

## **Black Rob F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"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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