

R.W.O. Aka The Org

"Untouchable"

Visit "[Untouchable](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Flesh-N-Bone)

[Verse 1:]

Lets grab and get it, hangin' from the celing',
Cause the H-town been in that zone in to that zone.
Way you'll never make it home.
What did I do wrong?
Hatin on Ei & Bone.
Its crucial mistakes in the game were we play no room
for hata's.
You know the stacks are high were a nigga in trial put
you down for the
come up.
Now tell me why you want to spread some lie.
No time for that.
And my face down bigger then that.
Turn my back you guys are like some bitches.
Dealin with your insides snitches leave 'em in the
trenches oh be the
first one to mention.
Tell 'em the religion.
Before I get sentence to life man bring 'em to strike,
bring 'em to the
light.
Then drag 'em to the rats and mice.
So bitch motherfucka puttin' it down tight.
Huh?
Old shift ass nigga were your crew at now, when you
were puttin it down,
yeah you hatin the south.
Fake politic boy this what you gettin', bring Flesh in, boy
step in, and
get to repin'.
It's the Cleveland assassin, that mashin', question not
askin', he's
blastin'.
Niggas on the street don't know what happen bet one
out of three they
died for the caption.
Uh

[Hook: Flesh N Bone]

You gotta get the money man.
I told you not a damn thang changed.
Still a everyday thang.
[x3]

[Verse 2:]

Boy you need something got away.
I'm gonna show 'em how a real playa plays.
Send my henchmen, go get him, brews him up, don't
kill him.
Bring him back to the villain', got the gang show with it.
Before he dies you gotta know how I'm fellin', with my
life he dealin'.
Tryin' to stop me from livin'.
Drag him in, sit him down, handcuff him to the seat,
wake that bitch up,
slap him on the head.
Yeah that's us R.W & Flesh N Bone you can tell by the
looks of things
that it's on.
Niggas all around you black way chrome.
We tired of you hatin' better past that you gone
Need some cash better ask for a loan.
Trippin' on papers work with a body bone.
Now it's on.
You dealin' with a chose one.
K-C-E-I-E gotta let you know.

[Verse 3:]

(????)

My mind is on a bigger 8th mission.
Pushin' more dope then some renches.
Take your head off of my business.
With my E-I-E fellin'.
Got me pushin really high numbers.
My coast is bring S nigga.
Doin dirt work on the under.
So time to get it, seven begin, dick in his mouth but
fuckin' no one
cares if.
Bout see it together.
Seem to bleed.
Fuck the world cause I got needs.
Repercussion blunt with your mommas stressin'.
Fuck your sins no more blessin'.
Live my life of a bitch nig fuck it it's do or dead.
Tho is not afraid.

[Hook x4]

[Verse 4:]

We bad, we them niggas gaiters & dogs.
You better be (?) And poster.
Keep the henchmen in the back with there gats and
there (?).
Fallow they command like soldiers.
Atelier.
Hit the black bard up, SUV, blind fold this nigga so he
can't see.
How I'm about to do what he done to me.
Shoot an underground thug shouldn't front with the
family.

[Verse 5:]

(???????????)

Usin these ghetto strings.
No kid undercover we ridin rider G.
Cause when we mob we mob and we lovin the E-I-E.
Comin with you and me.
Southern factuality.
Now blood is what you pay disrespectin' the family.
In the back round nigga see what you can really see.
Keepin' it real always been apart of me.
I'll dealin wit you haters later right now I'm (??)

[Verse 6:]

(????)

Bitch swingin on my dick.
On the clip of my gun.
Tryin to reach #1.
Nigga see me like a rerun and a refund.
Ride the tape and we'll stay with the funds.
E-I-E and Time knocks.
Murder under your bell makin you wanna go murder
yourself.
Instead of chasin the case we paper chase cause
what's up with the wipe.

You really wanna ride with Flesh?
The find weed got me ready to live or die, rollin high
speed.
With my chrome cocked, if its on don't knock.
So the haters wanna take a nigga off the block.
Marijuana got me zoned in the wrong spot.
And it don't stop till I choose too.
Stop smokin' weed if I choose to.
If its cool I'ma were gonna do you.
2,000 ways to fool you.
Motherfucka Uh you.

[Hook x2]

Flesh N Bone:
Niggas on the hustles for cash (????)
Gotta do shit for my baby.
They be damned, livin half, livin half.
I know they be missin my bad.
But get up wash yo ass and dash.
Get the gauge and blast.
Be mad.
I'm fillin' late to mash.
The gas.
Livin you niggas a bloody blast.
Flesh N Bone bustin on niggas.
Doin drive-by's slow.
Throwin' niggas out the window.
Murderin motherfuckas in glasses.
And livin in lust keep hittin the reefa rush.
Makin motherfucka bust.
They be fuckin you up.
I put your dick in the dust.
My niggas on the creepin on ah come up.
Black nigga killa.
Thuggish ruggish nigga
I'm down to keep it crackin.
Crackin niggas weapons..
Livin like a criminal.
Thug nigga.
(?????)
Servin the fiend's.
Yeah and I'm kickin the flow.
Put niggas down below.
Now nigga what?
Everybody got dance with the devil.
Niggas stuck servin the fiend's.
The greemreppa wanna creep (?????)
Sweep sweeper.
Won't go to sleep until the enemies rest in peace.
Nice to meet you motherfucka when I greet you with a 9
millimeter.
(????)
Put it to your head.
Now niggas baggin no mines no mine.
When I go mad.
Nigga steady deadly.
Real niggas.
Real niggas.
Gotta have there brains and balls.
Enough to get 'em all.
The people maintain.
In the game.
Sometimes you win, you lose, or draw.

Just make 'em all fall.
Just call me the 5th Dogg.
Cause I'm the nigga that's down to (????)
That's ballin out of control.
Fo show.
For all my niggas (?????)
My niggas are untouchable

Visit [R.W.O. Aka The Org](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.