

# Flatline

## The Bakelite Age

I'll box your fuckin' head off, who gon' knock the kid off?  
None of y'all which one of y'all come try me  
I'll body little homeboy silence that sound boy  
Come challenge me please I promise you a homi  
And I'm dipping in a bonnie' and I'm fresh out the county  
And I just taught my mami how to shoot a lil' tool  
So I hate for you to run up get one up in your stomach  
That's one less bullet from my hundred shot uz'  
Put your finger in your gun shot wound  
Run to spittle and tell 'em P. Crack not cool  
He on that shit that'll make a dead man move  
Stop train, airplanes fall dawg you gon' lose  
I'm on my twist you on my list  
I bring the wop out of the spot it's on like shit  
That nigga crack back and I'ma pop off my blick  
That nigga mack back you need to hop off our dicks  
Fresh out the federal cases I got several  
About four or five just had to settle two  
They said I try to show a nigga what the metal do  
But didn't succeed the nigga still breath  
Attempt please I would of hit him in his peas  
With the mac with the beam that got back in the breeze  
Only clap from the neck up I'd let the heck-lar plug 'em  
I don't think they made kevlar scullys fuck it  
I should of let the ar touch him cuffed him  
To the bumper drug him two city blocks  
The juice in me and the henny shot, four perks' and a hitterock  
You shoot first if you get the drop  
Your deuce work if you hit the spot  
Lose the nurse some one get the doc'  
Remove his shirt his pressure drop  
Check his vital sign his hemorrhaging finish him, flatline  
Load it up, roll up, blat boy flat boy  
Slow up all that rap I'll get that boy clapped boy  
Oh no here we go another flatline  
P crack b mack is back boy  
Get him up outta here ring yea  
Don't get plugged to that machine yea  
Hold up he losing air

Am I clear? Flatline yea  
B Seig'll squeeze the eag' on you  
P Crack let the mack ring on you  
Paramedics breath over you, machines gotta breath for you  
Your faggot ass squad wouldn't bleed for you  
Get flatlined I'm the wrong one  
Short temper with a long gun  
My blick longer that a W.I.C. line  
Niggaz snitch when the law come, you better run when the boy come  
Ring, P crack'll test his aim on you  
B mack just bang on you, flesh just hang on you  
And I don't know what u been told but when my mac unload  
I'm guaranteed to turn a nigga cold  
Got ten shots for the present and the top  
Risin' off Porsche eleven about seven stops  
Get back on this gat I throw it for my pop  
I'm not lying don't get your ass flatline  
Load it up, roll up, blat boy flat boy  
Slow up all that rap I'll get that boy clapped boy  
Oh no here we go another flatline  
P crack b mack is back boy  
Get him up outta here ring yea  
Don't get plugged to that machine yea  
Hold up he losing air  
Am I clear? Flatline yea

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