

Les Thugs

"Dead Bodies"

Visit "[Dead Bodies](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dope-E]

Look around and tell me what you see
Nothing but catastrophies by the Dope-E
This ain't a game, nigga, I don't fuck around
I stuff your body in a garbage can downtown
See, that's the hardcore life of the street game
With freaks attainted, a nigga's face get rearranged...
In the bloody platoon, that's the way it go
And by the time you think you know the time it ain't no
mo'
You see, I'm just waiting for a fool
So I could use his blood for my backyard pool
Damn, these niggas think of bullshit and fuck all that
hitting
I'ma let my 9 start clicking
I did a job, I had to rob the mob
All their asses died cause they can't squab
Terrorist style, battle to the very end
So many fatal weapons, I'm taking out all your men
And with my rifle and a scope I spot them
I'ma shoot the whole column till I did them and I got
them
You better wish upon a fucking stalk
Cause when my blood heats up I'm hotter than
steaming ??????
Dead bodies...

Sending out a death shout to my boy Point Blank...May
he rest in
peace...
(What? They did kill my nigga Blank..?)

[Point Blank]

No, ah-ah...That's bullshit...
I'm a walking corpse waking up from a deep sleep
Burning fluid in my body, still counting sheeps
With a 100 dead men watching my back
I die smoking primos, they die smoking crack
Now it's time to us to raise
And all the niggas that dissed me in the past: surprise
I get crazy thoughts that make me laugh

Like put you in the ground, dig you up and then kill your
ass
How that sound, Dope? (It sound good to me...)
What about you, Ganksta Nip? (86 to them, nigga
speak...)
So if ya need more info check the mail
Cause mark the beginning of Blank's bloodtrail
And if you make it to the end
I put a pistol to my head cause you gotta be a rough
man
But ain't no nigga harder than the Point Blank
So bitch, you owe me apology (I'm sorry!)
P-O-I-N to the mothafucking T Blank
Wreck shit like a tank, dank...
Makes me get ill, that's why the mothafucking morgues
filled
Full of dead bodies...

[Dope-E]

Reminizing about way back when...
As rogish as I was I should've been in the pen
Killing ain't no thang, I must be insane
Snatch a little girl's umbrella and ask her could she
stand the rain
My brains is disassembled, life I can't handle
But that's what I get for throwing away my brains'
instruction manual
Robbing old lady with a recording ??????
Cause I beat on the ear till her hearing wasn't prepared
The judge could convict me for what went on on a curb
Cause the pipe I beated her with made her speak with a
?????
I'm dissing but never ever kissing the next man's butt
Don't make me get my pump
Chump change, pennies, nickles and dimes
I need bus fair, give it here, it's mine
South Park brotha from the south y'all and don't you
ever run up on me
And try to scoff me or even bluff me, you better off
shoot me
It takes a whole task force to handcuff me
I'm strong, street smart is the way to be
No hesitation, I strike instantly like a cobra
You better off satying sober, living on the edge,
looking over your
shoulder
I'm a maniac, when I react I attack...
With a baseball bat with intensions to crack...
Skulls and ribs, leaving mortal remains
Temporaly insanity, I'm forever deranged
Now look at me and tell me what you see

How old do I look cause I can only count to three
I need an education, they give me hope
I need some money so now I'm selling dope...
E behind bars, a cement wall
With no one to write to or no one to call
And if I ever have a change to do it over
I would do it just like I did before: hardcore
Leaving dead bodies...

Leaving dead bodies...

Dead bodies...

Visit [Les Thugs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.