your eyes
It is time you go to heaven.

"My God My God yes what have I done?
That I created did not know
100 years now to burn in hell "
I whispered, being in delirium.
Has slowly lowered on a floor
With it on hands, also has begun to cry
Has dressed to it a ring, kissed hands-legs
Platoon OMONA already was on a threshold.

Instant idea: " What for further to live?
I have, there is nobody, whom to love me?
What for to me to be? Where to float?
I hope my people can forgive me.

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