

Crazy by the Flesh

Flesh-N-Bone

Made by the, ah, Flesh

(Flesh, Flesh, Flesh, Flesh)

(The Flesh, the Flesh)Slowly, slowly, seep inside you, open up wide

Deep in your mental, Flesh'll get you mesmerized

Must I force you to realize eyes, they crazy by the Flesh

And it be test or tried, even if they

(Gonna fight)And the Afta Maff, when I'm on, go on home

It ain't shit, thought you knew me 'til I made it know

Nothin' to pick up the gauge, explosion, blown

Contend with the fifth dog

Never could anyone check how I'm servin' for the C L EGet took to the streets and the thugsta down on the St.

Clair

Hit up ya S C T, when I'm hangin', swangin' with the G's

Give each other peace, pass around my fifth of rum

Everybody talkin' shit and steady reminiscin' on back in the daysHow we used to roll bankroll fold

Nigga makin' his money, daily double

It's the reason why you're countin' stacksIf a psycho [unverified], gonna break lose

Nigga test and come rippin' through the tracks

They packin' a gat and you're not just in case of a jack

If you didn't you done, snatchedIn a little while no daylight, won't be fun

No wonder if you slippin', you hung

Some run, tryin' to get away

Say can't escape from a thugsta trailer

So many victims, had to leave 'em, for yellin'

(Smellin')I kill 'em and hop in the smug

Start bailin' back on the strip by twelve

Might as well, set up shop 'til them coppers come up

Tryin' to raid off my organization, runnin' shit all through the nation

Just thought he would straight up try to set up the mission that me onMade by the, ah, Flesh

(Flesh, Flesh, Flesh, Flesh)

(The Flesh, the Flesh)Hold still, bitch, if you slippin'

You bet he's gon' chalkin' 'til the reaper stalkin'

Sneak up, caught a nigga flossin'

Drop the money, jewels, keys [unverified] pleaseBe and you all tossed in a coffin

Takin' a loss and I'm the [unverified] me often

Never needin' more time, wastin'

Makin' good in it for the love of mo' money, manBang no' brains, take it you should've listened to us

Down up for my thang, insane through the Flesh reign

And niggas ain't up on my level

Devil took the niggas that battered me, stayed in the grave
Gravedigger be snatch my shovel and all the dirt, it ain't no worseAnd I curse only person they done with the
click so murda no' hurt

Niggas comin' gunnin', [unverified] bullets all
To spit your shit, quick, your slain

Bang, muthafuckas on top of the hitsWe done hittin' 'em for hire, gettin' the job done right every time
Some nigga want to get his contract expired
Never get tried of buckin', niggas keep on testin'
They killed and really makin' my day
Clench with an A.K., baby, don't play

Wanna fuck with my pay? I gotta go blow his ass awayHe tried to fade me, that niggas No.1 flip artist,
One of the hardest thugs in the land
Bringin' you the shit if you lookin' to start it
And I'm a finish any problem, solve it
If you gonna cause it, you'll be taken care of
And I know that you're scared

That my niggas'll hunt you down 'round, ready, 'roundMade by the, ah, Flesh
(Flesh, Flesh, Flesh, Flesh)

(The Flesh, the Flesh)Better clear up the way up, my warpath
Now the madman done blasted up out of the cycle war
So they labeled me 5150 , you wanna fuck with me?

Better pray to my Lord, I'm gonna torture, body run, scorchNot one of my enemies gonna survive
Died in the holocaust, caught in destruction
Buck 'em all, fried alive, takin' my time

Lookin' 'til I find and hide away sneak attack on after midnightGettin' high, wait until the clock strikes sound
Never no light in sight, get 'em up and lie down
Niggas runnin' up quick and so bring the soldiers
Then I'm a take 'em into the darkness

[Unverified], leave alone when they roll him in the heartlessIt's wicked by farthest, fuck with it
We are Mo Thugs, packin' two glocks for the war
And it's on with mighty, mighty, warrior soldiers

No love for the bustas, keep in playa hatin'Study, then bite our style, always down with the army
We stand alone, Bone Thugs-N-Harmony takin' muthafuckas out
When they get too foul in the mouth
Check many niggas with a slug in they chest
The they lay in a puddle of blood

When they layin' to rest, that's for fuckin' with FleshEven if a nigga put on a vest, then I might aim for their
dome
Gotta get 'em dead for sure
So don't try to play when the people get slayed away
Eternally Flesh here to let ya'll knowMade by the, ah, Flesh
(Flesh, Flesh, Flesh, Flesh)
(The Flesh, the Flesh)

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