

## **Firesign Theatre**

### **"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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