

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 E Get 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 days How we used to roll bankroll fold
Nigga makin' his money, daily double
It's the reason why you're countin' stacks If 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, snatched In 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 on Made 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] please Be 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, man Bang 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 worse
And 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 hits
We 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 away
He 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, 'round
Made 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, scorch
Not 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 midnight
Gettin' 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 hime in the heartless
It'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 Flesh
Even 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 know
Made by the, ah, Flesh
(Flesh, Flesh, Flesh, Flesh)
(The Flesh, the Flesh)

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