

## Pras

### "Mr. Martin"

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[Akon]

Convicts, it's the convicts  
Testing one two three, we come

[Chorus: Akon]

I said call Mr. Martin, tell 'im to build a coffin  
Today is death season, a hundred MC's a get murderin  
I said call Mr. Martin, tell 'im to build a coffin  
Today is death season, a hundred soundbwoys a get  
murderin, yeah  
Lay flat, lay flat, lay flat, lay flat  
Came with a full clip I got one shot left  
Everybody lay flat, lay flat, lay flat, lay flat  
Came with a full clip I got one shot left

[Pras Michel]

Everytime I BREATHE I feel like they're killin me  
It seems death my only way to my destiny  
You see crazy the bwoy that go against my rap  
I'm like Moses when I strike down my staff  
See my wordplay, is like arts and craft  
And my gunplay will blast any Babylon in my path  
Win lose or draw, the bloodiest bath  
Fifth to the fist is the cruddiest jab  
Ever seen, pocket stays ever green  
Like Christmas trees I dismiss these  
Fool slide, close my eyes, lead the blind  
Decapitate you, ease your mind  
Haitian homes, lethal lines, it's my time, to shine  
I resurrect like Lazareth  
Baby I'ma cancel death  
Got to survive in this main maniac depression  
Fuck y'all, 'scuse my expression

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Akon]

Ticky ticky tock on my golden hen  
She layin next to this gentlemen  
Sometimes glock 9, sometimes mac-10  
Hooooo...

You see whenever she lay down she cock an alarm  
Cock cock cock, cock me lay down  
Time to lay low (time to lay low)  
Time to lay low (time to lay low)

Tick-a-tick-a-tock, tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tock  
Tick-a-tick-a-tock, tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tick-a-tock  
Let me tell 'em, yo

[Pras Michel]

Aiyyo this life ain't for livin it's for, fightin wars  
No matter what the truth is, hold on to what's yours  
Never forget the day they crucified Jesus Christ  
And the day they turned their backs on the civil rights  
Lyrically, we trained to assass' y'all  
Stash flat irons, thinner than plasmas  
Cardiac arrest, give a big man asthma  
Run for ya life if you think you got stamina  
Caught an ounce of lead, watch how Babylon spreads  
You know the type that'll run to the feds  
Never ran, never real cop Port-au-Prince  
It's an avalanche, homey you don't stand a chance  
... ants in your pants  
You wanna rock, these bullets'll make you dance  
Homies thought I'd be driven away in a black hearse  
But the first shall be last, the last be first

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

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