

# Sonic Boom

## Flatlinerz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse One]

Sonic boom to the head of a dread cause he's tread  
Upon the Flatline [?] niggas so now he's dead  
Straight out the door, dirty dungeon graveyard  
I broadcast and watch Sport Center, Ahmad Rashad  
Tic tac toe we smack in the Annotate back, oh shit  
I seem to catch a vic' if a nigga think he slick  
I eat a rapper appetizer  
Shady like a visor  
Punch you in your mouth with my ring the high riser  
Kitty cat kitty cat there's a mouse for you to house  
But the kitty cat was dead when the dog bit off his head  
On the contrary, it's legendary  
So I bury  
Your punk pussy ass in the pet cemetery When it's a hit  
I'm bringing the Tec-9 mad quick  
Flipping the script and ripping your shit up so never slip  
Jesus Christ, should think twice before the crucifix  
Dip dip diver I'm coming liver than the full clip  
Dig up the grave violate your resting place  
Rest in peace, pieces, believe that I'ma chase  
A nigga through the graveyard, the 100 yard dash  
Passionately stash your cash you're out of gas  
Don't try to flinch I got the itchy trigger finger  
Ringing the neck and bringing the thing a ling a ling and run your check nigga  
Open up a womb from a looney tune soon  
All of the goons [?] bust 'em down sonic boom [Hook]  
BOOM to the head, you're dead now it's sonic {x8}  
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BAM! [Verse Two: Gravedigger]  
Torture with a grip made out of tombstones  
With a Flatline [?] broken bone and broken dome  
I'm a rebel so I catch up with the devil

Put my status on his level with the treble, you're a pebble  
The ink pen is sinking, the motherfucking king pin  
It's the Gravedigger so I doubt when I'm creeping  
Hit you when you're sleeping, I'll lug you down like a log to the morgue  
Get you [?] put one in the spinal cord  
I'm shooting (gun), I'm shooting [?] a motherfuck  
I buck like a truck  
One, two press your luck Three crazy motherfuckers, insane with mental problems  
In my dreams, I'm busting Glocks down to goblins  
And monsters, under my bed go get the sledge  
Hammer, mack a framalama, mad niggas dead  
So let's play freeze tag upon the burial ground  
Stop (Sonic Boom!)  
Everybody, what's that sound?  
One, two, three, four, five  
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten  
Eleven, twelve  
I'm ready to pop a dozen shells[Hook][Verse Three: Gravedigger]  
Gravedigger the nigga behind the trigger so you figure  
It's time to hold your own cause you feel you're getting bigger  
You once was my son [?]  
I'm Flatline freaking, some Glock gonna burst  
And all my enemies bodies are in a hearse  
Let's visit the graveyard like the rabbit and the turtle  
Jumping over tombstones like jumping over hurdles  
I loaded the pump like the back of my hand  
I'm like [?] mortuary van  
God damn, it's fitting [?]  
I got a gun I never run I never will I never ran I'm coming six feet deep  
I went into the crypt without your grave  
A peaceful nigga  
Six or seven bullets to his brain  
What's my name?  
(Redrum the nigga from the slum)  
And where I'm from?  
(Brooklyn, where he got his gun)  
I'm from the Flatline Massive, gun in the darkness  
Sparking a fucking philly in the casket  
You wanna puff? The plant is rough...tough guy  
You coming dead, never live (check it)  
All I wanna do is zooma zooma zooma zoom  
Bust a .44 and put your ass in a tomb[Hook]

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