

Empty the Clip

Flesh-N-Bone

Hey, let me hear that first
Nineteen-ninety Afta
Cleveland up in this muthaf**ka
Afta Maff up in this muthaf**ka, bitch
Flesh-N-Bone

Son of a bitch, you'll be runnin' up all the time
Tryin' to test my hood
I'm chillin' up in my hood up to no good
Punk bitch, I wish you would, and flippin' the script
And pop in my clip, and puttin' my pump-pump on ya
And lettin' you see the fire in my eyes
And now that ass is a f**kin' goner
You can run up, gun up, and try to test me at will
I'm fillin' you playa haters with nothin' but favors
So bitch, you be guardin' your grill for real
My niggas got no fame, it's breakin' you son-of-a-bitches off
You f**kin' around with the big boss
And I always got my Nina Ross
Ain't catchin' a nigga slippin' up at the lights
So don't trip, and takin' a hit of the sticky-sticky
As I unload my clip, and thuggin' up in the Land
And ya know we straight hustlas, and
Never to be no bustas, and (?) say f**k ya

(Gunfire)

Kam-, Kam-, Kamikaze, come, come, come, come down
Niggas better not slippin', come again
? niggas better not slip when I'm up to no good
Kam-, Kam-, Kamikaze, come, come, come, come

Afta Maff's comin' down your ass
With the aerial strike body snatchin' me ?
And deadly close and copper stress
Gettin' away is slight
And I ask myself what's the reason for
that treason that you committed
Open up killin' season, now it's time
To get your f**kin' wig splitted
Playa haters be makin' me relax into a dead spell again
Somebody should have told them f**kin'
With the Mo Thug your life expectancy ends
Murder, like adrenaline, puts a physcotic
Thought through my brain waves
Muder mo, welcome to the terror-dome
Flashbacks of me diggin' graves
Torturin' slaves in the days
Losin' my grip on reality, paranormal combat
Hollow points always givin' me a flawless fatality
Even bustin' at shadows is a muthaf**ka's ?
Lettin' Kamikaze and Flesh-N-Bone decapitatin' you bitches'
Dome with the chrome and infrared scan
To stick clear is a safety tip
From the docks to the Clair
Me and my and niggas is emptyin' clips
(clips, clips, clips, clips, clips, clips, clips, clips)

(Inserting of clips, cocking of gun, gunshots)

You niggas pop off at the mouth
Time to stop or shots drop they ass
Make 'em shut up they lip
When we empty the clip on the Double Glock
Trouble, now: Flesh and the Afta Maff

Look out, my niggas, can't go when drop down my time
Time to get it, hit it, grindin' on the double nine
Find plenty ways to get the money, me money
'Cause then I'm a splurge on my kind
Sippin' on a fifth of Rose wine
Yeah, the Flesh-N-, the Flesh-N-muthaf**kin' Bone
Gettin' my tipsy on strong, always stay packin' that chrome
Hopped in the (?) headed for the north
Swerve, thug stroll, seventeenth up and against the ground
Repeated the MAC-11, let a sound
Kick, pump rounds, spit off my rounds
Hop on my block, gotta get this click
But they're stickin' their guns to me
Thought that they got me, but I'm not, see
Murder ? that glock pop pop bullets
Empty out the clips, feel no sympathy for
The people that I'm buckin' they lay
Put 'em in a grave
Away they stay shot the f**k up
When my niggas they spray
Should he pray to be saved?
Hell yeah, but still no one came to your rescue
Pop a lip on my corner, nigga, you's a goner
Mo Thug be the niggas who test you, put you to rest
Fool, and there ain't nothin' you can do to stop me
From makin' this call up to my dogs
Racin' over with the heat and makin'
sure that you takin' a fall
All y'all want f**k with Flesh and the Afta Maff
Then well, learnin' my lesson with this Wesson
I'm a empty the clip on my weapon
If a playa hater want to keep on stressin'

Murder mo, murder mo...

Mo murda, mo murda, come come again

Come on, tell ya can't feel the Afta Maff
'Cause your lies gettin' larger by the seconds
And ain't snatched but then ?
While your soul slowly gets reincarnated
But it's evident you heard the possibilities
But you was over-estimated
And you expected me to look deep in your eyes
And bow down to scandalous way
But see survival be one of the reasons thugs
Be packin' their shit for protection
When situations are life and death
A real true gon' result to elimination
For instance, I'm on the block
Servin' stones to dope fiends
Droppin' them dubs down 'til this knucklehead
Wannabe thug tried to test my nuts for the showdown
So I grabbed my security blanket, nigga
My man, let's deal now with the pearl handles
Spit out them hollow point tips

'Cause they're still rollin' for me
And now they aimin' for me
But my bitch, Nina Ross, is so freaky she started penetratin'
See, niggas be thinkin' they got the game -
All sewed up and ready maintain
I'm pullin' the trigger to blow out your brain
Now, I told ya, Mo Thug was insane
Soldiers ride against the terror

(Cocking of gun, emptying of clip)