The Silence Isn't Over

Flesh-N-Bone

The silence isn't over, but the Flesh decrepitate
No time to hesitate, anticipation, much to be done
And it don't matter when you come
Really don't matter where you're from
Won't matter where you runFlesh breakin' 'em down, hittin' them up
Bottom line with your business
You gotta get a spot to handle it
Nigga, no slackin', lackin', me trackin'
Me [unverified] is my best friend, there's my best friend
And I really can't serve and swerve and Hennessey
Seepin' down the side of the Cherokee Jeep
See the track in the back, strap 'cause them double double shots
Then, niggas goes home to get the [unverified] when about the block
Shoot the spot, but put the muzzle on the kids who tried to
Oh, I think he better not start hurt shit on the double glock, dangerousMy niggas wanna have fun with you, man
And they perfect stalkers searchin', snatchin' up strangers, anyone
None remaining, I get 'em all finished
Niggas, wanna hear silence, makin' me [unverified]
Fuck it, set pillows on fire
Thought it was over, niggas never the silence
I'm on the rise with a gun here I come
Niggas ain't no muthafuckin' where to run
Fin to get you some of this redrum, find nowhere to hideWell, even though you tried, they got your body numb
Done, done, done, 'till it be one nine ninety nine, crime
I find and then a niggas reap and catch your people by surprise
Drapped in a hoody, would you rather spared then snatch your life?
You still gonna pay the price, and I just might go pick up
A knife and slice
And I'll pick off any who's [unverified], 'til your enemy dead
We gon' meet you, get my gun and trick or treat
You with the bullets that fled
And to show you it's not [unverified], I go to beat youThe silence isn't over, but the Flesh decrepitate
No time to hesitate, anticipation, much to be done
And it don't matter when you come
Really don't matter where you're from
Won't matter where you runA niggas been flippin' scripts over and over in the past
From the wasteland made up of heartless soldiers
If you really bold enough, shot it
And I might blow up, rippin' apart they shoulders

Go on, but the darkness rosed up, my people trippin'
If you late to pay my money back on time
And you better drop a dime or get fucked up
And your people won't find it all funny
Well, then if you caught in the act, and you dead wrong
Ever had to get dealt with, gimme any lil' reason or purpose
To pack a slug right in his head, hit itPain, no doubt that felt it, fuck up his health quick
Shit, but at least it be my honor
Ever now and then a nigga felt like he had to hit 'em
Like I'm Jefferey Dahmer
But yet I'm ready for battle, so get my armor, comin' for you
Thinkin' to get you, nigga wig-split you
What a pretty full blue moon
On the streets to get bodies soon
And I thought that we miss youEvery night we actin' fool
Better move yourself a little quicker
Fast, and if ya thought you'd get caught up in a wrath
No place to go stash what he left for me
Burner, hot incinerator, gotta 'em burnt to ash
'Til he nothin' but dust, I'm gonna keep bustin', from cussin'
Murda let's them pull triggers
All of my niggas are devious
What, you really trust a family full of gravediggas?
Takin' no slaves, neither no prisoners
Here, there, gotta get 'em all finished
Anyone brave? I bet that you shiver, probably wet your pants
Every chance Flesh get 'em all diminishedThe silence isn't over, but the Flesh decrepitate
No time to hesitate, anticipation, much to be done
And it don't matter when you come
Really don't matter where you're from
Won't matter where you runStand up and at ease, about face, soldier
My troops come swoopin' through to do the shootin'
Refuse to cross me, punk took a loss, G
Didn't cost me, I'll be damned
Now toss me the Mossy Slam and the shells
So the wind burn, saw a tint of light
[unverified], we spill 'em, tamin' fools
I load up my barrel, insane, who's to blame?
Flesh deck, at they chest, oh no, won't show none mercy
Betta run off in the hearse, [unverified] have cursed
On those who wanna hurt meYou feelin' it worst, feelin' up far, feelin' with the fifth dawg
Hear the niggas' triggers peel 'em, off in the coffin
Chalk around 'em white, bloody red
Afta Maff, nigga, that's your ass
Buckin' with the boss in from Cleveland, and achievin'

Goes on the west for heaven's sake I say
Yes, he created me, made me reach for my pistol
And wonder where the demons clear my path
Receivin' that bullet path hit when I blast ya
And the niggas [unverified] will outlast yaCreepin' on ah mo' come ups inflict for mo' cash
Get him, gone, but wanna bring it on?
Do you really, huh?
No, just take a long fall in the bottomless pit
As they see eternal droppin' down
And hit that ground, murda mo' ya, enforcer
Forcin' you are so sure we're under sure
Not to call it war with warriors, stories of Flesh
And I got you eye-to-eye without a sign of death for the most of yaThe silence isn't over, but the Flesh decrepitate
No time to hesitate, anticipation, much to be done
And it don't matter when you come
Really don't matter where you're from
Won't matter where you run

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