

Nobody's Angel "Death Threat"

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Some think that I'm a flake, but I'm no fake nigga cause
I
Drink a bitch, make him a witch and burn his ass at the
stake
With the .44 mag it's so simple
Put it to his temple, fuck it, I give a nigga permanent
dimples
Easing up on the fast slow, but I let your ass know
The block's too hot like Tabasco
Brand New Heavies on the tracks, G Rap on the wax
Cold bumping, got motherfuckers doing jumping jacks
You motherfuckers lost it
I bake your ass like a cake and all y'all flakes get
frosted
Cause when G Rap is on the mix
Niggas start shitting bricks and turning into chick with
small dicks
So a bitch, lyrics with a live band
(Yo this shit is funky) Yo fuck funky, the shit hit the fan
Shame if you're stepping to my set
You niggas get wet, nah fuck it, it's just a
motherfucking death threat

Yeah, I got you bitches on lockdown, you niggas get
knocked down
You're running cause I'm gunning your block down,
punk
So save the bitch riff cause my four-fifth lifts
I'm tossing stiff off of fucking cliffs
Get close, I got you on scope, you walking on thin rope
So I'm a shoot 'em up like dope
Cause to make my notes I'm a cut throats
Bodies are thrown off boats and do a dead man's float
Straight down a river
Huh, with a bullet inside his motherfucking liver
Another hooker got thrown out
Stepped right into the crossfire and got her brains
blown out
So you niggas better buck
Cause when my coat's full of buckshots, I don't give a
fuck

You think you're down with the murder guys
Bullshit, say hello to that dirt you're gonna fertilize
You wonder why the area's stark
Homicides just fell ten bones since our car drove
When they opened the other trunks that were closed
Full of five unidentified John Does
All found dead on arrival
Cause I pulled up slowly and made 'em holy like Bibles
They find a letter and cassette
Red and said it's just a motherfucking death threat

Send the bodies to the morgue for a freezing
I got the motherfucking finger on the trigger cause it's
nigga season
A punk tried to drop me
I left the body sloppy so they can't perform an autopsy
Dig a hole for the bitch
And put all his pieces and bits inside a ditch
Yo, you don't think you're going under
I got a bullet with your name, your address, and your
phone number
So if you want to play games
I'm blowing you the fuck out the frame
You tried to front and got murdered last night
So now you float to the motherfucking light
So I'm a step to your grave and make a toast
And start shooting at your motherfucking ghost
So may the Lord be with ya
Cause I ain't no saint and I don't paint pretty pictures
It ain't nothing but bloodshed
Stains of brains on the rug and less blood in your head
You want to make me upset?
Huh, then I'm a promise you a motherfucking death
threat

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