

# Flesh-N-Bone, Armeggeddon

Flesh... (Killa. St. Clair... Killa. The silence isn't over...  
No place to run... Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves...  
St. Clair...) {clock ticking & news tragedies}

Aw, sheet! Repressin' the scripts on y'all punk m\*therf\*ckers!  
What the f\*ck you thought, trick-ass hooker?  
Flesh, the last tru souljah standin' makin' these silly-ass niggas weak,  
slappin' em up with game with basic instruction before leavin' home.

-Refrain-Flesh-

The end of the world has come, it's 1999 and time for retaliation

Flesh

You better back up my weapons' flexed I'm gonna get caught up protected when  
I roll Oh no, here I go I'm keepin' my mind fresh, and the glock more flex  
and might judge your life and soul Fine, alright, gotta stay on the grind,  
it's almost 1999 I gotta get mine before it's over, yeah, partied hauled over  
time

Nigga, my dogs down for whatever, you heard me? No matter the cause, f\*\*k the  
law,

retaliate on all y'all The government wanted to brand my hand but I count  
the number slowly Nigga, me wonder why they want us so fried and out of line,  
but I'm not ready Survival of the fittest, you down ride or die? Choose your  
destiny

Grab the heat , let's gather up in the streets for battle We gotta fight for  
peace,

let us prepare for the war/ Don't sleep 'cause Armageddon's on the way We gettin'  
ready for combat; Soldiers suit up We comin' through stormin'

and gonna blast on anythin' breathin' shoot em Leavin' em all bleedin'  
from that bullet or wound, assume that they are doomed, stretched out in a tomb  
I tell it the way I see it, that's how it is Just how I feel when I just flip  
off the top of

mind, he will So you better run, duck, hide You better stand up and act like a  
man/

And it's your chance to do what you can so put it down

-Refrain-Flesh-

-Hook-Flesh-

(Better bleed the blood, flesh, Jesus got you, slip, ya snooze ya lose)

Flesh

Here we go once again, it's on Gotta stack my dollars up to the cielin'  
Can you feel it, holmes? I've always been known to get on my hustle and grind  
And I'm gon' thug and get my stroll on till I get mine

But, nevertheless I got my pay, if you wanna play me I'm gon' buck (buck...)  
with my gauge Go ahead, make my day Either which way it go,  
you won't be saved so say a prayer Gimme a 5th of liquor so I can swig off with  
my

niggas and get rowdy My niggas, we bout it, smoke up an ounce of weed  
I guarenteed I got what you need on cash delivery, you gon' recieve, dog  
Exactly now what was your order? Put it down and I'll make sure that you'll be  
pleased As long as you got my green, by any means neccessary, you gotta be  
very wise, and by any means neccessary, you scary, you gon' fry

I'm wicked as I can be , remain a boss in your city, and if any y'all haters  
want me,

come and get me Slug hit right on your dome, wig splitter, G, f\*\*kin' with  
these Mo!

Thug, kill or be killed G's If you wanna test us, we gonna rest your soul  
eternally

Get ready to feel the wrath of God, and if you get caught in the wrong you're  
gonna

get tossed in the lake of fire and brimstone

-Refrain-Flesh-

-Hook-Flesh-

Better bleed the flesh, Jesus Got you slippin' You snooze you lose

Flesh

And it's on in the land with a great big cannon cocked Swarm, stormin' in through

the land My niggas, they the last tru souljah standin' and let it repeat to test it

pray and test, then again I say that's me runnin' hell Sit in fire Flesh, you better

lesson when I roll better think twice so better beware, Flesh and snare ya, better

we got Armageddon bringin' the terror, terror

-Refrain-Flesh-

The course is chosen. It can't be turned. What do you mean the course?

Toward death. I don't think we're gonna blow ourselves up. I didn't mean that.

The prophecy. Death.