Deadly

Flesh-n-Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Flesh keepin it wicked kickin em up bitch flippin his tongue hit em up now he so deadly then if he want some come get hung

I gonna get wicked kickin?it, scriptures of my anthem. Run it quick like a phantom when I plant m. I done sent them to the grand champion, I be, but begun, number one, that me, he handsome. Bringin?it to you, top drop, what you figure? Told my gun, take over the nation, kickin?that gangsta, thugsta nigga. He a loose cannon on the trigger, clack back, put m in a maze always. Stack that penny and pack that gat, no hesitation when I put m on they back. Wanna play, they lay, he gets ziplocked. Gonna rip that flesh, buckshot kill. Pass the bodybags to the niggas from off St. Clair, leavin?us wig splitters. All of them feel us, let us rips. If you try us, don fuss, then nigga, now feel this. Nuttin?us with my steel. And real, all of my shit went real. Let make m all bow down, put m on they knees. Don sneeze, that on my enemy, freeze. Fuck it, let all of the law in line, wel enter the S.C.T. in me. Had a good day, Flesh here to set niggas straight. Anybody with problems,

I gotta solve m, it just me and a nine, he lay. And if you hatin? to elevate, must let off my frustrations from all the playa hation. But it keepin?my strong, and yes I do. Jesus, ride right by my side through temptation.

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While i handin?out invatations, get m up, don hold your applause. Fuckin? with Fifth Dog and I bump every last one of yll off the wall with my bad ass. Nigga thatl split ya, come test my size. Ready for the end, you gon?realize my enterprise, oh, somebody caught you by surprise. Leavin?m stunned and amazed. Rippin?m with my tongue, and each day give the bastard my gift and, hey, say, pockets switch and then they all come his way, huh. Play dirty when i on a mission.

If you wanna fuck with this, come and get with it. I let off a buck and i leavin?you finished. No, innocent misses will not celebrate cause who wanted to kill you. Then go get your shit if you thought I was slippin? I pop in the clip and I blast niggas who trip, then I flip, and I fuck m up fast, straight kickin?that ass, you feelin?the wrath. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, so many busted. Had nothin?to say to the po po, and I hope heaven knew really who was it. Man, that early bird had me swervin?in my Suburban all over the curb. It really was hurtin? so I got weeded to calm my nerves, yeah, herbsl work. Ya heard that I might be comin?to visit your city to kick it in, chill. If any yll fellas hate, your cap get peeled.

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Pump, pump, pump, pump, better let my shell down. Don throw it, it not my fire, the silencer ain over while loadin?my pistol, trues stop at my house, and then hop on out rollin? they got me in a hold up. Gun bucked them down, buried six feet in the ground. The silencer gun made not one sound. Better run when I let this one round.

Well, how do you like me now? We the killas, still the realest. Mo Thug, my gang bang, bang, makin?you feel the pain, that drivin?you niggas insane. Flesh always been down for my thang, remember that shit won change. Gotta make all my money, give us some money, hungry. When you ain got it, shit, it ain funny. Nigga, my niggas been down for the struggle, now must you prepare for the war. Callin?all Mo Thug soldiers. Nigga done told you, we be the wasteland warrior. I know you know that I know that you don really wanna fuck with Flesh. Stay packin?that Smith & Wesson, bullet proof vest protect my chest. Any test, lay to rest. I hot as a dropped atomic bomb, stay burnin?like fire. Givin?you what you earned, desire, learnin?you higher. My enterprise, we riders rollin?on, hollow point, it on. Come watch a hangin? body be so much swangin?and slangin? doin?my thang, and ...

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