

Fight

"Flatline"

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Geah
Thug shit, check this out
Compton, geah
I don't think they heard me on this one
I said: Compton, nigga!
That's how we doin it
Regulating for all the gangstas
West Side, nigga, Hoo-Bangin' Gangstas, you know I'm
sayin'
Check this out
I said I dig into yo' body, you catch the flatline
Comtpon, where we from, nigga?
Compton, all day, nigga
We gon' start it like this
Check this out

Way back 4-4's seven years in the pen
.38 with wooden handles and a fifth with gin
Let me begin, before the days of committin sins
I was a lil' knucklehead getting courted in
Till I die C.P.T., y'all can't budge me
Kill a nigga for the neighborhood, can't judge me
I'm lettin' the fire spit, y'all fools catchin' some slugs
I regulate, servin' you way that straight thug
You know if you're slippin' you get laid up in the mud
Take over your spot, pushin' china white and bud
The devious, the mind blowin', the over-throwin
Christmas everyday in the hood, I keep it snowin
It's hot like that where I'm from
You bitches tryin to test, you meet the M-1
From sun up, nigga, to sun down
I pull out, your gat go down
Bitches, I run town, what up?

Geah
I said I dig into yo' body, you catch the flatline...

Y'all start runnin' and screamin' and pushin'
and yellin' and slippin' and duckin'
When you see the Tec-9 buckin'
Stagger them motherfuckers, make em wish they hid

Spittin, call me the ghetto fuckin' Billy the Kid
You be layin on your back tryin' to catch yo' breath
Life starts to flash, now you're nearing death
What's left, bitch? You see the glock starts tickin'
Die, as I blast one more you stop kickin'
Flee the scene to my next to akin
Call back to the house, so they fly in ends
Just made a real close trip to the pen
And in another town I start the same trend
I sets up shot cuz your ass is done
Hoo-Bang all day, my uzi weighs a ton
Ain't no fun if you don't want none
Ricochet off your shoulder blade, nigga, you're numb
C'mon, geah

Chorus...

My mind got me caught in a twist, I can't cope
I reminisce on the days in the hood slangin' dope
Certain territories yo' ass couldn't float
And if you caught slippin', then fool, that's all she wrote
I like the life while dippin' blocks with heats
I'm ready in a second to stop yo' heartbeat
Fuckin' around in the hood, smokin' with hoes
Violators hit the blocks, we hittin' the floors
Y'all ain't caught us slippin', only wasted your ammo
We dips back through, dumps with the 4-4
Hollows come out the dark chamber
Express my anger, never run from danger
Servin mo' yayo, dash from the ranger
Die by the hand of the unknown stranger
My position is stick, situation is thick
I ride with real muthafuckas and hit licks
The Compton lunatic, way too sick
Conflict you pick, hear the 9 click, c'mon

Chorus...

Geah
Compton gangsters all day
Hoo-Bangin' affiliates
You catch the flatline

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