

# See-Thru

AMB

(feat. Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

[Bonez Dubb:]

Axe murder in this bitch and we don't fuck around with fakes  
Frontin' hard that you regulatin' hate all that we make  
I take his motherfuckin' face and slam it right into the bricks  
Cause he hatin' all the time just to impress some bitch  
You know I see through you and hate what I witnessed  
My hitlist just added a name and my wish is  
To crush an axe through your fake name and place  
When on your brain leave the walls covered in bloody remains  
It's like boom!

[Chorus:]

You put up a front to try to cover up the real  
You do everything to keep the truth concealed  
Bitch you fake and we all know why  
And we can read between the lines  
Everybody knows who you really are  
And all them lies won't go too far!  
Bitch you fake and we all know why  
And we can see through all your lies

[Otis:]

What up, motherfucka? How it been? Where you stay at?  
Fuck yo' look, yo' name, and all of them lame tracks  
Stay back or you get dropped with the quickness  
Bitches slit they wrist and blood drips when I rip this  
My dick is part of your mouth's anatomy  
And my nut's keepin' you alive, so why the fuck you mad at me?  
You know it's wicked over these Mike Clark beats  
And we forever represent the label that runs beneath the streets, motherfuck  
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[Chorus:]

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[Bonez Dubb:]

I can't even believe what the fuck is going on  
And I don't even conceive how the fuck you're doing wrong  
I knew it all along, you were just another nameless  
I think it's time you little bitches become famous  
Simple enough, you understand how it goes  
Everybody knows what's up with you hoes  
It ain't just us that never believed in you  
We can all see right through what the fuck you do

[Chorus:]

You put up a front to try to cover up the real

You do everything to keep the truth concealed  
Bitch you fake and we all know why  
And we can read between the lines  
Everybody knows who you really are  
And all them lies won't go too far!  
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[Otis:]

What the fuck is this? O-T-I-S and Bonez  
And we ridin' through your hoods lookin' for hydros and hoes  
Until just the other day I was walkin' on my own  
A sucka tried to hit me for my stack and my cell phone  
I said, "Fuck that! You gets nothin', bro!"  
Then I let him know why they call me mister mister Cuttin-throats  
So here we go with another flow, you feel my rage  
Now give it up to the deadman Blaze!

[Blaze:]

You say that you an artist  
But we both know your skills are garbage  
And that's what makes your stupid ass a target  
We all wanna be a sargeant, but there's only one general  
And he here rockin' the instrumental  
You're blind to the fact that this is just not your home  
You do anything to hang on  
And bring on nothin' but destruction here  
But I've been around forever, homie  
I ain't goin' nowhere  
You're see through like the man of steel, I see you  
You're faceless and remain nameless too  
Regardless who's better off to has been  
And never will be  
Is anybody really livin' there dreams?  
It seems the grass is greener 'til you're gone  
And you've found everybody on the other side wanna be down  
With the P-S-Y-C-H-O-P-A-T-H-I-C  
We call it family