1,2,3,4,5,6,7

Transplants

1,2,3,4,5,6,7
no one here's gonna get to go to Heaven...
the first one to speak, be the first one to leave,
get your loved ones gagged and bound in bed sheets.
six deep, full heap, best be quick on the draw,
you's a snitch, you's a bitch, you get left where you are.
i roll with killa's who got strikes, dealers who catch cases,
SkinHeads and Mohicans, tattoos on their faces.
bring it 'til your dead, bass is, get to bumpin' your gun,
all these cowards talk shit, all these cowards gonna run.
i'm not one, got my gun, got the handle whipped out,
it all goes down, you only go for yourself.
not me, i can't call it, i'd die for the team,
smoking sacks in the shack, getting high with the team.
let it fly with the beam, infra-red on your head,
every last muthafucka wanna leave me for dead.
can't be happy that i'm livin', you pray that i fall,
BUT I'M A DEAD MAN WALKING, I AIN'T LIVIN' AT ALL!
all the time that you hate, it's time that you waste,
wake up fucken wet with a 9 to your face.
in any case, hit the brakes, you're doing too much,
my heart's blacker than the grip in the Grip that i clutch.
who wants what? it goes down, right here in your town,
i swear to god i'm not laughing, with a permanent frown.
don't make a sound, i spit rounds, leave your dick in the dirt,
shotgun, with the shotgun aimed at your heart.
it gets worse, i been cursed, smash your life like a verse,
weed blast, weed mask, when we drive thru' your turf.
nobody came to talk, ain't nobody playin' games,
kickin' everybody's ass, cross out everbody's name.
fucken lame that's how it goes, fuck wax and fuck shows,
fuck the track, fuck the mic', fuck hoes and fuck bro's!
do yourself a favor and keep your thoughts to yourself,
i'm sellin' drugs to my label and my label blew up, without help.
not taking shit from anybody, leavin' spouses in tears,
you'll get mangled if we tangle, i'll be poundin' the peel.
3 chips, who got next? let's go, you get stomped,
anytime, any place, anywhere that you want.
hold your tongue son, you slip, you get fucked,

at your show in the parking lot fightin', won't take long.
leave your whole gash flappin', know why it has happened,
i love to watch you fall like Freeman loves watchin' Patton.
why the fuck would i die and live to please you,
keepin' company with thugs and drugs and heat too.
speed bump, head slice, we aint travelin' light,
as i hit the dipstick bring a tear to my eye.
i stay high, do or die, finding peace in myself,
you live a lie, run and hide, die with everyone else.
fuck the world, kill 'em all, and this you can trust,
'cause muthafuckas hit the dirt when muthafuckas hit the dust.
1,2,3,4,5,6,7 no one here's gonna get to go to Heaven...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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