

Kill Yourself

Timbaland

Get out
Get out!
You can't be in here
You have to get out
I implore you
Please
Please
You're all going to die down here[Timbaland]
It's life or death
Either one
The king is back
Take heed and run
I piss and take a shit on your beat for fun
I killed the game
I ain't even use a gun
Who better than me?
Don't make me laugh
I run this shit; they just chase my ass
I ain't talkin' shit, nigga
Just tellin' the facts
I think all the tracks I'm hearin' from niggas is whack
I be hearin' these niggas
What they say in they rhymes
I took my spot; nobody gave me mine
I make the beats that boom boom boom in they trunks
You disagree, homey? Then go on and jump
You can bump your gum
You can say what you want
That's all you gon' do 'cause you niggas is punks
I'm number one; you ain't nothin' but shit
When they need a hit, I would become to get
Talk to me[Chorus]
If you got love for me, I got love for you
If you don't fuck wit' me, I won't fuck wit' you
We can do it however you wanna do
Nigga, if you don't fuck wit' me, I won't fuck wit' you
Go on ahead
Kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself
Go on, kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself

If I was you, I wouldn't feel myself
Go on, kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself
Go on, kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself
If I was you, I wouldn't feel myself I'm tired of niggas
Niggas is tired
You ain't a G
I see bitch in your eyes
If you close to me
You supposed to be
But most of you rap niggas is hos to me
Wherever you from
The question I ask
Is do you think I give a fuck?
Riddle me that
'Cause in my hood, and you jump into hell and back
This industry shit - to hell wit' that
I seen 'em come, I seen 'em go
I doubt if you can show me somethin' I ain't seen before
Who supposed to be in charge? I need to know
When I shake your hand, I'm a step on your toe
Go get ya gun, go get ya click
I'm a be right here chillin' wit' yo' bitch
You mad at me 'cause I'm gettin' rich
Well, put the pistol to your head and empty the clip
Pop, nigga! [Chorus] See my heart
Feel my pain
Some is stars, some is lames
How they follow little trends to get they fame
I ain't snappin' my damn fingers to get in the game
You claim you rich
Show me, son
If you got so many dollas, then loan me one
Fools think they killas - they own a gun
When you know you 'bout as sweet as a honey bun
Trash your broads behind a bar
Like you dat dude frontin' hard
VIP bands don't make you a star
Like we really still don't know who the fuck you are
Don't talk behind my back, just call me nigga
Move my heart to the side
Make room to forgive ya
If you still wanna hang
We'll come to get ya
Put the rope around your neck and jump, my nigga! You're all going to die down here
Get out

Get out
You can't be in here
You're all going to die down here

Songwriters

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