

Dj Unk "Flatline"

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[Intro, Hook: repeat each line x4]

Let's fuck his ass up!!!

We fucked his ass up!!!

Now call the ambulance!!!

Flatline!!!

[Verse1:]

.44 ducked off in my chevy let's fuck his ass up

And if a hata buck let's fuck they ass up

I'm black skied-masked up whatever is whatever

I'm watchin' niggas posted mixin' fruits and goose
togetha'

I keep that black beretta I call dat bitch my heater

And if you play me close just like a bitch man Imma ski
cha'

Dem westin twins will meet cha' can greet cha' like a
feature

And change up all ya features call da Red Cross to
treat cha'

The club is off a meters the crunk they doin' they dance

Security betta check em' or we gone throw dem hands

Now A-Town stomp dat ass watch me bow his ass up

(Aye back up!!!!) call the ambulance and now you
fucked

Ready to pick yo ass up and take you on the stretcher

We fucked his ass up I hope dat God Bless Ya

Yo team ain't hear to help ya do want it wit us

I told you that we gangstas let fuck his ass up

[Hook]

[Verse2:]

(Flatine!!) his he gone? (Flatline!!!) Lil' Shawty dead

(Flatine!!) he bust a move (Flatline!!) we rocked his
dreads

(Flatline!!!) 4 to ya dome(Flatline!!) I split cha' wig

Imma grown ass man I don't play wit fuckin' kids

These niggas swear they hard these hoes think they
bad

But when it comes to beef they all act like drags

Sissies punks and fags yo life is slippin' fast

I hope you go to heaven Tupac gone kick yo ass

I think you need to breathe I'm cold so niggas chill
Smoke you a blunt a kush go try to get a deal
Niggas bustin' forreal Big Oomp we tote the steel
DJ Unk off in the Lac ready to twist yo cap back forreal

[Hook]

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