

David Hasselhoff & Gwen "Bombs Away"

Visit "[Bombs Away](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Insane)

I'm comin' straight for your goods, nigga I don't want
your lil' hoes

I seen ya smokin' opthimals in your benz at my shows
I'ma wait and be patient

Your boy was flossin' on Daytons

Caught him at the right time

Tec-9 bullets went to flyin'

One got hit in the spine, but he made it, that was luck

Y'all drawin' plans to see the man, lil' Frankie here, so
what's up?

I drew some plans of my own

Your partner's home all alone

Shouldn't have been slippin', hollow tips gone have him
sleepin' too long

Beams work better than a scope

He got a red dot on his throat

I pull the trigger, now yo niggas moppin' blood off the
floor

I'm screamin' all out wars

I'm runnin' back to my car

Bitches gone bleed to they death

For fuckin' round with a vet

I got'z to finish my mission, pipe bomb, hit the ignition

Only nigga wishin', mashin' out in the expedition

All black chucks, black jeans, and a black hoodie

Smoked out, puffin' on a Keep Movin' goody

Fully paid from jackin', I'm stackin' a nigga shit

Will invade your mansion, and snatchin' what we can
get

Guess you didn't see us comin' cuz we came in the
dark

Blew that ass up, like it's centennial park

Bombs Away!

[Chorus: J-Dawg]

Nigga, nigga Bombs Away (8x)

(Insane)

Y'all thought Insane couldn't flow

But I took control of the show

And these soldiers ain't lettin' go til' your people hit the floor
i got'z to get to your G's, cuz mine come on a freeze
I smoke a gang of that weed, then I straight be blastin' with thieves
Goin' all out for this shit
How many domes I'ma split?
I'm just a hustler from the door with a hundred chickens to get
Your day gone fade in the black
The camp be on the attack
You think it's cool? I got my strap, I blast ya clean off the map
I'm representin' Big Boy
Killer men takin' they cars
Got twenty G's, and I'm jettin'
Loaded nine, fuck a Smith & Wesson
Bullets made for cuttin' and bustin' a nigga chest
Dynamite, one light put your whole firm to rest
Hate to be the nigga had to find that bloody mess
Nose still hurtin' from inhalin' the burnt flesh
Niggas gotta wear a vest, for fuckin' round with the best
I'ma psycho sniper killa, on the foreala
Thrilla from Manila, quick to fluffin' your coffin pillow
Hit'cha for your scrilla then crack the top on the 'ze
And when you make it, tell your maker that Insane don't play
Bombs Away nigga!

(J-Dawg)
Bombs Away nigga

[sound of explosion]

Chorus

(Insane)
Soon as you thought it was over
I'm standin' over your shoulders
Right there in the middle of your crib
Got thirty seconds to live
You'll take a shank in the rib, bleed, fall to the floor
I bet you bitches never disrespect the camp no more
I roll with nathan but felons
Soon as they finish we bailin'
J-Dawg be chokin' your bitch, for all the screamin' and yellin'
Never had love for no hoes
I hit that hoe with bow-lows
She got some knots on her head

Her man about to be dead
Grab my weapon, ain't no time for guessin'
That's out of the question
Niggas tried to blast me, cop killers taught him a
lesson
Four niggas against a veteran
Can't win, in this profession
My life, be like a mission
With Tokyo ammunition
I'm wishin' I catch'em slippin'
One of them niggas missin'
Big Mitch in the other room
With a bomb strapped to the broom
We made it out to the van
He got the switch in his hand
That's the plan
Make them bitches think they gettin' away
I hit the switch in broad day, you know the camp don't
play
Bombs away nigga!

(J-Dawg)
Bombs Away

[sound of explosion]

Visit [David Hasselhoff & Gwen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.