

What Else

The Game

In this moment, erase my fears
Only time for action, no time for tears
All these years been preparin' for right now
When they see the AK barrel, they pipe down
White sheets and nightgowns, sniffin' that blood hounds
Soldier, swallowed my own sweat and won't drown
My squad is thorough, my infiltrate fifth ward
Scars on faces, long way from a ghetto boy
I'm built for this, I killed for this
Put everythin' on the line, blood spilled for this
They consider it madness, grew up an ignorant bastard
If it wasn't 'bout guns, I was skippin' them classes
Thickest assassin, pull it the fastest
Cock it and blast it, runnin' my racket
Put 'em all in the casket
Strikin' them matches, wrap you in plastic
Turn you to ashes
Call me for duty and I'll murder the masses

Can I live? Can I breathe? Or will I die with this flag on my sleeve?

What else, what else
Is it war? Is it pain? Will I survive 'til the end of the game?
What else, what else

I'm on a suicide mission with pistols, I won't miss you
You with me, I'm with you, if not, the slug gon' hit you
Rip through your tissue, I don't think the world gon' miss you
Full magazine, 15 covers, the next issue
Ghost, not the luxury car, I'm talkin' hollows
Sub-missiles flyin' through the sky
You can find me in the shark tank, topped off, loadin' the scars
Tramplin' dead bodies in the field, full of blood
No remorse, of course we gon' be lit
We soldiers, trained to murder and won't miss
No time to piss, the realest in the midst
Lost in foreign land and we eat where we shit
Long machete arms, get chopped up in the jungle
Today could be your last, to hard to remain humble
Die by yourself 'cause you was born on your own
Some of the greatest kings got murdered on they thrones

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