

# Killaz

## Slaughterhouse

I'm not afraid of the storm, no  
It seems like you're slipping away  
I'm not afraid of the storm, no  
I'm not afraid of the storm  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(I love you, baby)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(You're so sexy)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa  
Uhh, I'm in love with this pep  
Switch a nigga up, put a thug in a dress  
Chop a nigga head off, pick his head up  
Turn it upside down, drink his blood from his neck  
Uhh, I fly across you with the Coupe now  
I'm fire, the fire marshal shut the booth down  
Uh, you fuckin' with a killa  
Take your body, rape your body, dump it in the river  
Turn myself in then, beat the case for it then  
Turn around and put I really did it on my Twitter  
Uhh, I'm a fucked up, nigga  
Pill poppin', everybody fucked up with us  
Me and Joey the cottonmouth kings  
(I love you, baby)  
What the fuck you talkin' 'bout? Sing  
Uhh, uh, I'm fuckin' with a killa  
(So crazy)  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa  
First the clouds form, then they dark in the sky  
Then the heavens roar when a couple of them collide  
Then the most toxic rain landed on my  
Caesar then Jesus Christ, the storm arrive  
6 foot somethin' made of Spanish descent  
What I write is fresh air like my hand's in a vent  
Y'all 'bout to be lost like you don't know where your manager went  
That's just a heads up 'cause none of y'all was plannin' a vic  
I'm from the projects, Grey Goose, a crate on the bench

Mike's Hard Lemonade'll get you amateurs bent  
Where I'm from they don't hesitate the cannon that spits  
Stand by the wrong man and watch your thoughts land on a fence  
I'm the voice of the gutter where your boys serve your mother  
And the noise from a clucker puts your boy on a cover  
We annoy undercovers 'cause they never put on, we from the hood  
We don't snitch boy we weather the storm, we some killaz  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(I love you, baby)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(You're so sexy)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa  
I'm comin' with flash just to blast your face mask  
Bullets flyin' faster than the NASA spacecraft  
Get half your face smashed by the click clack  
The impact's a passion of massive plane crash  
The mic minister write literature, rhyme sinister  
Might injure, your nine endin' your life when it's the  
Prime miniature time witness the prime  
Innocent lives kissin' goodbye, picture the I, givin' a fuck  
The truth walkin' just walked in the booth talkin'  
Too often I put a hot beat in a new coffin  
For instrumentals I dig a grave then drop so many bars  
Around you when you listen feel like you in a cage  
Niggaz styles is sour, you makin' lemonade  
Take a thousand hours to write, our rhymes minute made  
Me, Joey and Joell leave you crippled  
Motherfuck five cents but we'll kill you over Nickel, we some killaz  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(I love you, baby)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(You're so sexy)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa  
I disagreed with my shadow when he got on Twitter  
(so I)  
Don't like bein' followed so I shot that nigga  
A known loner, that's backwards  
I'm a loner that's known to attempt to put a comber in a coma  
You lookin' at the prime suspect, with enough stress  
If you can give a fluck then I can give fluck less  
Obsessed with who I struck next so I set it for  
Success when I spit 'cause the vic is my next metaphor  
Self-destructive mixed with light lies

If, you lookin' for psychotic, I got it or don't  
Maybe y'all are retarded, absurd  
And I observe while the whole world tries to act reserved  
Need a Oscar, I'll put on an act that's superb  
Everybody relax, it's words, maybe it's not  
It's gotta be reasonable doubt but  
Reason don't come out my mouth, I let it come out of hers  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa

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