

# Esham, Walkin On Da Flatline

[Esham]

Uh, 1-2, 1-2

Yo, this one goes out to everybody out there that's...  
Walkin' on da flatline, out they mind

Walkin' on da flatline, nine, when I rhyme  
I'm flyin' in a Benz two-seata, holdin' on my heata  
Need a green leaf (bitch) don't getcha' ass smoked like reefa  
Sendin' you quicker to meetcha muthafuckin' Jesus, believe this  
Hell on earth, how much is your life worth  
For 36 O's I'll leave you with ya eyes closed  
Forever doze, I arose, the 'Day of the Dead'  
Comin' through wit the ooh just to paintcha down red  
I said 'Unholy' you got scared  
'Cuz the day I rolled around the world wasn't prepared  
My style venomous, ending lust and with us a Mausburg bust

(Chorus)

Bitches, I ball and I'll never stall  
So give me a call, I'll murder you all  
Y'all gonna fill in time, the chalk line  
Walk da flatlines [2x]

Another evil day, music melodic, Reel Life Product  
Mechanical, my mind's smokin botanicals  
Deconstruct then reconstruct your whole structure  
Roll ya block 'till it rupture  
If ya get knocked off ya money is still cluster  
Gettin' clocked by another hustler  
In this game there ain't no 'trust us'  
There ain't no justice, so if you fuck us, bullets will bust  
Retaliation is a must, plus  
A code of silence to this underworld violence  
Violence, violence  
A code of silence to this underworld violence  
Blood money, cocaine got my nose runny  
But I somehow still manage to stay scummy  
Run over you in the truck like a crash test dummy  
My star to the bitches 'round the world, they love me  
But ain't no love for these hoes, I treat 'em all like foes  
Smoke 'em wit' the .44 like hydros  
Money is the key to end all ya woes  
Ya ups, ya downs, ya gettin' highs, gettin' lows  
But money be the root of all evil I suppose  
That same evil's got blood stains on my clothes  
That same evil's got blood stains on my clothes  
That same evil's got blood stains on my clothes

(Chorus)