

# Flatline

Esham

Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline

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

Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline

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

Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline

Flatline...Flatline...Flatline...Flatline

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

Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline

Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline  
Flatline, Flatline, Flatline, Flatline