

Walkin On Da Flatline

Esham

Uh, 1-2, 1-2

Yo, this one goes out to everybody out there that's...

Walkin' on da flatline, out they mind

Walkin' on da flatline, nine, when I rhyme
I'm flyin' in a Benz two-seata, holdin' on my heata
Need a green leaf (bitch) don't getcha' ass smoked like reefa
Sendin' you quicker to meetcha muthafuckin' Jesus, believe this
Hell on earth, how much is your life worth
For 36 O's I'll leave you with ya eyes closed
Forever doze, I arose, the 'Day of the Dead'
Comin' through wit the ooh just to paintcha down red
I said 'Unholy' you got scared
'Cuz the day I rolled around the world wasn't prepared
My style venomous, ending lust and with us a Mausburg bust

Bitches, I ball and I'll never stall
So give me a call, I'll murder you all
Y'all gonna fill in time, the chalk line
Walk da flatlines

Another evil day, music melodic, Reel Life Product
Mechanical, my mind's smokin botanicals
Deconstruct then reconstruct your whole structure
Roll ya block 'till it rupture
If ya get knocked off ya money is still cluster
Gettin' clocked by another hustler
In this game there ain't no 'trust us'
There ain't no justice, so if you fuck us, bullets will bust
Retaliation is a must, plus
A code of silence to this underworld violence
Violence, violence
A code of silence to this underworld violence
Blood money, cocaine got my nose runny
But I somehow still manage to stay scummy
Run over you in the truck like a crash test dummy
My star to the bitches 'round the world, they love me
But ain't no love for these hoes, I treat 'em all like foes
Smoke 'em wit' the .44 like hydros
Money is the key to end all ya woes
Ya ups, ya downs, ya gettin' highs, gettin' lows
But money be the root of all evil I suppose
That same evil's got blood stains on my clothes
That same evil's got blood stains on my clothes
That same evil's got blood stains on my clothes