

Deadly

Flesh-N-Bone

Flesh keepin it wicked kickin em up bitch flippin his tongue hit em up now heæ? so deadly then if he want some come get hung Iæ?! gonna get wicked kickin?it, scriptures of my anthem. Run it quick like a phantom when I plant æ?¹m. I done sent them to the grand champion, I be, but begun, number one, thatæ? me, heæ? handsome. Bringin?it to you, top drop, whatæ?? you figure? Told my gun, take over the nation, kickin?that gangsta, thugsta nigga. Heæ? a loose cannon on the trigger, clack back, put æ?¹m in a maze always. Stack that penny and pack that gat, no hesitation when I put æ?¹m on they back. Wanna play, they lay, he gets ziplocked. Gonna rip that flesh, buckshot kill. Pass the bodybags to the niggas from off St. Clair, leavin?us wig splitters. All of them feel us, let us rips. If you try us, donæ?° fuss, then nigga, now feel this. Nuttin?us with my steel. And real, all of my shit went real. Letæ? make æ?¹m all bow down, put æ?¹m on they knees. Donæ?° sneeze, thatæ? on my enemy, freeze. Fuck it, let all of the law in line, weæ?ll enter the S.C.T. in me. Had a good day, Flesh here to set niggas straight. Anybody with problems,

I gotta solve æ?¹m, itæ? just me and a nine, he lay. And if you hatin? to elevate, must let off my frustrations from all the playa hation. But itæ? keepin?my strong, and yes I do. Jesus, ride right by my side through temptation.

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If you wanna fuck with this, come and get with it. I let off a buck and iæ?! leavin?you finished. No, innocent misses will not celebrate cause who wanted to kill you. Then go get your shit if you thought I was slippin? I pop in the clip and I blast nig gas who trip, then I flip, and I fuck æ?¹m up fast, straight kickin?that ass, you feelin?the wrath. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, so many busted. Had nothin?to say to the po po, and I hope heaven knew really who was it. Man, that early bird had me swervin?in my Suburban all over the curb. It really was hurtin? so I got weeded to calm my nerves, yeah, herbsæ?ll work. Ya heard that I might be comin?to visit your city to kick it in, chill. If any yæ??ll fellas hate, your cap get peeled.

Flesh keepin it wicked kickin em up bitch flippin his tongue hit em up now heæ? so deadly then if he want some come get hung Pump, pump, pump, pump, better let my shell down. Donæ?° throw

it, itæ? not my fire, the silencer ainæ?° over while loadin?my
pistol, trues stop at my house, and then hop on out rollin? th
ey got me in a hold up. Gun bucked them down, buried six feet i
n the ground. The silencer gun made not one sound. Better run w
hen I let this one round. Well, how do you like me now? We the
killas, still the realest. Mo Thug, my gang bang, bang, makin?y
ou feel the pain, thatæ? drivin?you niggas insane. Flesh alway
s been down for my thang, remember that shit wonæ?° change.
Gotta make all my money, give us some money, hungry. When you a
inæ?° got it, shit, it ainæ?° funny. Nigga, my niggas been down
for the struggle, now must you prepare for the war. Callin?all
Mo Thug soldiers. Nigga done told you, we be the wasteland war
rior. I know you know that I know that you donæ?° really wanna
fuck with Flesh. Stay packin?that Smith & Wesson, bullet proof
vest protect my chest. Any test, lay to rest. Iæ?! hot as a dro
pped atomic bomb, stay burnin?like fire. Givin?you what you ear
ned, desire, learnin?you higher. My enterprise, we riders rolli
n?on, hollow point, itæ? on. Come watch a hangin? body be so m
uch swangin?and slangin? doin?my thang, and ...
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