

## Two Kind

### "Cremate 'Em"

Visit "[Cremate 'Em](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes,  
ashes!

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!

[Verse One]

Y'all know it's hell when I come through

I cast spells with the Bellevue 1-2

And we can settle it with shells if you want to

Bump you, squeeze first I'ma haunt you

Or better yet I'll let the gun butt lump you

Dog tail up ya ass when I confront you, faggot I'ma  
hunt you

Na'an nigga could collab' with me

Cause when I spit my sixteen, they get mad at me

Have them write their verses over tryna battle me

And nigga that'll be a fatal tragedy

Shit, you better off shooting or stabbing me

than stepping in this fucking rap ring and jab with me

Get ya weight up motherfucker, wear the belt and the  
crown

Frozen niggaz like a dirty gat, I'm melting them down

Self in the ground, you fucking with a higher force

Niggaz be sacrificed, you'll die on a cross

Angel on the pale horse

Leave you with multiple wounds when they find you

Ya man's comin right behind you

[Chorus]

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes,  
ashes!

Ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes, ashes!

[Verse Two]

Y'all know the flow chops ridiculous

Taw like the blow niggaz cop on St. Nicholas

You think I'm pussy motherfucker stick ya dick in this

Like Biggie said shit infected with syphilis

Gonorrhea, HIV, flow sick with this

Put a condom on ya mic tryna spit with this  
Tryna get with this, I'ma hit with this  
Make you slit ya wrist, y'all man a clitoris  
Like chlamydia, hard to swallow, I burn throat  
Getting rid of ya with hollows, you mob turncoats  
Word to the safe in the ceiling  
My flow's like a burning punany, hit the clinic get the  
penicillin  
You see the logo nigga "STD"  
Fuck what you heard son, the best be me  
From Red Hook, y'all niggaz know how long we waited  
Y'all motherfuckers, bout to get cremated

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Put ya jewels up, put ya house up  
Put ya tools up, nigga put ya spouse up  
We can go at it motherfucker album budget for budget  
And let your a&r judge it  
Shit, I'll have ya label push ya project back  
Cause I get hyper than a fucking hypochondriac  
Ain't no responding back  
My magnum mic'll push ya conscience back  
Give ya ass a holy spirit make you haunt the track  
I, I blaze blaze gun gun sprays sprays  
Leave ya whole record company in a daze daze  
Tell ya ceo stop calling my house  
Or the next fucking song son, I'm calling y'all out  
Better prepare for the long awaited, finally made it  
Y'all niggaz bout to get cremated!!!

Visit [Two Kind](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.