

AMB, See Thru

(feat. Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

[Bonez Dubb:]

Axe murder in this bitch and we don't fuck around with fakes
Frontin' hard that you regulatin' hate all that we make
I take his motherfuckin' face and slam it right into the bricks
Cause he hatin' all the time just to impress some bitch
You know I see through you and hate what I witnessed
My hitlist just added a name and my wish is
To crush an axe through your fake name and place
When on your brain leave the walls covered in bloody remains
It's like boom!

[Chorus:]

You put up a front to try to cover up the real
You do everything to keep the truth concealed
Bltch you fake and we all know why
And we can read between the lines
Everybody knows who you really are
And all them lies won't go too far!
Bitch you fake and we all know why
And we can see through all your lies

[Otis:]

What up, motherfucka? How it been? Where you stay at?
Fuck yo' look, yo' name, and all of them lame tracks
Stay back or you get dropped with the quickness
Bitches slit they wrist and blood drips when I rip this
My dick is part of your mouth's anatomy
And my nut's keepin' you alive, so why the fuck you mad at me?
You know it's wicked over these Mike Clark beats
And we forever represent the label that runs beneath the streets, motherfucka

[Chorus:]

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[Bonez Dubb:]

I can't even believe what the fuck is going on
And I don't even conceive how the fuck you're doing wrong
I knew it all along, you were just another nameless
I think it's time you little bitches become famous
Simple enough, you understand how it goes
Everybody knows what's up with you hoes
It ain't just us that never believed in you
We can all see right through what the fuck you do

[Chorus:]

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You do everything to keep the truth concealed
Bltch you fake and we all know why
And we can read between the lines
Everybody knows who you really are
And all them lies won't go too far!
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[Otis:]

What the fuck is this? O-T-I-S and Bonez
And we ridin' through your hoods lookin' for hydros and hoes
Until just the other day I was walkin' on my own
A sucka tried to hit me for my stack and my cell phone
I said, "Fuck that! You gets nothin', bro!"
Then I let him know why they call me mister mister Cuttin-throats
So here we go with another flow, you feel my rage

Now give it up to the deadman Blaze!
[Blaze:]
You say that you an artist
But we both know your skills are garbage
And that's what makes your stupid ass a target
We all wanna be a sargeant, but there's only one general
And he here rockin' the instrumental
You're blind to the fact that this is just not your home
You do anything to hang on
And bring on nothin' but destruction here
But I've been around forever, homie
I ain't goin' nowhere
You're see through like the man of steel, I see you
You're faceless and remain nameless too
Regardless who's better off to has been
And never will be
Is anybody really livin' there dreams?
It seems the grass is greener 'til you're gone
And you've found everybody on the other side wanna be down
With the P-S-Y-C-H-O-P-A-T-H-I-C
We call it family