I'll Kill You

X Japan

[Triple C]Big Bow, 13 motherfucker
Big Bow, 13
[Triple C]Another jam from the mind of the double D
I put it down for the homies and the Central Coast Family
Some wicked shit pounding out your box
A little something to bump when you're cooking them rocks
We all got our own ways of making the green
You do whatever it takes to get up onto the scene
I do what I do, staying true to the blue
Southside 13, what about you fool?
Run and hide and get out your map
Leva motherfuckers from the other side to the tracks
I never forgive and punk I never forget
It ain't over motherfuckers, no not just yet
Move out of scene, I knew you would leave
I got another motherfucking trick up my sleeve
Smoke you like a roach, can I make it last?
Like a quick half ounce, another thing from the past
You're the kind of motherfucker talking shit bitch
I'm the kind of motherfucker making the hit list
When I see you in the street you better run and cover
'cause if I pull out my gat, I shoot to kill motherfucker
[Lil' Rob]It's the Lil' Rob
Known like the mob 'cause I be dropping them hits
Giving it till you whores can't stand, giving it till your heart quits
It's open, hoping for another chance
Fuck that fat hyna, it's ain't over till the hyna dance
Glance at a man with no worries, full of teary
Riddle at me, loose, hang you fools from a noose
Then light you up on fire, put away my lighter
Fuck the fucking Devil, I'm the one that he admires
Inquiring minds want to know
How the fuck we can be so fucking sick and quick to stick pussy

The cheif enemies got the remedy
To make more enemies than anybody in the pen with a felony
Now you're mad at me
I'm just glad we had the chance to be friendly before I killed you fucking family
Say you're understanding me, fool you ain't no man to me

Pulling petty crimes, thinking that you're gonna flatter me
Bitch I could give a fuck about what you're doing
I could give a fuck about what, who that you flew
Make you sick like the flu, I know how to spook you
All it takes is a bullet, you'll be shaking in your shoes
What kind of death do you choose? Homicide or suicide?
Circle one, call me Gato 'cause the cat got your toungue
Ese young, 21, people saying that I'm done
But the more shit that you talk, the more fun has begun
Leave your ass rung, let alone your ass hung
Chop you up with my machete with my hockey mask on
Better yet I'll paint my face up like Dead Presidents
In your neighborhood, nothing but dead residents
When I get through with them, set them up and have a brew with them
While the juras wondering what to do with them
'cause there's so many of them, God must not have loved them
'cause he let me do what I did, close their eye lids
[Mr. Shadow]Now who be batty, coming trying to diss my skills
It's that evil-minded demon, shoving fools under the hills
Motherfuckers try to run but they can never hide, I find em
Putting the bullets in, hollow tips and I blind em
Shadow be that one bald-headed fool ready to bust
The man of steel who turns his rivals into fucking dust
I must admit to all the shit that I commited
All the fucking bodies and the craniums that I splitted
I spitted many rhymes, I flipped so many sounds
Take these fools into depressions like the year of 95
Homicide got me tripping
That's why I'm loading a clip
Motherfuckers trying to trip
They end up looking just like shit

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/