

## Etched Out

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

..."What the fuck are you lookin' at!?"

Which one of ya'll wanna get etched out in chalk  
Better watch how you talk when you talk the talk  
Better watch how you grip when representing your shit  
You ain't seeing none of my clique  
That's for life bitch  
And that's for life bitch!  
(And that's for life bitch)  
And that's for life bitch!  
(And that'd for life bitch)  
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So know I show up with a shotgun, enough shells to blow holes in err'thing  
Bloody up the walls, the windows, and the curtains  
I'm for certain, this sucker right here  
Gonna die like a bitch motherfucka right here  
Get that ass chalked up, I'm a trace you  
Pull out the twelve gauge pencil, and erase you  
It takes two to tango, so I brought four  
And in the glove box, shotgun shells galore  
I came for war, and leaving with a piece of your head  
So I can look at it, when thinking about that shit that you said

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I might send you where the bitch motherfuckas, go when they die  
Fresh out the belt line, with the chrome 4-5  
Better get to an exit, that vest ain't going help  
Dump the whole clip, make sure my presence is felt  
Drive-by! and I ain't got to be in the car  
I do a drive-by, on a Haro with no handlebars  
I do a walk-by, blasting at you out of the blue  
And what a bitch motherfucka like you gonna do?

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Now if I unload the heater, I'm a reload the heater  
And make sure to splatter blood on your khakis and wife beater  
Ya'll bitches ain't leavin' alive  
When you cross me, you cross the chalk line  
Now prepare to die  
People is bleeding, bitches is screaming  
Suckers running into cars, and driving away speeding  
I'm in the backpocket looking for chalk to trace  
The ones who can't walk dead, are trying to crawl away

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