

Vents f/ Robby Balboa

"Flatline"

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[Vents] Yeah.. Trigger Fist, Vents One, Balboa You know what this is, check it out.. My rhyme will cause heart disease We move like star police after bomb blasts that plagued the Balinese Half the streets is war-torn My thought born style deforming soil you walk on My fork on a leg of +Lamb+, the death metal band Yeah, we raising limbs to praise pentagrams You met a man that lost faith Chumps running up in my crib for the gems that's in the locked safe Robbing octaves, chopping breaks balaclava clad This ain't a passing fad From Peepshow to Breaking Tooth, we the army that shake the roof The example of wasted youth I could make you move with the power of a powder charge from a shotgun blast Submachine rhymes from the depths of real shit I burst to kill quick, ya dig? [Chorus: Sample] "Flatline" {*5X*} [Robby Balboa] ..Yo I sip on a glass of B, in a bar full of LSD Punk on a path of Chi Pass the e-effects, I wreck Check your neck for the technique, dissect the beat My brain like a cell that's starved for heat Best friend like a carcass, carve the meat I'm hungry, looking like Dahmer the cannibal Crushing the skulls in the arms of mechanical Pull the switch and I flatline Centrelink queues to look for your smack find Another life to waste, the piper plays to the rat race Catch a case of the bullshit You paid for a bitch to dance in your film clip Where's the real shit? Here's the duct tape Chill for sixteen bars with a nutcase Watch Video Hits, twist to a flick on a snuff tape [Chorus: Sample] "Flatline" {*4X*} [Vents] Check it out yo.. Yeah, ay, yo ... I flatline and rebirth Emerge from the dirt, return to pervert Invert the cross, burn your boss Tame the beast, teach police, forgive the priest Don't send no stealth bomber for peace Impeach the prez, that's self-defence We'll give the land back, don't sell the rest It's Vents on the rise, no compromise Bloodbath the plan, you democratised Now, I got a four-door Ford that run on the blood from somebody's wife daughter and son Now you wonder why they blowing us up But look at the flash when the bomb drop, stay low then duck Fuck the beef, I need some time to breathe Cut a few ties, run a few miles and

leave the dogs to bark, talking that yap-yap You ain't
cutting nobody, that's that Make your heart flatline ...

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