44 Cal Killa

Benzino

Haven't you ever heard
(Trackmasters)
A Killa
Zino, 44 Caliber Killa
Face, young McNeil
44 Caliber Killa
I keep the heat close by, come through

On any block start dumping Zino
Don't stop, stop frontin' 44 reasons
To hit you with a gurvin' while your fam's sleepin'
(Nice man)

Why your man's bleedin'
(Have his ass leakin')
Gotta face the reaper

Prepare for the worst
The only thing certain right now

You leavin' in a hearse

No negotiating time's up rhyme's up I'm gon split ya, 44'll hit ya I'm the 44 Caliber Killa Every day you run inside

Niggas better hide from the 44 Caliber Killa He'll tie you up quick, get your throat slit He's the 44 Caliber Killa, he comin' through

> Your hood kickin' down your door He's the 44 Caliber Killa

Killin' pain from the lane, came infrared You've been shot by the 44 Caliber Killa I keep the 44 cocked for fools

The Son of Sam the serial killa

(Lock your doors)

I got a bottle nigga cock and shoot
I do this for respect honey and not for loot
I got you stuck in the game and you can't win it
'Cause I'm a made man known to hang men
Scarface back at ya with the hard shit and bullshittin'
Me get you brought in so back

The fuck up with that tough talk honey
I know y'all nigga and y'all don't want me
I'm a gangsta in his true form, let it be heard

I got niggas from the wild, wild to the 73rd All I gotta do is give 'em the word And your ass is in a meat wagon With your forehead saggin' I'm tellin' y'all these streets is cold Eat your ass up piece by piece Shit you out whole the return of the invincible nigga It's the 44 Caliber Killa Every day you run inside Niggas better hide from the 44 Caliber Killa He'll tie you up quick, get your throat slit He's the 44 Caliber Killa, he comin' through Your hood kickin' down your door He's the 44 Caliber Killa Killin' pain from the lane, came infrared You've been shot by the 44 Caliber Killa

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