

Manuela Weiden

"Fatal Blow"

Visit "[Fatal Blow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Next Song is Fatal Blow
The yeah yeah yeah, Black Market
X-raided in the house
We break it down

(Chorus)
Tell me who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)
Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)

We pass the microphone back and fourth like chronic
Twisted linguistics, no english, just spanish and
ebonics
Criminalistic thug luv aint a damn thang changed
And most kickin potent shit that fucks up brains
Now im a ellaborate the first one
First we collaborated and built a bomb
Now its time to detonate it
A nigga we kickin americas ass like vietnam
Nationwide be it bump from cali to kingdom com
X-Raided's a veteran in this nor cali rap field
Decapitatin motherfuckers wit this lyrical sword I build
Medieval on that ass, chop off your tongue, pull out
your teeth
Youll never rap again, fuck up your voice, like D-O-C
Cause X-Raided dont play no games
But them deadly kinds
Lyrical combatic release the verbal acrobatics from a
deadly mind
I fuck wit fellas and people wit major melan-in
And all the remainin get hit wit the automatic flamin
Now

(Chorus)
Tell me who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)
Tell me who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body) (Bitch)
Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)

Tell me who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)

My mental state aint never been straight
Wit the draw like desparados
Who get away in old school chevys'
Pressin heavy on the throttle
Empty bottles of hennesy
And my eye out for the riders
We yell fuck the P-D
Yeah thats the motto
We callin on all thugs
No fakes, murder for hire
Paper chases, we callin more races
Wipin out these disses of haters
Deliverin fatal blows, vital sign turned flat line
And ??????
Get gone like 9-9, fine line
Borderin on the safe, should of been rules up in this
shit
And niggas like us done made a name up in this shit
And we could feel the rage up in this shit
So feel me i'm ready, lets go
Toe to toe, blow for blow, dumpin four fours
Aint no turnin back dawg really
Only bitches bow down
And in my town, you throw pistol
You better release all your rounds
We organized keepin killas on a payrolla
Dumpin fatal blows on black market like some soldiers
Now really nigga

(Chorus)

Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)
Tell me who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body) (bitch)
Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)
Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)

I get in your head like a migraine, nine ruger
Eat up your brain like a mind tumor
Quick to pursue you
On a high speed leave you D-O-A
Dead on Arrival
And Im your rival like Dennis hopper is Keauna Reaves
I go no lower than fifty's, right
And im ridin on do or die
Creep on your spot

And blow it up like the cage and the rock
Quick to get a gage and cock it
Blast off like rockets from NASA
Bullets black pits on that ass
And make michael johnson run faster
Smashin bullshit like matadors
Run up nigga todo
Cell lay where you hit the floor
The holes in your torsoe
You better duck we comin
Deep as seven seven regis
Blowin up niggas stomachs
Like feedin alcaseltzer to seagulls
And we take flight like eagles
When its time to hit that ass
I'm lyrically harder
Than an escape attempt from alcatraz
Think you can win come and try me
I'll have you in a I-C-U wit gasoline up in your I-V
I light a match
And put it up under your nose
And dare you to breathe
Caboom, brains all over the room
Cause your stupid ass sneezed
Squeeze the trigga
On a mental fourty four that I packed
No retreat, no surrender when black market attacks
Deliverin fatal blows

(Chorus)

Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)
Tell me who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body) (bitch)
Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)
Who could fuck wit my thugs (nobody)
Pumpin hollow high slugs (in your body)

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