

Flatline

Esham

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Once it's gonna come and getchya
Hitchya with the razor slitchya
UnHoly, niggas need to stay up off my dick though
Sick though, when I hitchya with the wicked rhyme
Stickin' it in your mind, rewind the Flatline
Unload, explode, here's the new episode
Paranoia, can't do nuttin for ya
Helter skelter, mind melter, if I feltchya
If I die, I'm goin to Hell, who do ya tell?
Run from the Devil, gotta shovel, gravedigga
How you gonna kill a dead nigga, if you figure I'm dead?
Here's the oops upside ya head
Here's a hot piece a lead, an instead I walk the Flatline

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If I'm on the Flatline's, it means I'm 'bout to lose my mind
Death is the seventh sign, and I'm runnin' outta time, so check this
I'm a suicidalist, that means I ain't afraid to die
If I play the game of death, that means I play the game to die
Russian roulette, hit my two and reenact the fooly
Unruly, you'll see me lose my cool G
Click, click, click, click, clickity, click, click
Cock the hammer, and when it slams, God damn, (gunshot) bam

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Well I walk the Flatlines and I'm 'bout to lose my grip
Gotta gun in my hand, wrapped around my finger tips
If I slip then I might catch a hole in my head
Sceamin' out bloody redrum, for somethin I said um
My minds goin Bedlam, flash backs of Rambo
So much pressure, I grab the ammo off my dresser
I'm shakin', I start to tremble, for Jack Me Nimble
My mind starts crashin' like a symbol, and I'm in limbo
To calm me down I think I better count to ten
But I only made it to nine, I did a Flatline

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