

The Bodies Fall Just Like the Leaves

Ramirez

[Hook x2]

G, Grab that motherfucker by the fucking throat

5, Bullets in your motherfucking chest fo'sho

9, bodies dropping down to the fucking floor

Anna got me clickin grab my ganja then I let it blow[Verse 1]

Pimping these sluts

Breaking them hoes

Riding clean

Smoke my dope

Thinking about a 187 loced out with my mask and tone

Begging the busta' the son of the devil, I'm making you suffer GREY 59, nobody can touch us

Fuck with my brothers, the bullets will fuck ya

Gun play

Don't talk yo shit motherfucker just run my fade

Guns spray

Throw the body in the ditch

Living out, fuck a witness mane, no fucking game

You working with bustas', those suckas be lame

I can't put them up with dust on my brain

You hopin' I die but I'm wishing the same

Trapped on my rope all I think about is suicide

The devil is talking he's telling me that I should hop in and ride

Gun at my hip and I promise nobody is gonna survive

Step in my room and listen to demons we all gonna die[Hook x2]

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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