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]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/