

I'll Still Kill (Prod. By DJ Khalil)

50 Cent

Oh, don't even look at me wrong
When I come through the hood
Ain't nothin' changed, still holla at my homies
Oh, and when I hit the block, I still will kill And I don't want, nigga, but I will
If I got to kill
If niggas get to fuckin' around
If niggas get to fuckin' around Respect come from admiration and fear
You can admire me if you can catch one in your wig
You see the Testarossa, the toaster's right on my lap
So if a nigga get out of line, a nigga get clapped I got an arsenal, a infantry, I'm built for this mentally
That's why I'm the general, I do what they pretend to do
Front on me now, nigga, I'll be the end of you
Forget ya enemies and think of what'cha friends'll do
I drop a bag off, then let a mag off
The Heckler & Koch'll tear half of your ass off
I'm not for the games, I'm not for all the playin'
The hollow tips rain when I unleash the pain Get the message from the lions or get the message from the nine
Paint a picture wit' words, you can see when I shine
Put my back on the wall, nigga, watch me go for mine
I let twenty-one shots off at the same time, yeah Oh, don't even look at me wrong
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Where I'm from death is always in the air homie
Nanna love me so you know she say my prayers for me
I come creepin' through the hood wearin' Teflon
Hit the corners motherfuckers get left on Niggas know, if not, they better check my background
Try and stick me, I fill ya back wit' mac rounds
Ask 'Preme nigga, 50 don't back down
I keep it funky like fiends in a crack house Cross the line, boy, I'mma air your ass out
Screw ya face at me, I wan' know what that's 'bout
Nigga, I know you ain't mad, I done came up
And if you are, fuck you 'cause I ain't change up The O.G.'s wanna talk but I don't know these niggas
And I ain't did no business wit' 'em, I don't owe these niggas
A minute of my time, I get it 'cause I grind
All across the globe like the world's mine, yeah Oh, don't even look at me wrong

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If I got to kill
If niggas get to fuckin' around
If niggas get to fuckin' around Konvict
Now tell me have you ever looked up at an instance
And seen a mac aimin' at'cha head, mayne?
Before you know what life is flashin' and reminiscin' Your body is drippin' and full of lead, mayne
I done been there, I done cocked that
It ain't never been a question, I'm 'bout that
Don't go there, you can cock that And if you plan to fuck around then reroute that
You'll never catch me ridin' around on these streets
Without a couple metal pieces under my feet
Fully automatic weapons and loaded wit' dumb-d's Stashed up under the carpet like a can of Seabreeze
50 don't make me ride on these niggas
'Cause I will kill, dip and hide on these niggas
50 don't make me ride on these niggas
'Cause I'll be long gone like the Ripper So don't even look at me wrong
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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