

# Kill 'Em (feat. Cam'Ron)

## Juelz Santana

Dude come on, you know what you gotta do this time around...Kill 'em[Hook]

You niggas ain't nuthin...Kill 'em

You niggas is frontin'...Kill 'em

You niggas don't want it

Kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em

My niggas they get it...money

Ya'll niggas can't get it...money

We'll kill ya to get it...

Money, money, money, money[Verse 1 - Juelz Sanatana]

It's like everything I'm doing is gangsta

My whole movement is gangsta, I maneuver with gangstas

I put the T-are-you into gangstur, I'm a nuisance to gangstas

I be shootin' at gangstas...Kill 'em

If he blink wrong...Kill 'em

If he think wrong...Kill 'em

Show this muthafucka these ain't no paintballs...Kill 'em

Put his 8 ball, dead in the side pocket

Some lead from a hot rocket, left in his side pocket...Kill 'em

Fuck a microwave, that'll turn his head into a hot pocket

I'm begging you, ock stop it, cause never do I stop it

Whenever do I pop it, I kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em

Yeah, I lay around all day, with the pound all day

Dog, I don't play around all day, no

I pop up with the glock, like it's groundhog's day

And then I let a round off maynn

Now how that sound off maynn, when that pound go bang

Ya face chow ol mein, byeeee....chow lo mein

I'm great, when you see me, bow 'ol maynn[Hook 2x][Verse 2 - Juelz Santana]

When the glock go bang, when the shot go bang

All you goin' hear is kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em

And I'm not no game, I pop those thangs

All you goin' hear is kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em

For them nachos, I'll kill ya, for my block yo, I'll kill ya

Let this nigga know he's not no guerilla

And that's not no chinchilla, that's a chopped up gorilla

That they chopped up to get ya, and you bought it, killa

This is not a real nigga, he is not in my picture

I eat lobster for dinner, he got spam on his plate

He got ham on his plate, I don't eat pork

Hand me some steak, nigga hand me some cake  
'Fore I hand you a eight, like a muthafuckin' hand that you shake...bitch  
Give you five nigga, I'm alive nigga  
Who, what, where, when ,why nigga, I nigga...Kill 'em[Hook][Verse 3 - Cam'Ron]  
What's my name...Killa, who I be with...Killas  
What them bitches say...Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa  
There go a cat fight, bitches they spar for dome  
In the car they foam, never seen cars with phones  
Santana, I give any part to homes  
Eye ear heart or bone, back out the orange cones  
Even though I go right at the Sergeant's dome  
Right with my orange stones, we aren't home  
Get moving and took out, I'm using the hood route  
Hustla please, man you was the lookout  
Man just lookout, I'ma raging bull, with amazing ??, so I'm Paid in Full  
But this no movie prop, doggy this the oozie rod  
That leave ya cutie rootie, tootie, lil bootie pac  
This my dutie doc, you try to sue me, stop  
How you judge me, I get Judge Judy shot  
Now sue me ox, I just lay and smile  
I'll rape ya child, they won't make the trial...Killa, Killa, Santana, Dipset, Killa

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JAMES, LARON L. / ROBINSON, RASHAD / GILES, CAMERONPublished by

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