

16volt

"Live Soil"

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Are you ready for death?
Here's your cemetery plot

[Kamikaze]

Animosity pushes me to killa dreams in my sleep -
Fatal thoughts of puttin' punk bitches 6 feet deep
My mental status destroyed
'Cause I was touched by the hands of tha sick
But I swear with a passion
I'm a put 6 shots in this bitch (6 shots)
I'm no security blanket, but I still feel the cold
Even thinkin' murder mayhem when I was 6 years old
Every now and then, I feel all close to danger
Most of my life 'cause if it don't work, worry and anger
Poisoned by demons, once upon a time my thought
was pure
What will I endure in life?
I ain't, so I may never feel secure
Cavi and switchblades, guns and such
Driftin' through life and limpin'
As if I needed a fuckin' crutch
My slug to those who know the darkness that I reach
And those who pump me back everytime I buck, get
freaked
Now, I'm enraged and feelin' revenge - that makes my
blood boil
Pay back is a bitch, dirty nigga, and your brand this box

Are you ready for death?
Here's your cemetery plot
That I got to be prepared for when you pussy-ass
niggas drop
Live soil, which means you're the walking dead
And when I blast that ass
I make you remember what you did and said

[Kamikaze]

I'm pullin' me gauges with me thugs
And givin' me thugs nothin' but love
And sendin me slugs to you muthafuckin' bustas
That murderin' mayhem, off flippin' up on this shit

As I grab my nine and puttin' it to your head real quick
And pullin' my trigger as I let you feel the damn pain
Death is thought inside my muthafuckin' brain
As the fire blaze in my eyes, I'm seein' demons
I'm steady hearin', them muthafuckin' voices screamin'
I stop the big game for some hell
If he don't have the solution, Big Mark is always there
If not nine got me on my muthafuckin' square
And keepin' me puttin' them Teflons in your fuckin' ?

The state pen for life is the home that I'm facin'
Forty-four in my hand, and I'm caressin' it first
I'm just itchin' for the chance to pull the trigger
I'm bustin' round, round, round, round on your ass
Niggas, and how you figure that the game
will pull your dead-ass weight?
If you ain't got the cash, then you ain't got the game
Nobody wants a nigga when he's down and out
So see I'm creepin' on a come up with two fours in your
mouth
I had visions of killin' you and your boys
Retaliator had visions of killin' them
And they bodies got seperated
I know ya hate it, but there's no other way around it
Now picture this: Big Mark got them full metal jackets
To penetrate that 6 pack that you call a stomach
I seen your boys vomit when I release these lead
bullets
Pop 'em like duels, and fillin' em up like fuel
Display it on my street--sense to this wannabe fool
You're live soil
That means that you're the walking dead
So when I blast that ass
You remember what you did and said
But you walking dead, ain't no comin' back
You at your resting place
You live with the soil
So up to the wasteland
(wasteland, wasteland, wasteland, wasteland,
wasteland)

Now, you understand you live soil, muthafucka

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[Flesh]

Niggas, I'm runnin' through them murda plots
Simply ninas, they cocked
In my pocket these deep when I pull and pop
Serve or hold, put it down for the double glock
Sug hit when the bullshit stops
Droppin' these shells as I bail make 'em
Live soil 'til this body smell
Leavin' a trail of bloody footsteps
Well, show no mercy
Gotta send them to Hell under this murderous spell
Flesh, Kamikaze, (?) and Boss, can all be stalkin'
niggas
Caught 'em, caution, drop 'em in the coffin and fade
across
Y'all loss Mo Thugs, the Shifters, and Hustla'z -
You don't wanna see this organization
Take off, will ya niggas, playa hatin' all over this nation
Station, faced, locate in the wasteland, nothin'
But heartless scandalous dealers, (pick an event/pig in
a van)
And don't start with the fuckas
Hold up with the buck Mo Thugs gon' peel ya
Carry the body to the cemetery
That's where they lay 6 feet in a ditch
We went with the shotty cockin'
Prepare to murder bitches, snitches, cops on my click
Stop it! Fuck with the Fifth, I'm loyal
When ya get the job done grand and royal
Niggas got broiled, roasted in foil
Makin' the grass turn green and (rotting in gas) - live
soil

Are you ready for death?
Here's your cemetary plot

[News Anchorman Eric]

We interrupt your regularly scheduled program
To bring this special report live from downtown with
David Elliot

[Reporter David Elliot]

This is disgusting!

[E] David, are you there?

[D] Yes, I'm here, Eric

[E] Yeah, what seems to be the problem?

[D] The problem?

The problem is this is disgusting

There's utter chaos everywhere

It's just too soon to speculate what exactly happened

But there are unconfirmed reports that Flesh and Afta
Maff have...
Have...have struck again
Uh, I'm just a little sick to my stomach
So a we'll keep you posted as to what happens in the
near future
But for now, let's go back to Kelly Lockett for the
weather
Back to you, Kelly

[Meteorologist Kelly Lockett]
Hi, this is Kelly Lockett
Today's hot and sunny, so make sure you get on
outside

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