

# Crazy By the Flesh

## Flesh-n-Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 hime 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 know Made by the, ah, Flesh  
(Flesh, Flesh, Flesh, Flesh)  
(The Flesh, the Flesh)

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