

# 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

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 phycotic  
Thought through my brain waves  
Muder mo, welcome to the terror-dome  
Flashbacks of me diggin' graves  
Torturin' slaves in the days  
Lisin' 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)

(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)