Killaz Theme

Cormega

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, right, part the crowd like the red sea
Let's fight to this, don't even tempt meWe wanna kill you, make y'all niggaz
Fight to this, we wanna kill youEh-yo, peace to our way of life, hats off to all the trife
Let's toast to fully autos and foot long knives specially for stacks
Of green packs, my outfit ah perform, so blow all stained raps
Now let me take y'all niggaz back to my basics of this
Ya ancient to flip, fag catch a face lift, my shank do remarkableThings for fakeness, my whole mobb got the same patience
Throw on your tracks eight to six, and make moves
Like a space ship, we pack places, infamous bangs ya nation
Ya light at the weight station that weak shit need replacingPut this in heavy rotation, overdose music, it's therapeutic to the user
Driving wild under the influence of this, careful, 'cuz ya might
Just crash ya shit, total ya whip and still pull my tape out
The deck, me and Mobb tryin' to connect like thirty thousand dollarYo, my drug cliental was bringing me money well, smoking Buddha
l's and weed so good, they leave a funny smell, niggaz scooping me
Hoping police is close to me, mega regulatin', the way shit's
Supposed to be, gold chain choking me, cocaine provoking me
To live my destiny, jacuzzi water soaking me, floating in smokyDurango, doing my thing yo, my mac milli, sweeter than a mango
Son, you know the drilly, the drama is a part of me, did time
For cocaine, nines and armed robbery, my rhyme written
Graffiti is a live nigga prophecy, mega poetic rhymes are like dimes
But no credit, I leave ya mind paralyzed dun, but don't wet itScarface persona, I acquired a taste for drama and I embrace this
Real shit, you banned from the projects, your love here, ancient
Fuck that, yo, I'ma see you, nigga, you transperant see through
Rhymes fully automated, you semi crime related, Cormega
And Mobb Deep rhyme amazing, thug shit you can't fuck with, what?Fuck ya, bullshit rep, nigga you ass bet, talking all that shit
Don't even got cash yet, I floss, try to get away, no gats tossed

Got drama with my click, I'ma take it to the source, QBC
Representative, I'm just trying to live if I can't get to you
I'ma take it to ya kids, spray ya crib, fuck it son, something gotta giveIf I can't live then ain't nothing gonna live, that's dead ass
But to put this whole shit in a smash, you real, hit that ass
Up on four wheels, all jokes aside, you goin' squeal like them
Other rappers, you know, we kick the truth, you wanna clap us
I got this, strictly out the mouth nothing but hot shit, pop shitYou couldn't fuck this when we drop shit, you helpless
Put your whole shit outta service, put on some old shit
Thank God for this, yo, if it wasn't them niggaz like us
You just be ash dust, hustling for petty kid cash, come on, know
You know, I know, when it comes to gats, I'ma a hoeNever bite my tongue, let them player haters know how we coming
Straight coming through while you running, get done-ed
Have that ass shaking like a bitch when she coming, one in a mil
Slip that ass like a Mickie, it's fifty-fifty fucking with this
Nigga just come and get me, no doubt..We wanna kill you, that's right
We wanna kill you, no doubt, that's right
We wanna kill you, no doubt, that's right
We wanna kill you, no doubt, that's rightWe wanna kill you, no doubt, that's right
We wanna kill you, no doubt, that's right
We wanna kill you, no doubt, that's right
We wanna kill you, no doubt, that's right

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