

DJ Unk, Flatline

[Intro, Hook: repeat each line x4]

Let's fuck his ass up!!!

We fucked his ass up!!!

Now call the ambulance!!!

Flatline!!!

[Verse1:]

.44 ducked off in my Chevy, let's fuck his ass up.

And if a hata buck, let's beat they ass up.

I'm black skied-masked up, whatever is whatever.

I'm watchin' niggas, posted mixin' fruits and goose together.

I keep that black beretta, I call dat bitch my heater.

And if you play me close, just like a bitch man Imma skeet cha.

Dem western twins will meet cha', can greet cha' like a feature.

And change up all ya features, call da Red Cross to treat cha'.

The club is off a meters, they crunk they doin' they dance.

Security betta check em', or we gone throw dem hands.

Now A-Town stomp dat ass, watch me blow his ass up.

(Aye back up!!!!) call the ambulance, and now you fucked.

Ready to pick yo ass up, and take you on the stretcher.

We fucked his ass up, I hope dat God Bless Ya.

Yo team ain't hear to help, you don't won't it wit us.

I told you that we gangstas, let fuck his ass up.

[Hook]

[Verse2:]

(Flatine!!) his he gone? (Flatline!!!) Lil' Shawty dead.

(Flatine!!) he busted a move, (Flatine!!) we rocked his dreads.

(Flatline!!!) 4 to ya dome, (Flatine!!) I split cha' wig.

Imma grown ass man, I don't play wit fuckin' kids.

These niggas swear they hard, these hoes think they bad.

But when it comes to beef, they all act like drags.

Sissies, punks, and fags, yo life is slippin' fast.

I hope you go to heaven, Tupac gon kick yo ass.

I think you need to breathe, I'm cold so niggas chill.

Smoke you a blunt a kush, go try to get a deal.

Niggas bustin' for real, Big Oomp we tote the steel.

DJ Unk off in the Lac, ready to twist yo cap back for real.

[Hook]