

Main Flow

"Behind the Lines"

Visit "[Behind the Lines](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[18 second long intro skit about cops frisking for drugs]

[1- Main Flow]

It's hard to define these vets, behind the lines where
we find these threats
Chinese connects, with jets like Siamese pets
Who in your household {?} the gold
Thousand to fold, not livin life, out in the cold
Never twist blurry worry if the wrist hurry miss the jury
It's just {?} to watch "Fists of Fury"
A border scene, don't try to trap me in a submarine
Love the green, snub your team for the love between
Flex sounds, 200 down on some next pounds
And check rounds, 'spect clowns and wreck towns
Prepare the intro, low pretend don't sell the intro
Tell momento, limo to el central
We high drive, wreck my rains on I-5
Revive alive, survive dives with wise lies
Police recovery, helicopters the other see
A dozen flee, sellin big crops will cover me

[another 20 second skit, cops frisking people]

[2- Main Flow]

Check out my flowcharts, low hold starts like Mozart
Pose arts and blow darts to Bogarts
to force the 80 men, subterranean, move your lady in
Shady blend, 80 wins, Mercedes Benz
Crime toss, {?} the boss, clappin the sauce
Opposite cross, rap with the force, chop shop hit a loss
Tone detail, sold in retail
Hold heats well, cheats sell, gold to eat well
Toastin shit, whenever it's appropriate
Number one associate, let's see how close it get
Knock a tail, hoppin up the block to chill
Rock a mill', coppin my daughter a cockatiel
We operate, no minutes late, phonin the gate
Home of the safe, Roman estates, blown dome if you
wait
You know my steez, first reverse who happen to leak

search

When leaves burst we travel to Caesar's

[scratching]

[3 - Main Flow]

Who bring the brand new, lyrics get ran through when I
land to

Bamboo, niggaz ramble, a hundred grand blew

No facts, flow with a ax, go with the tracks

Know when to lax, 'dro in the packs, cats owin me backs

Blow smoke, I know a slowpoke, too low to go broke

And ain't no joke, and love the 'dro choke

We block pagers, stages for the rock of ages

Stop wages, we'll mosh for the locks of cages

Slow remain after the rain like Coltrane

The flow slang, expose game on dope planes

Get your {?} slapped, cash and ran raps, your plan
tapped

And your hand dapped, of course you layin track

Big money style, my niggaz gettin funny trials

Honey child, is a.k.a. sunny now

Dry lips, got dips, returnin from the pot trips

Princess Di whips, sit back and watch the fly clips

[skit for 85 seconds about Italian dons and drugs until
the end]

Visit [Main Flow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.