

Flatline

Unk

(Intro, Hook: repeat each line x4)

Let's f**k his ass up!

We f**ked his ass up!

Now call the ambulance!

Flatline!

(Verse 1:)

.44 ducked off in my chevy let's f**k his ass up

And if a hata buck let's f**k they ass up

I'm black skied-masked up whateva is whateva'

I'm watchin' niggas posted mixin' fruits and goose togetha'

I keep that black beretta I call dat bitch my heater

And if you play me close just like a bitch man Imma ski cha'

Dem westin 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 the crunk they doin' they dance

Security betta check em' or we gone throw dem hands

Now A-Town stomp dat ass watch me bow his ass up

(Aye back up!) call the ambulance and now you f**ked

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

We f**ked his ass up I hope dat God Bless Ya

Yo team ain't hear to help ya do want it wit us

I told you that we gangstas let f**k his ass up

(Hook)(Verse 2:)

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

(Flatine!) he bust a move (Flatline!) we rocked his dreads

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

Imma grown ass man I don't play wit f**kin' 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 gone 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' forreal Big Oomp we tote the steel

DJ Unk off in the Lac ready to twist yo cap back forreal(Hook)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>