Flatline

Unk

[Intro, Hook: repeat each line x4]Let's fuck his ass up!!!
We fucked his ass up!!!
Now call the ambulance!!!
Flatline!!!
[Verse 1:].44 ducked off in my chevy let's fuck his ass up
And if a hata buck let's fuck they ass up
I'm black skied-masked up whateva is whateva'
I'm watchin' niggas posted mixin' fruits and goose togetha'
I keep that black beretta I call dat bitch my heater
And if you play me close just like a bitch man Imma ski cha'
Dem westin twins will meet cha' can greet cha' like a feature
And change up all ya features call da Red Cross to treat cha'
The club is off a meters the crunk they doin' they dance
Security betta check em' or we gone throw dem hands
Now A-Town stomp dat ass watch me bow his ass up
(Aye back up!!!!) call the ambulance and now you fucked
Ready to pick yo ass up and take you on the stretcher

We fucked his ass up I hope dat God Bless Ya
Yo team ain't hear to help ya do want it wit us
I told you that we gangstas let fuck his ass up
[Hook][Verse 2:](Flatine!!) his he gone? (Flatline!!!) Lil' Shawty dead
(Flatine!!) he bust a move (Flatline!!) we rocked his dreads
(Flatline!!!) 4 to ya dome (Flatline!!) I split cha' wig
Imma grown ass man I don't play wit fuckin' kids
These niggas swear they hard these hoes think they bad
But when it comes to beef they all act like drags
Sissies punks and fags yo life is slippin' fast
I hope you go to heaven Tupac gone kick yo ass
I think you need to breathe I'm cold so niggas chill
Smoke you a blunt a kush go try to get a deal
Niggas bustin' forreal Big Oomp we tote the steel
DJ Unk off in the Lac ready to twist yo cap back forreal
[Hook]

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