

Mann Barry

"Russian Roulette"

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Intro over chorus:

I ain't scared to play. Let me see that. What you doin?
Your not playin this game right. You gotta spin it, spin
it.
Just like that, spin the barrel. I'ma try it!
Spin the barrel! Watch I ain't scared. Watch this, watch!
gunshot

[Thirstin Howl]

Poured blood, ignored love, even Thor trusted a little
devil
in all us, the motor that keeps cheatin wives, lawns cut
At a fallen temperature before I'm even warmed up
At the speed of thought, thug niggaz fight for a
needless cause
All you hear is "stop the stealing" when nearin stores
Uncommon Valour with the French make players take
the bench
Above the rim without touchin the net
Thirsty, greedy, sometimes desperate
When I lock rap down I'ma booby trap the exit
Barracade the entrance, turn demonics screamin into
harmless kids
Whispers, no challengers
Winnin the belt, if I say I'm top notch, I'd be just limitin
myself
MC's bore me like elevator music
Street panhandlers with ?three-socket? sewage
All A & R's named Ufid
If life's a bitch I'm one of her two kids
A motherfucker, if the show fits
If rap was a school I'd be teachin at Yale's institution
Brooklyn hardrock, with a toothpick
Threatenin your life and safety with new risk
Scillionaire, after I burn MC's I give 'em
information on free clinic care

Chorus: All

You get one shot, one chance to bust
Who bust first? first to get slain
Playin Russian roulette

repeat

[Mr. Metaphor]

My lyrics sprout like a brussle, son
I get you open like a ?claire-o? mussle, I might jam my
knuckle
Break it down raw like Brickface and stuck-o
Eat you like a dick steak you fucko! *echoes*
Whip you with my belt buckle, you wanna scuffle?
Pull your card while you suffer, I bag your bitch like a
duffle
And grill you like a ?wild nigga? fall like ?Allah fall?
I remove your tonsils I'm out for kids like youth hostiles
Inhale force fires, blowin trees out my nostrils
Diggin underground like carbon pipes outta fossils
I wet you up like ponchos on a dark, stormy night
And spark forty mics, I beat you up like forty dykes in
Brooklyn
You'll get taken, taken for every nook and cranny
I'll stick your daughter and the nanny, take your baby's
candy
Grab the brandy out the cabinet
Take any found inhabitant and make his mind
inadequate
I spit my lyrics accurate, immaculate
Its hard to capture it you don't got half my wit
You better find an advocate to plead your rapture
I leave your hands in the air, you leave in laughter
Stuck in the intro, I'm on the final chapter

Chorus

[Pumpkinhead]

I play roulette, with five bullets in the revolver
The problem solver, rhyme evolver, descendent of
Ghana
Usin the marijuana to blaze niggaz like lava
Hot like sippin java in the sauna
I'm cold blooded like iguanas
My rhyme takes form, cock back the hammer on the
biscuit
I make stroms, the weather wizard, hordes to never
visit
Heaven's gimmicks, my arms cross in b-boy position
Mix hydro with nitroglycerin
Pose with the mic in the tie hold lyrics hard like pistol
whippen
I studied out the nigga mysticism
And still quick to catch you like prince of principal
medism vision
I'm about to pull the trigger gotta make a quick

decision

The sweat drippin cloudin my wisdom, lost my religion
I guess thats the cost of livin in this world
With no girl, no jewels or pearls
Confirmed my new script, my thoughts is suicidal sick
I pull the trigger all I hear is a click
My thoughts is sick, I pull the trigger all I hear was a
gunshot

[Building Block]

Then I rise and shine from lies to blind the mind's eyes
And ties that bind, you'll find your rhymes are dime-
sized
Compared to mine, you got no concepts
Eatin from my table of contents take words out of my
context
My language is, like Arabic too complex
Got you mixed like marriages
My songs flex from my larynx, vex ya like a labyrinth
I stab ya with, my daggerith, your haverith
The Block hit, toxic material thats hazardous
Ya bring life like Christ of Nazareth, then Lazarous
Fabulous how I be rackin, presence to rap kiss
In fact this radioactive flows that hold you captive
Tracton's own home is where this rapper roams
And catacombs, trap your poems and stay witcha like
chaperones
Control it with a dart like Napoleon Bonaparte
You get stoned and sparked, bones and burn poems
like Joan of Ark

Chorus

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