

Flesh-N-Bone, Hero

Demon voice:

(flesh flesh...) {laughs} come on boy with that force you can fake like you
Whores but if you ain't rollin' with the lord (bitch ass nigga) bitch you dissin our
god, bitch!

Flesh:

Well, in the middle of the night my posse prepared to sneak up when im early up
creepin nothin' is sleepin but silence and i got all me peeps wet got to hell tales
wha we hail the flesh and its
Waht i saw and niggaz afraid when that extra clip pops pick up and then book cause
the team so raw raw motherf**k the law, law get 'em up off ya'll ya'll ready but
panickin ya'll niggas ain't re
Ha brigade finna get you in a daze and if you come around my way guns spray my enemy
pick em up finish and the hitterz are headless itz how we leave em when the mack pop
hey flesh can you give m
Cy not really cock buckshot bullets aint strickin nothin where they get em from i
murder yall bloodclots snitches think ima gonna fill a niggaz ass hot slugs twist
this blood knot hear um all po
Fly flossin in beamers shot caller call off shots at in between his eyes when i hit
'em with a nina should've seen a split wig straight through tell him
To get in front are you backin me the lyrics would have f**ked up my lyrical status
can't touch me or any style these niggas in the game wanna talk foul ima shove me
rod in ya mouth everytime i
Around someone wanna criticize no ima show you bite us now (now, uh)

Hook-flesh:

1 9 9 9, 2 triple 0 0 0 we the heroes of the new millenium/ niggaz cant touch mo!

Emmortal thugs:

Runnin' with a bullet proof vest and layin niggaz to rest runnin wit a
Motherf**ker fit to kill ak-47 mac-11 hollow points tips trade in ya bitch watch me
lock when my tools get too nigga know the rules, rules

Flesh:

Whatever you do, gotta do it but you gotta do it if you snooze you lose

Emmortal thugs:

This nigga i saw wit the bullet proof on i'm checkin that nigga claim to be
Thugs speakin of poppin' my pistol bangin out brains i'm leavin' the niggas
Short 'cause i'd rather be judged by 12 than carried by 6

Flesh:

I'm a empty the clip and dip/ for f**kin' with me you get your wig split/
Remember the silence...

Emmortal thugs:

In other words bitch let me get the glock cock put on the spot let there body rott
mask wit bullet proof on but it won't save you choose from the nine he got stun from
the blow left in black hol
T so and i'm ready to roll

Flesh:

Gimme the g's and g's off the dirty floor i dont think you really wanna play hero

Two gun:

Its in the clips with the hollow tips two gun thats trippin sat ready to rip
equipped with the infareds on the automatic mac 11's better strap your weapons
niggas thugs is who you be testin'

Flesh:

If you try that nigga will reckon wit my double glock pop that off leavin' them
restin'

Emmortal thugs:

Steady be seein my missions impossible when im around im gone give you
Unstoppable you better be watchin tha way my nigga be feelin 'cause nigga we
Profitable

Hook-flesh:

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Menenski:

Been in (?) with my killas these niggas gone hear us and fear us (they gon' feel us)
with 7th sign and mo! thug all my niggas get love then i gon' ride my nigga flesh
ready to die with his nigga
M watts don't stop, won't stop

Flesh:

It's another one of them days gotta get paid hope in tha range cock tha guage aint
complete without a gun keep it in tha trunk hit em up send um on a trip to a grave
i'm gonna pop watch em drop
Em in there tracks send em to the cemetery fairy tales of the crypt i'm the keeper
nice to meet you, busta f**k with little kids send them all here to me cause them
niggaz aint decent we murder
All lay them six feet deep cause they got heated up repeatedly sleepin cause
everybody lay in tha cementary gotta be ready before i die first every motherf**ker
wanna go to heaven never sin done
In hell i'll send 'em makin' a maulin' niggas fall to the 9 we the heroes of the new
millenium hear me now

Hook-flesh

1 9 9 9, 2 triple 0 0 0 we the heroes of the new millenium niggaz cant touch mo

Flesh:

Yeah, mo! motherf**kin' thug soldiers in this bitch takin' over. like we told you.
fbi, flesh n bone incorporated. how many ya'll b*tches hate it? understand me
motherf**ker. when you see me wha
Gon' do when the 5th dog trip on you?

Hook-flesh:

1 9 9 9, 2 triple 0 0 0 we the heroes of the new millenium niggaz cant touch mo