

# Phear "Blastin'"

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Yo yo what's up?

It's Lil' Mono boy and he's psycho sick,  
so spit it one time and make it hit!!

PHEAR is feared all across the land,  
got my mind on these haters and a pistol in my  
hand.(uh huh)

I'm Lil' Mono bitch and I thump to bass,(boomp)  
Trench is my bro and he'll smack ya face. (ptch)  
And put you in your place and leave ya for dead,  
he's also fuckin' known for puttin' slugs in your head.  
(boo-bow)

or he'll grab the mechetti, so get ready,  
cock back and slice ya muthafuckin' ass up like Freddy.  
(ftt-ftt)

Don't get scared when we come through "bustin",  
ya all gonna die so don't bother "duckin".  
Ya muthafuckin' wife better stop bitchin',  
or I'll come over there and slice her neck up like a  
chicken.(bu-kowk)

Oh, that's Slim wit' an A.K. to his face,  
don't make me kill 'em too and spray his brains all over  
the place.

I told ya slim, shoulda kept that thing put away,  
I guess that'll teach ya not to let me play with a "K"

Blast first nigga ask questions last  
It's survival of the fittest till it ain't none left  
Blast first nigga ask questions last  
Servin' heat up on these streets and the remainder is  
deaf

Lil' Mono gave me a mic so I'ma do this right,  
and if ya tryna step on that then I might take your life.  
I'm always wrongin' my rights and I'm wrightin' my  
wrongs,  
I put a rhyme in my rap where it don't belong.  
And we down with the Rydas, hoods in black trucks,  
and if ya tryna hate on that, then you can suck my nuts.  
And I know I'm phresh, cuz I'm 'bout to be famous,  
cuz I don't rap nothin' like that faggot Slim Anus.(hi my  
name is)

If he fucks wit' my boys he'll be sleepin' wit' the fishes,  
in another two-weeks he'll be back to washin' dishes.  
Cuz he ain't shit, he'll never blast,  
So I'ma blast first and ask questions last.

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Go head break it down.  
I got clown luv goin' out to the whole city,  
I see a skull tattoo on ya womans titty.  
Cuz that's my brand, so how ya gonna front that,  
If ya got shit to say I'm pullin' out myt gat.(bdddiddt)

And start sprayin' muthafuckaz all up in they face,  
then I see your blood rainin' all over the place.  
Now let's talk about fame and fortune for a minute,  
I stole your car stereo and my tape was in it.  
And it's a karaoke played out piece of shit,  
but your still ridin' through the hood bumpin' it.  
At least you was,(hey) 'till I jacked your shit,  
then I sold your shit, then I stole your bitch.(Ha Ha!)

Blast first nigga ask questions last  
I got a mic in my hand and a 40 in my left  
Blast first nigga ask questions last  
PHEARs up in the house and we're gettin' def  
Blast first nigga ask questions last  
It's survival of the fittest till it ain't none left  
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We comin' up wit' new shit everyday,  
so listen muthafucka put your mic away.  
Now your moma wont like us but your daddy might,  
if he's down wit' the rydas and he bumps at night.  
Cuz we're PHEAR bitch and we ain't about frontin',  
we'll spit on your bitch, and tell that hoe she ain't  
nothin'.  
So go ahead step to me and be a hater,  
cuz I'ma blast first, and ask questions later.

Blast first nigga ask questions last  
I got a mic in my right and a 40 in my left  
Blast first nigga ask questions last  
PHEARs up in the house and we're gettin' def  
Blast first nigga ask questions last  
I got a mic in my hand and a blunt in my left  
Blast first nigga ask questions last  
PHEARs up in the house and we're gettin' def

I wear a blue bandanna to represent my home,  
so don't ask questions bitch, I'm not alone.  
Cuz I'm down wit' the Rydas black trucks that bump,  
and we takin' all the haters and we BUCK! BUCK! BUCK!  
If I'm grabbin' on my pistol then I might get happy,(Ha-  
ha)  
so don't make me bust another cappy in ya pappy.  
Always on the underground cuz we wont go soft,  
and if ya mama grabs my record better tell her to step  
off.  
Cuz this shits rare it ain't for everyone,  
so I'm spittin' on the mic and ya better run.  
And I don't do drugs, well nothin' hard,  
cuz I ain't goin' back to the county yard.  
I don't run from the cops or pay 'em no attention,  
so listen muthafuckaz cuz I think I need to mention.  
Don't be stealin' my flow or jockin' my flava,  
or I'ma blast first bitch and ask questions later.  
Hoe!

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