

Flat Line

Vinnie Paz

Ayo Paz, yo Blac
I rep Official Pistol Gang all mothafuckin' day
Hahahahaha

I pack it fast, no safety on the ratchet
Gats play chess like crazy with the gabbit
Bus ride mothafucka stayin' on the transit
Drugs like babies, real gracefully I handle it
I don't think Lance could understand it
Boxcutter Pazi from the faces that I damage
I put your fuckin' brains in the Atlantic
To fuse y'all fuckas with your cainery and panic
You talk about hammers, and I'll talk 'bout mine
When I'm fuckin' with the scramblers, I'm on cloud nine
Yeah, you disrespectful then it stomp out time
Bonti bwont covered in a fuckin' chalk out line
I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout grime
I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout shine
And the big black heavy metal four-five mine
I'm a G cocksucker, never cross that line, yeah

Rap game gone, flatline
It's all over, today is the day we gonna 'em
Flat, frame, fall, flatline
We got an army, we loaded ready to hit 'em

(Check it) Yo call me Zilla, I'm a monster with clap and kicks
The reason alone, you niggas pushin' albums back
You got a squad, but I doubt you crack
Every release that you ever drop could be bundled in the value pack
Political rap, my man's caught a bullet in Nam
Sitting twisted in the buggie with a seed in his arm
What's the motive when the reason is harm
We in the ghetto everyday fightin' demons with a badge and batawn
I got six million ways to pop, hustle to get it
When the odds stack higher than knots, struggle to live it
You ain't never felt the burn from lead
So I'm never catchin' the L, I just focus how to earn my bread
You down with OPG, I'm down with Paz and Blac
You down with dope emcees, my title proves that fact
Ain't a city that could pull my slack
The red beam is an invitation to hell, once I pull that back

Rap game gone, flatline
It's all over, today is the day we gonna 'em
Flat, frame, fall, flatline
We got an army, we loaded ready to hit 'em

"In America, ah people are uh, treated very much and uh,
the police are there to contain us, um to brutalize and murder us."

And now's over with the livest rhyme killaz
Knowledge unfoldin', is the rise from the sacred five pillars
Conquest the conquer, pillage your village
Respect God, play hard, even in a live scrimmage
Face squads that call, we tarnish their image
Viking style, celebrate with barrels of Guinness

And shoot outs, we replenish when the clicks is finished
Gettin' head on the couch, watchin' Venus play tennis
I hold a mic like Jeter hold tennants
It's tragic like Troy Davis in his [?]
From the ending to beginning, figure eight stay spinnin'
I'm infinite, you can't bust off nigga you impentant
Sound waves travel underwater like sonar
I'm stealth, I can't be detected by radar
Probably in a fly car, with the seats reclined
It's Vinnie, Zilla and Blac nigga, flatline