No Mercy

Flesh-n-Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Artist: Flesh-N-Bone f/ Big Punisher, Fat Joe
Album: T.H.U.G.S. (Trues Humbly United Gatherin' Souls)
Song: No Mercy[Fat Joe]
Yeah, real muthafuckin' gangstas
All the way from New York to muthafuckin' Cleveland
Terror Squad, muthafuckas[Flesh]
I'm (comin') to get ya, comin' to serve a brother
Me fo'-fo' show no one mercy
But I'm off searchin' for those
You're soon to be comin' up missin'
Get at your strip and my niggas talkin' 'bout murder mo
Keep me ? on hydro, blunt flow, (but I take his shit, all of it)
Runnin' with all my thugsta niggas
Better beware when I bail on the Clair
Gravedig, wig splitter, put one in ya
To the woods to ? your body
Right ? by the two of ya, tie the noose knot tight
But my niggas ain't fuckin' the ?, tell 'em not to bang
Better believe we goin' to kill all the witness
So test Flesh, gotta put 'em in check every time
Here we go march in at night
Just picture me thuggin' in Cleveland, deep in the women
Me and my green, come up with that team
So we can put a lot of fiends in the ditch, bleed
Better not sleep or you sleep with that deep
When I pap that chrome
It'll be gone, what you're fuckin' with?
The ever-rollin' Bone to the dome, you done
Flesh-n-Bone off with the gun
Quiet, so how'd they put him a casket?
Why is it niggas want violence?
I'll find him, no competition, listen

Ammuntion, let 'em have it
Can't outlast our Mo Thug niggas, smoke
Now fiend me the bud to gets me buzzed
So what if you hate me?
Keep to yourself or the haters catch a slug
And never know what it was (was)[Big Punisher]
Here comes the pain, one in your brain frame
Niggas is thinkin' this shit is a game
Slip in a clip in the MAC
Clack, what's my name? Big Pun
Go for your guns, son
Let's get it on
My vest is on
Protectin' home, it's only Flesh-N-Bone[Flesh]
Think I'm a murder, light up a spliff
Better think of sophisticated way to learn
Imitators, it gets me ? that niggas try to be like us
But can't get the hang, bet I hurt the bustas at ?
They depend on us suckas keep watchin'
You better switch and get humble
Keep our shit original, end up like a lot of niggas that droppin'
Glock-glock, double nina, infrared beam
Now die in an instant flash
Get rid of 'em, mister, ? of 'em, yeah
Try to flee and you'll meet your doom, killin' soon
Your ? get tossed to my great dane
They havin' ? handy for supper
What' s worser, don't even want a
Nigga like me to go thick
What the hell, if you really want to suffer
Stop pressin', and now what's the problem?
Niggas start the static
Always with the silver revolver
Bet I solve 'em, hollow point ?, cash and blast
Get it told, didn't feel ? with your soul
Why murder and follow, but told you
Should've slowed your roll for ?
Here I go, here I go, proceedin' to murder
Scribblin' hellified bloody scriptures
When I sneaks the green
I come to the nigga, hear the fat lady sing
It's your funeral, mister
How would you picture the story and them haters endin'
I'm forcin' the pain, bringin' the game to the table
And we able to bump off your label

Mo props to ? Mo Thug we brang, we brang
Mo Thug brang, we brang, Mo Thug brang
I'm feelin' that lynchin' comin' to get you
I'm feelin' that lynchin' comin' to get you
Get out of line, niggas, we come to drop dimes
Get out of line, niggas, we come to drop dimes
Whoever didn't lynch 'em becomes wig split fools, wig split fools
I'll pop and hit you with a millimeter glock, non-stop
With my favorite fuckin' tool, tool
Kingpin and all of you sucka bustas
Prepare to lose, prepare to lose
'Bout time for you ready to die, pow, pow, what am I?
Guess who, so Flesh'll be waitin', anticipatin', ?
Really don't want to fuck the
Cleveland bosses, Cleveland bosses
We done way past gold
Even past platinum, done triple-doubled it
Go look at the stats, can't stand a nigga sellin' hits quick
Don't go lookin' for trouble
If you dare you gonna stare down the barrel of a
Mossy shotty, can't help ya
Never could drop me, but I'm untouchable
Look behind me, find Mo Thug thug posse[Fat Joe]
For the right price, I put any ? up on ice
So for a green card
Terror Squad will carve 'em up real nice
Send 'em to Christ takin' this life's not a problem
I been robbin' niggas and pullin' triggers way before my album
Drownin' my sorrows in bottles of Olde
Anybody can go, lose your control, end up a John Doe
You didn't know my shit was game tight
The insane type to bust open your brain with a drain pipe
It ain't right, but I don't give a uh
Me and Punisher, contemplate your death like the governor
A red dot to make your head hot
Disgustin' wet spot, blood gushin' out your ? dreadlocks
Blowin' the spot like David Koresh
Blazin' the sess with Wish, Biz, Layzie, Krayzie, and Flesh[Big Punisher]
Here comes the pain, one in your brain frame
Niggas is thinkin' this shit is a game
Slip in a clip in the MAC
Clack, what's my name? Big Pun
Go for your guns, son
Let's get it on
My vest is on

Protectin' home, it's only Flesh-N-Bone

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/