

Close Call

Anybody Killa

[Anybody Killa:]

Right Place,

Right Time,

Close Call,

What Does It Matta?

Clean get away keeping my dirty pockets fatter

Smooth operation plans well thought out

Hands in the air is what I'm talking about

No doubt call me a warrior, running with a hatchet,

The one crazy native representing Psychopathic

Down for the D cause the D is where I struggle

Underground, wicked shit Motha Fackooo! [Chorus:] (2x)

Do you want that native shit?

(Yes we want that native shit!)

Do you want that crazy shit?

(Yes we want that crazy shit!)

Do you want that wickid shit?

(Yes we want that wickid shit!) "Twenty thousand hardcore members, fourty thousand county affiliates, and twenty thousand more not organized, but ready to fight, sixty thousand soldiers. Now they ain't but twenty thousand police in the whole town, can you dig it? Can you dig it? CAN YOU DIG IT!??

Do you run with the hatchet?

(Yes we run with the hatchet!) LYRICS BY: Billy Decker

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