

Mystikal "Round Out The Tank"

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Me that's who me
Me that's who me
Me that's who
I'm the round out the tank
I'm the round out the tank
I'm the round out the tank
I'm the loud blacca blacca
Wacca wacca coming from behind cha
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I'm the "Weee" before the "Boom"
I'm the fire in the hole, coming from the tube
I'm the claymore mine sittin' in the dirt
I'm the prone unsupported
I'm "Doom doom doom" three round burst
Sleepin' bag in the freezin' weather
I'm the fragmentation vest for shrapnel and flyin' metal
I'm the auto on the fire selector
I'm the thousand shells bouncin' off the brass deflector
Squeeze the trigger center mass when it's time to take
aim
I'm the "Waahhhaa" fool, when they ricochet down
range
Creeping, heat seekin' and keepin' my target
I'm the biological threat you don't wanna go to war wit
Listen here, I make you fuckin' bleed where you live at
I'm almost there one click away from yo' bivouac
Flash bang, highly illuminated
This is operation, fuck over my destination

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Ha, I'm all you rank and ribbons strips and brass and
decorations
I'm that fucking hole in the earth after detonation
C one thirty airborne soldier coming from the sky
Recognize ground troopers rolling just like hermit tires
I think in aromas so save your breath
If I don't get cha with the rifle I'm a catch cha with my
bayonette
I roll with M one's, tanks and howitzers
I'm a forty-five day forty-five night field problem
I'm yo' smart book in the live exercise begins
And when it get dark I'm noise and light discipline
Twelve bravo run you out the foxhole
Make it to the bunker it ain't no survival
I'm that war vet that's combat ready
Whether arctic or jungle or the middle of the desert
They try to make it when they know they can't
How the fuck yo gone run from the round out the tank

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