

# Tools

## Anybody Killa

I wanna know where the fuck are my down ass underground killas  
Straight cap peelas  
Walking the earth, been mean since birth  
Taking every damn thing in sight that's worth  
Somebody stabbing you in the back, for a pebble of crack  
Eastside bitches like that  
Sometimes I feel that I can't eat, can't sleep  
Put me in a hole baby 6 feet deep  
Better yet, just leave me alone  
I've survived this long with a microphone  
Roaming the streets, mean mugging police  
Left hand on my nuts right gripping a piece  
So now I feel that I owe it to ya'll  
You're the reason that I'm here instead of dead and gone  
And don't think that I'm here to stress you out  
I just wanna let you know what I'm about  
(Chorus x2) (Blaze Ya Dead Homie)  
Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains  
These are all the things that a G brings  
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral  
Streets is crucial, competition zero  
Face facts, do the math  
You can try to relax but this killa ain't like that  
Wait a minute let me tell the truth  
I'm relaxed like a mothafucka tomahawking a fool  
Walk away just keeping my cool  
Like I'm sneaking in line at a big venue  
No traits, no motive, nobody, no clue  
Yo Blaze am I right? (WOOP WOOP)  
That's what the fuck I've been trying to say  
Me and my whole damn family acting murderous ways  
That's why we only gather once a year  
Because the world really can't afford to disappear  
So now we all break bread never misled  
And the drama that I bring you will never forget  
And the ones that's down no matter where you're at  
I'm just here to let you know that I got your back  
(Chorus x2) (Blaze Ya Dead Homie)  
Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains

These are all the things that a G brings  
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral  
Streets is crucial, competition zero  
(Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

I'm bored as the come, homie don't be slipping acting dumb  
Shove the pistol in your mouth slightly quicker than some  
The streets are talking I be listening, hearing  
Repping for my thugs who got nothing to be fearing  
Ask me if I ever been jacked, I've been screwed and taxed, don't ask  
Some suckas with two little stripes to attack  
Mothafuckas ain't shit, I'm a soldier  
Drag bodies into coffins by they bitch ass shoulders  
Middle name Murda, Colton Grundy the rest  
You see me packing a gun in the vest  
Now do your best to stay alive, I ain't never gonna die  
Eternal like the galaxy, who wanna try?  
Me, I tell you one more time right I foze for mine  
Ain't no way ain't anybody gonna stop my shine  
Do the drivebys bitch smacking hoes and robberys  
I do it for the streets and the money, show respect  
(Chorus x4) (Blaze Ya Dead Homie)  
Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains  
These are all the things that a G brings  
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral  
Streets is crucial, competition zero

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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