

# City Of Killers

## Z-ro

[Bam]

Trying to feel my inside soul, cause a angel told me its cold  
But ain't no way I can fold, with a pair of nuts this damn swoll  
Cause where a nigga was raised, don't nobody play games  
Its like your life is a sweet, and reality's the flame  
So why the fuck you trying to torture, with that dip in the middle  
It's like I'm swallowing mighty bites, while you be nibbling on skittles  
Cause this city we in, it ain't no such thing as friends  
And once it comes down to paper, you down to bump off your kin  
You think I'm lying, what thoughts be in my head as I walk around  
So now you know when you see me, why my face is quick to chalk a frown  
Cause I don't trust nobody, nope not a god damn soul  
So now you know I'm a hog, from high to a deep level of cold  
Thinking why niggas let me broke, in this city of Houston  
But ain't no stopping Bam, I'ma keep my ego to boosting  
Cause I got a bunch of fans that love me, and bitches that jock  
I got killas in my click, and I keep thugs on my block

[Hook 1: x2]

I'm just letting you know don't test me, I'm with my chrome  
I'm still in my ghetto peel, I'm more than your average nigga  
From that Maab, lookin out the house with a bed with a bullet in the way  
That click your spine and now you crying, cause you realize  
That your dick, can't even get hard

[Trae]

Who the hell could it be, peeping on me  
T to the R to the motherfucking A-E  
Killas that's like mad trucks with a bust, better duck  
Who the fuck running up so nigga what, 'fore I leave my star full of that heat  
Gotta watch my back, 'fore I be alone  
That shit is gon fall, and the while back me up  
To the sides shapey grin, gotta know get enough for them  
That T to the E to the E to the A  
Its going down South Klique, what you wanna do  
Bitch throwing up my set, infrareds to your chest with a mess  
Now stop you drop, like sweat it out my face  
What killas want right behind me, (I think you lying) so try me  
These hater-fied niggas don't play

Cut in all my killas, till the day I'm dead and deceased  
It'll be, us niggas out Houston won't ever fade  
What I'm all about, hoping with open kicking eyes open, peeping  
I gotta be scopeing better keep wishing, G's on these streets be low  
Till the point of my life I can't go, got hatred not cause a hoe  
K-I double L-A-K-L-A-N to the B to the A to the M, gotta represent  
Never know with a lifestyle, with a five dolla with a mile  
Gotta get my life be twisting thoughts, a thought in the vault  
You can't forget and you feel the anger, with one in the chamber  
Grill in the back, but its your, me and T.A.Z. on the regular  
My K, fives don't give a damn to hustle so  
Can't change on my feet to the dip, dropping tops  
Till the playa get a hit, to the drink to the brain get me crunk  
Get a boost can't tougher shit, city of killas and it get loose

[Hook 2]

Fuck around and pull out my AK, and bust yo ass in the head  
I'm trying to leave you dead, with an infrared  
I never be giving a fuck abooooout, you  
It got me going me crazy, got a nigga going crazy  
Got me going crazy, crazy

[T.A.Z.]

T.A.Z. the all mighty devil, specialize in the methods of torture  
So stepping without a weapon's not a good idea, just thought I'd warn you  
I'm not your average nigga I'm a Guerilla, just look at the frown on face  
Running with the pack, ready to attack  
Fucked up, and get your whole crew erased  
If you think I'm playing, come test me  
Better catch me slipping, to get the best of me  
Deadly, when me toss this K to you  
Focused and keep my aim steady, cause its serious  
And I run with killas, dealas and guerillas coming to get you  
Better make a move fast, when I blast  
With no feelings, with a firm grip on my trigga  
Open fire with no hesitation, infiltrating start eliminating  
Your troops execution style, leaving em face down on the pavement  
A career with them here, look em up and let's see who's the boss  
Watching it get raw, coming home with three hitter quitters  
That'll beat you up from the back gone, making niggas mind  
Representing Guerilla Maab to the fullest, let me pull it  
To the made a mistake, and try to give me a break  
And then use it when you pull it, in the city of killas  
Only the tough and the strong and those who have hearts survive

Guerilla Maab's on the rise, nigga

[Hook 1: x2]

[Z-Ro]

Got my glock 44, and I think to myself  
A murdering, I'm gon grow  
But I got the fever, for the favor of a big pocket  
And a blue white, come with the look so sneaky  
I major in at 175 pounds, ?then I'm gone in a few minutes?  
Around when I come around, in red Chucks  
But a nigga can't even see me or hear me, fear me  
When I'm in a zone of depression, gotta get a crib  
Gotta get a Lac, but I can't get a job  
But I really gotta get a weapon, then I be stepping  
Really be stepping, and a motherfucker temper  
Start motivation draining, really bumping the fat  
And your shit'll get up out your purse  
Everything I see, I'm claiming as mine  
With a motherfucking nine, you don't give and dump  
Nigga we got good skills, and running endo in  
You don't wanna meet that E, really beat your feet  
Cause I don't hesitate, to pull a tre-8 to the chest plate  
Then I want a rake to scrape the plate, with a mouth full of diamonds  
And the fifth wheel, be steady reclining  
Cause I got ends on a All Star Lex at first  
84's and boulder blocks, elbows shining  
Charging don't give it up, what it takes don't never retire  
Gotta get the glock, cause I gotta be making my money  
By robbing and stealing, drug dealing try to make a million  
And plus thinking bout feddy, and running my city  
In the city of killers

[Hook 1: x2]

[Hook 2]

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