

## Pj Harvey

### "The Silence Isn't Over"

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Chorus:

The silence isn't over, but the Flesh decrepitate  
no time to hesitate, anticipation, much to be done  
And it don't matter when you come  
really don't matter where you're from  
won't matter where you run

[Flesh-N-Bone]

Flesh breakin' 'em down, hittin' them up  
Bottom line with your business  
You gotta get a spot to handle it  
Nigga, no slackin', lackin', me trackin'  
Me ? is my best friendm there's my best friend  
And I really can't serve and swerve and Hennessey  
seepin' down the side of the (Cherokee Jeep)  
See the track in the back, strap 'cause them double  
double shots  
Then, niggas goes (home) to get the ? when about the  
block  
Shoot the spot, but put the muzzle on the kids who tried  
to  
Oh, I think he better not start (hurt) shit on the double  
glock, dangerous  
My niggas wanna have fun with you, man, and they  
perfect stalkers searchin'  
snatchin' up strangers, anyone  
None remaining, I get 'em all finished  
Niggas, wanna hear silence, makin' me ?, fuck it, set  
(pilliows) on fire  
Thought it was over, niggas never the silence  
I'm on the rise with a gun here I come  
Niggas ain't no muthafuckin' where to run  
fin to get you some of this redrum, find nowhere to  
hide  
Well, even though you tried, they got your body numb  
Done, done, done, 'till it be one nine ninety nine, crime  
I  
find and then a niggas reap and cath your people by  
surprise

Dropped in a hoody, would you rather spared then  
snatch your life?  
You still gonna pay the price, and I just might go pick  
up a knife and slice  
And I'll pick off any who's ?, 'til your enemy dead  
We gon' meet youm get my gun and trick or treat you  
with the bullets that fled  
and to show you it's not ?, I go to beat you

Chorus

[Flesh-N-Bone]

A niggas been flippin' scripts over and over in the past  
from the wasteland made up of heartless soldiers  
If you really bold enough, shot it, and I might blow up,  
rippin' apart they  
shoulders  
Go on', but the darkness rosed up, my people trippin'  
if you late to pay my money back on time  
And you better drop a dime or get fucked up  
And your people won't find it all funny  
Well, then if you caught in the act, and you dead wrong  
ever had to get dealt with, gimme a ny lil' reason or  
purpose  
to pack a slug right in his head; hit it  
Pain, no doubt that felt it, fuck up his health quick  
Shit, but at least it be my honor  
ever now and then a nigga felt like he had to hit 'em  
like I'm Jefferey Dahmer  
But yet I'm ready for battle, so get my armor, comin'  
for you  
Thinkin' to get you, nigga wig-split you  
What a pretty full blue moon  
On the streets to get bodies soon  
and I thought that we miss you  
Every night we actin' fool  
Better move yourself a little quicker  
fast, and if ya thought you'd get caught up in a wrath  
No place to go stash what he left for me  
Burner, hot incinerator, gotta 'em burnt to ash  
'Til he nothin' but dust, I'm gonna keep bustin', from  
cussin'  
Murda let's them pull triggers  
All of my niggas are devious  
What, you really trust a family full of gravediggas?  
Takin' no slaves, neither no prisoners  
Here, there, gotta get 'em all finished  
Anyone brave? I bet that you shiver, probably wet your  
pants  
Every chance Flesh get 'em all diminished

Chorus

[Flesh-N-Bone]

Stand up and at ease, about face, soldier  
My troops come swoopin' through to do the shootin'  
refuse to cross me, punk took a loss, G  
Didn't cost me, I'll be damned  
Now toss me the Mossy Slam and the shells  
(so the wind burn, saw a tint of light)  
?, we spill 'em, tamin' fools  
I load up my barrel, insane, who's to blame?  
Flesh deck, at they chest, oh no, won't show none  
mercy  
Betta run off in the hearse, ? have cursed on those who  
wanna hurt me  
You feelin' it worst, feelin' up far, feelin' with the fifth  
dawg  
Hear the niggas' triggers peel 'em, off in the coffin  
chalk around 'em white, bloody red  
Afta Maff, nigga, that's your ass  
Buckin' with the boss in from Cleveland, and achievin'  
goes on the west for heaven's sake I say  
Yes, he created me, made me, reach for my pistol  
(gunshot)  
and wonder where the demons clear my path  
receivin' that bullet path hit when I blast ya  
And the niggas ? will outlast ya  
Creepin on ah mo' come ups inflict for mo' cash  
Get him, gone, but wanna bring it on?  
Do you really, huh?  
No, just take a long fall in the bottomless pit  
as they see eternal droppin' down  
And hit that ground, murda mo' ya, enforcer  
forcin' your so sure we're under sure not to call it war  
with warriors  
stories of Flesh  
And I got you eye-to-eye without a sign of death for the  
most of ya

Chorus

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