

## Flatline

Unk!

[Intro, Hook: repeat each line x4]

Let's f\*\*k his ass up!!!  
We fucked 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 whatever is whatever'  
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 fucked  
Ready to pick yo ass up and take you on the stretcher  
We fucked 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:]

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