

Sirah "Game On"

Visit "[Game On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You've got your eyes
Locked and loaded like that smile
Fire, shoot, aim all dialed,
Roll of the dice
All these girls mama
All that noise, drama
Don't entice me, no
But hit that light switch low
Ima make you feel ghost
Forge the pace
Your hearts will break
What a case of liquor
Without a fight to chase, yeah
No mistakes,
Only game

No we're not fucking but I'll let your mind bate
you
Master of my craft, nice pic to masturbate to
I don't hate you, I ain't even know you exist
Coming out the woodwork, pretending that we're
friends
Ain't it funny, ain't it something
One minute you don't know me, next you swearing
that you love me
Week from now, steady aiming at my music with a
musket
Tearing my pedestal, breaking that shit for the fun of it
All these biddy blogging whores, makeup pouring out
their pours
Smellin like perfume & warm cum
I know you always wanted more but never did the work
to make it come.
All my GED drop outs looking at your cop outs,
swearing they holdin you down
Steady blamin on the weather or the lack of something
better
Look at me now & Try to say its circumstance your foul,
out of bounds
Never had shit to stich it with a rusty needle
From a record made of hand-me-downs

Visit [Sirah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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