

## De Andre Fabrizio

### "Bombs Away"

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(Insane)  
I'm comin' straight for your goods, nigga I don't want  
your lil' hoes  
I seen ya smokin' opthimals in your benz at my shows  
I'ma wait and be patient  
Your boy was flossin' on Daytons  
Caught him at the right time  
Tec-9 bullets went to flyin'  
One got hit in the spine, but he made it, that was luck  
Y'all drawin' plans to see the man, lil' Frankie here, so  
what's up?  
I drew some plans of my own  
Your partner's home all alone  
Shouldn't have been slippin', hollow tips gone have him  
sleepin' too long  
Beams work better than a scope  
He got a red dot on his throat  
I pull the trigger, now yo niggas moppin' blood off the  
floor  
I'm screamin' all out wars  
I'm runnin' back to my car  
Bitches gone bleed to they death  
For fuckin' round with a vet  
I got'z to finish my mission, pipe bomb, hit the ignition  
Only nigga wishin', mashin' out in the expedition  
All black chucks, black jeans, and a black hoodie  
Smoked out, puffin' on a Keep Movin' goody  
Fully paid from jackin', I'm stackin' a nigga shit  
Will invade your mansion, and snatchin' what we can  
get  
Guess you didn't see us comin' cuz we came in the  
dark  
Blew that ass up, like it's centennial park  
Bombs Away!

[Chorus: J-Dawg]  
Nigga, nigga Bombs Away (8x)

(Insane)  
Y'all thought Insane couldn't flow  
But I took control of the show

And these soldiers ain't lettin' go til' your people hit the floor  
i got'z to get to your G's, cuz mine come on a freeze  
I smoke a gang of that weed, then I straight be blastin' with thieves  
Goin' all out for this shit  
How many domes I'ma split?  
I'm just a hustler from the door with a hundred chickens to get  
Your day gone fade in the black  
The camp be on the attack  
You think it's cool? I got my strap, I blast ya clean off the map  
I'm representin' Big Boy  
Killer men takin' they cars  
Got twenty G's, and I'm jettin'  
Loaded nine, fuck a Smith & Wesson  
Bullets made for cuttin' and bustin' a nigga chest  
Dynamite, one light put your whole firm to rest  
Hate to be the nigga had to find that bloody mess  
Nose still hurtin' from inhalin' the burnt flesh  
Niggas gotta wear a vest, for fuckin' round with the best  
I'ma psycho sniper killa, on the foreala  
Thrilla from Manila, quick to fluffin' your coffin pillow  
Hit'cha for your scrilla then crack the top on the 'ze  
And when you make it, tell your maker that Insane don't play  
Bombs Away nigga!

(J-Dawg)  
Bombs Away nigga

[sound of explosion]

Chorus

(Insane)  
Soon as you thought it was over  
I'm standin' over your shoulders  
Right there in the middle of your crib  
Got thirty seconds to live  
You'll take a shank in the rib, bleed, fall to the floor  
I bet you bitches never disrespect the camp no more  
I roll with nathan but felons  
Soon as they finish we bailin'  
J-Dawg be chokin' your bitch, for all the screamin' and yellin'  
Never had love for no hoes  
I hit that hoe with bow-lows  
She got some knots on her head

Her man about to be dead  
Grab my weapon, ain't no time for guessin'  
That's out of the question  
Niggas tried to blast me, cop killers taught him a  
lesson  
Four niggas against a veteran  
Can't win, in this profession  
My life, be like a mission  
With Tokyo ammunition  
I'm wishin' I catch'em slippin'  
One of them niggas missin'  
Big Mitch in the other room  
With a bomb strapped to the broom  
We made it out to the van  
He got the switch in his hand  
That's the plan  
Make them bitches think they gettin' away  
I hit the switch in broad day, you know the camp don't  
play  
Bombs away nigga!

(J-Dawg)  
Bombs Away

[sound of explosion]

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