Flatline

J Majik & Wickaman

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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