

Ghostface Killah & Trife Da God f/ Tommy Whispers

"Game Time"

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

[Intro: Trife Da Good]

Mmm-hmm... yo we going in, nigga

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]

It's game time, gear the lacing of your kicks

When I bang mine, ain't no escaping out this bitch

And your chain's mine, kidnap the bracelet off your wrist

Heard it through the grapevine, that you was hating on the click

[Trife Da God]

I'm not Chris Tuck', but I'll tuck them ratchets

When I was young, I used to beat off, and fuck the mattress

And I promise you, step out of line, see what that llama do

Demolish you, rip through your chest, hit your abdominal

My hammer hold twelve like a dozen of eggs

And your man'll get bodied over something he said

I'm not a blood, but I rock nothing but red

He got his button on, I heard son fuck with the feds

Why niggaz wanna fuck with my bread, like I ain't starving

When I reign, I leave niggaz in Payne, but I ain't Martin

If I ain't gone, I'm gonna move the weight by the carton

On the plate carving, find me out of sight like a martian

And I'm bobbing and weaving, dodging the precinct

Hit I-95, blowing cigars on the Decon

Even when I'm fucked up, you know the God'll be eating

It's all good, my hood is like the Garden of Eden

[Chorus 2X]

[Tommy Whispers]

We make hits, classical shit, spit acid

Turn bodies into ashes, T.M.F., we the masters

Father to your style, so you can't be called a bastard

Held fast in close casket, on the verge of collapsion

Demolition derby, car crashing, heart smashed in
Brutally, I beast on beats, Broadstreet, Staten
Usually I creep black heat, in dusty clothes
Then drift from rusty 'fro's
Communicate; Sprint to Sprint, somebody knows
Phonetap, info'll get leaked like cognac
Seepin' through plastic cups, no caps on the bottle
Sold crack cuz I got to, feed my seed is my motto
Believe I'm leave the hood, I hit the lotto
But wherever I go, you know the hood gon' follow
With them hollows and a tech, spray Windex
Glassed on niggaz get chin check
Theodore Unit, nigga, we out for them ten checks

[Chorus 2X]

[Trife Da God]

I'm in the kitchen with them pots and pans
And when them guns start to fire
Ain't no telling where them shots gon' land
Niggaz smile up in your face, but they not your man
So it's obvious they not gon' stand
I'm on the block, every day, moving yay', try'nna knock
off grams
If a nigga steal from me, I'm gonna chop off hands, so
don't
Get it confused, niggaz, give up them tools
Cuz when we walk through the spot, y'all get up and
move
I'm a nigga that stay bending the rules
Take a real good luck at a crook, and remember this
dude
Now keep that talk to a minimum, cuz niggaz be quick
to peel off
When that shit jump off like Lil' Kim and 'em
Pumped off adrenaline, got his man drillin' him
Feelin' him, gasin' him with all types of words
I'm like the rain forest, I got all types of birds
But they don't get the same treatment, that my wife
deserve

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Tommy Whispers (Trife Da God)]

Yeah, nigga, Tommy Whispers, Trife Diesel
Uh huh, flip a mill, Kryme Life (Theodore, nigga)
Word up, T.M.F., kid, smashin' all microphones
(Stapleton) 10304 niggaz

