

Styles

"Playing With Fire"

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[Verse 1: Tak]

Stand back, put the picture my frame
The handcraft of a master, the flicker, the flame
That sell three madman Megadef LP
Monster mash, prop for what? From S.O.B.
Shout to Honeycomb...what would I be without wax?
Just another empty battery shell in the pack
String on the puppet, laughin', claimin' I'm all of that
When I know in fact, everything you claim is all crap

[Verse 2: Ryu]

Yo, got the fuse lit, keepin' it movin', so
Freakin' abusive, people are pukin', so
Sick of the music, suckin' the fumes in
So don't get it confused, I'm not you, stupid
Hundred-proof booze in the back, all tipsy
Bring two clips, I'm clappin' all sixty
Swing through quick and bust if one's empty
Your chances of leavin' the club: fifty/fifty

[Verse 3: Apathy]

Wanna fuck around with Hell's recruits?
I'll stomp Satan in his face 'till it melts my boots
I'll use the sun for my throne, universe as my home
And your skull as a crown to adorn my dome
Watch porn with your girl, slip a mickey in her Beck's
Put a hickey on her neck, then the titties I caress
Under match of ??? set's, I'm the one the chickies
sweat
Make 'em suck it 'till their jaw's fucked up like 50 Cent's
Most of you faggots stay postin' that jacked shit
But when we retaliate, it's never some rap shit
Swing on your mandible and bring out mechanical
Devices that splices flesh from the intangible
I spark fire like electrical shocks
And ready the glocks, to clash with Connecticut cops
Who on some Brad Pitt shit, so you better go watch
The movie Seven, 'cause you'll find your wife's head in
a box

[Verse 4: Tak]

Rush you bustas, get touched with nunchucks
You tough tough, askin' to really get fucked up
Who cares what you been through? I'm goin' against
you, so
Sharpen your skills while I sharpen my Ginsu
Gas and ashes, and medical kits, but see
That's what happens when chemicals mix
The birth of a strange creature, umbilical split
But for now, the main feature, you said it was sick

[Verse 5: Celph Titled]

The word on the streets is that I'm hellbound, 'cause I
bully Christians
But I stay up in the armory, developin' pulley systems
For launchin' grenades strategically, onstage with
heaters illegally
Got the sound man shook at my vocal frequency
Back at the crib, bitch better strap on a bib
'Cause when I'm bustin' off, it's drippin' off the tip of
her chin
Chickens and hens, you know I keep 'em bendin' over
for me
With my chef hat, stuffin' poultry on the upholstery
Celph Titled's known as a gangsta to some
I got the powers of the godz, acclimated to one
All these young cats with glocks, tryin' to clear the floor
I'm old school, when I'm pullin' out my Fearless Four
Hear the sound of the clap? Bury your face
'Cause the mag that I pack needs a carryin' case
I'm not from the Aryan race, but I'll still persecute you
Ride around in the trunk with a little hole to shoot
through

[Verse 6: Ryu]

I'm "Word Perfect," back in the circuit
Been...top ten since you were snatchin' purses
Golf club thug, a nickel and dime hustler
All them mob flicks are makin' you rhyme tougher
When the nine clicks, you freeze
Two sick emcees, get cool quick when I'm shootin' the
breeze
Who's this? Ryu and Tak, with Ap and Celph
Spittin' heat 'till the plastic melt, watch it

[Outro: Tak]

Claim you wanna stay, but you have to go
Grab the gun powder, blast the calico
Time to saddle up, this ain't a talent show
You wanna battle what? Bullets that travel slow

[Outro 2: Ryu]

Talk, but keep steppin'
Discrete, false perception
Talk, but keep steppin'
Spark with heat weapons

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