

## Pj Harvey

### "Crazy by the Flesh"

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Chorus:

Made by the, ah, Flesh (flesh, flesh, flesh, flesh)  
(the Flesh, the Flesh)

[Flesh-N-Bone]

Slowly, slowly, seep inside you, open up wide  
deep in your mental, Flesh'll get you mesmerized  
Must I force you to realize eyes, they crazy by the Flesh  
And it be test or tried, even if they (gonna fight)  
And the Afta Maff, when I'm on, go on home  
It ain't shit, thought you knew me 'til I made it know  
Nothin' to pick up the gauge, explosion, blown  
Contend with the fifth dog,  
never could anyone check how I'm servin' for the C-L-E  
Get took to the streets, and the thugsta down on the St.  
Clair  
Hit up ya S-C-T, when I'm hangin', swangin' with the G's  
Give each other peace, pass around my fifth of rum  
Everybody talkin' shit and steady reminiscin' on back in  
the days  
how we used to roll bankroll fold  
Nigga makin' his money, daily double  
It's the reason why you're countin' stacks  
If a psycho ?; gonna break lose  
Nigga test, and come rippin' through the tracks  
They packin' a gat, and you're not just in case of a jack  
If you didn't you done, snatched  
In a little while no daylight, won't be fun  
No wonder if you slippin', you hung  
Some run, tryin' to get away  
say can't escape from a thugsta trailer  
So many victims, had to leave 'em (smellin') for yellin'  
I kill 'em and hop in the smug  
start bailin' back on the strip by twelve  
Might as well, set up shop 'til them coppers come up  
Tryin' to raid off my organization, runnin' shit all  
through the nation  
Just thought he would straight up try to set up the  
mission that me on

Chorus

[Flesh-N-Bone]

Hold still, bitch

If you slippin', you bet he's gon' chalkin' 'til the reaper stalkin'

Sneak up, caught a nigga flossin'

Drop the money, jewels, keys ? please

Be and you all tossed in a coffin, takin' a loss and I'm the ? me often

Never needin' more time, wastin'

makin' good in it for the love of mo' money, man

Bang no' brains, take it you should've listened to us, down up for my thang

Insane through the Flesh reign, and niggas ain't up on my level

Devil took the niggas that battered me, stayed in the grave

Gravedigger be snatch my shovel, and all the dirt, it ain't no worse

And I curse only person they done with the click so murda no' hurt

Niggas comin' gunnin', ? bullets all to spit your shit, quick, your slain

Bang, muthafuckas on top of the hits

We done hittin' 'em for hire, gettin' the job done right every time

Some nigga want to get his contract expired

Never get tried of buckin'

Niggas keep on testin'

They killed and really makin' my day, clench with an A.K., baby, don't play

Wanna fuck with my pay?

I gotta go blow his ass away

He tried to fade me

That niggas #1 flip artist, one of the hardest thugs in the Land

Bringin' you the shit if you lookin' to start it

And I'm a finish any problem, solve it

If you gonna cause it, you'll be taken care of

And I know that you're scared that my niggas'll hunt you down

'round, ready, round...

Chorus

[Flesh-N-Bone]

Better clear up the way up, my warpath,

now the madman done blasted up out of the cycle war

So they labeled me 5150

You wanna fuck with me?  
Better pray to my Lord  
I'm gonna torture, body run, scorch  
Not one of my enemies gonna survive  
Died in the holocaust, caught in destruction  
Buck 'em all, fried alive, takin my time  
Lookin' 'til I find and hide away sneak attack on after  
midnight  
Gettin' high, wait until the clock strikes sound  
Never no light in sight  
Get 'em up and lie down  
Niggas runnin' up quick and so bring the soldiers  
Then I'm a take 'em into the darkness  
, leave alone when they roll hime in the heartless  
It's wicked by farthest, fuck with it  
We are Mo Thugs  
Packin' two glocks for the war  
And it's on with mighty, mighty, warrior soldiers  
No love for the bustas, keep in playa hatin'  
Study, then bite our style  
Always down with the army  
We stand alone  
Bone Thugs-N-Harmony takin' muthafuckas out  
when they get too foul in the mouth  
Check many niggas with a slug in they chest  
The they lay in a puddle of blood  
When they layin' to rest, that's for fuckin' with Flesh  
Even if a nigga put on a vest, then I might aim for their  
dome  
Gotta get 'em dead for sure  
So don't try to play when the people get slayed away  
Eternally Flesh here to let ya'll know

Chorus

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