

Pras Michel "Mr. Martin"

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[Akon]

Convicts, it's the convicts

Testing one two three, we come

[Chorus: Akon]

I said call Mr. Martin, tell 'im to build a coffin

Today is death season, a hundred MC's a get murderin

I said call Mr. Martin, tell 'im to build a coffin

Today is death season, a hundred soundbwoys a get murderin, yeah

Lay flat, lay flat, lay flat, lay flat

Came with a full clip I got one shot left

Everybody lay flat, lay flat, lay flat, lay flat

Came with a full clip I got one shot left

[Pras Michel]

Everytime I BREATHE I feel like they're killin me

It seems death my only way to my destiny

You see crazy the bwoy that go against my rap

I'm like Moses when I strike down my staff

See my wordplay, is like arts and craft

And my gunplay will blast any Babylon in my path

Win lose or draw, the bloodiest bath

Fifth to the fist is the cruddiest jab

Ever seen, pocket stays ever green

Like Christmas trees I dismiss these

Fool slide, close my eyes, lead the blind

Decapitate you, ease your mind

Haitian homes, lethal lines, it's my time, to shine

I resurrect like Lazareth

Baby I'ma cancel death

Got to survive in this main maniac depression

Fuck y'all, 'scuse my expression

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Akon]

Ticky ticky tock on my golden hen

She layin next to this gentlemen

Sometimes glock 9, sometimes mac-10

Hooooo...

You see whenever she lay down she cock an alarm

Cock cock cock, cock me lay down
Time to lay low (time to lay low)
Time to lay low (time to lay low)

Tick-a-tick-a-tock, tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tock
Tick-a-tick-a-tock, tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tock
Let me tell 'em, yo

[Pras Michel]

Aiyyo this life ain't for livin it's for, fightin wars
No matter what the truth is, hold on to what's yours
Never forget the day they crucified Jesus Christ
And the day they turned their backs on the civil rights
Lyrically, we trained to assass' y'all
Stash flat irons, thinner than plasmas
Cardiac arrest, give a big man asthma
Run for ya life if you think you got stamina
Caught an ounce of lead, watch how Babylon spreads
You know the type that'll run to the feds
Never ran, never real cop Port-au-Prince
It's an avalanche, homey you don't stand a chance
... ants in your pants
You wanna rock, these bullets'll make you dance
Homies thought I'd be driven away in a black hearse
But the first shall be last, the last be first

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

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