

# Esham, Game Of Death

Who wants to get a game

Who wants to get a game, let's play a game of death  
(Mastamind)

Get down, lay your cards down

Duck down, as my chain ball spins round and round

When it stops, I bet it chops to the ground

Now how that shit sound? Sounds like a shake down

Here comes the break down

I bet'cha break, I bet'cha gotta headache

Ya can't keep ya ass awake

Fool, why ya think the unholy had to wake the dead

To many niggaz sleepin' so we give blows to ya head

One time, in and out ya mind

I know the rules to the game, give assistance to my rhyme

I'm workin' my voodoo on you and you

What can ya do to stop Mastamind and his crew?

The magic I use is blacker than blacker than black

Get back, fool what'cha know about that?

(TNT)

What'cha know about this? When I aim I don't miss

Fuck around and catch a fist when TNT's pissed

Droppin' bombs on your crews, I quicked the life refused

Ya played the game of death and you're guarenteed to lose

(Mastamind)

Play your cards right, tonight's helter skelter

The cards I dealt ya ain't good, find shelter in your hood

I'm comin' at 'cha like a body snatcher, I'm gonna get 'cha

And show ya I'm the game's masta

Mastamindin' my game till there's no suckas left

When ya fuck with the wrong nigga ya play the game of death

(Esham)

This is the game, come take a spin on the wheel

How many cops can I kill?

I'm ill, buck 'em down at a stand still

Watch me get ill, watch the blood spill

Chop, swing, off with your head

I'm kinda misled, I'd rather be dead

This is the game that I play with no shame

Russian Roulette, cock back and take aim

I want me some bacon, so I'm fina cutta pig

Wha-dada dame, so I split 'cha wig

Not by the hairs on your chinny chin chin

Will you play the game of death with me and never win?

Killin' be a sin, snatch your throat and grin

Gettin' buck wild with the rin-tin-tin

The chrome's to your dome, so tell me what's left

And breathe your last breath, and play the game of death

(Mastamind)

Bad guys never lose, so I bet I win

I don't die, but I come back again and again

(Esham)

Red rum, red rum come and get some

Hey mad niggaz hung by they tongues when I sung

Play a game, press your luck, punk

I don't give a fuck punk

If the butcher knife don't cut

Then I buck, buck, buck

(Mastamind)

Watch me get 'em, watch me hunt 'em out and hit 'em

I'm hungry for adam's apples I gotta slit 'em

You can't play my game motherfuckers hate I came

Let the sky storm, let it rain, let it rain

Chopped off her head now the blood is just gushin'

I picked up the knife and the steel's steady pushin'

Aimin' for the kill, the kill is what I got  
Playin' in my game, and this is the plot  
Now I'm playin' doctor, grab the knife and chopped her  
Shivers, quivers, out comes the liver  
Shoot a dead body and I dumped it in the river  
The beat when I deliver, no more life to give her  
I hate to behave the same to savor it for yourself  
When the tables dealt, you get felt in the game of death  
(Esham)  
Now as I come in, I take one final spin on the wheels of Jeopardy  
For all those hoes who slept with me  
Wicked rhyme kicka, Sick 'em for when I trick up  
Peter pippa picka, you have to suck my dick up  
Nigga I'm outta liquor, Cuttin' to kill ya quicka  
Six, six, six, 'cause I'm sick sick sicka  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, watch your heada life  
I be dead a guy, rock a bye-bye  
If you wanna play, yes we playin' dead  
I gotta screw loose and a hole in my head  
Dead bodies layin' all around  
The price is right so come on down  
And press your luck and get slammed hoe  
Remember don't say damn say where me woe  
In the game of death