Killa

Cam'ron & Vado

Before we get into this Killa Season
Let's start this shit off with my man 40 CalWho am I? 40 Cal. motherfucker
Gat to your back, get down motherfucker
Clown motherfucker
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)
Let me try to explain
I shoot his truck up just to drive him insane
Give his Rover the new name, the firing range
When we see you yell fire and aim
Cause when I fire them thangs it's like
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)
I gotta watch who wit me, watch who pretty
Drop two-fitty on a hot new Bentley
But when it come to drops say he cop too many like, damn
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)
Down with wonderful Cal. {they make Hummers in brown?}
Nah I just shitted on you, even haters lovin my style
I'm a role model, I make the hustlers proud
I make the customers smile
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)
Catch me in them thangs with Jennifer, BM's with Olivia
If it ain't Vivica or somebody sim-i-lar
Comin down the block the suspense is killin ya like, wow
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)
That's Cal. we see him {we see him} we leavin {we leavin}
He schemin, he be beastin
Heard he kill people, we believe him
Oh shit he's reachin
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)
Killa! ... Killa!Dial Killa for murder once, no redial
Just see child, the OG style and how I used to be wild
This the story of Cameron Ezike Giles one way road to the P now
Yea the whoscal, ohh child you wasn't there
Zeek snitched? If he did, I'd be doing a hundred years
Did the interstate, big cities, tiny ones
Took over niggas towns, black tie, tiny bums
Handsome hoods, pretty thugs, but we grimy dun
Cars, cribs, money, had to find me some
Zeek right behind me dun dun, he play by all the rules

That's why the house is his, the cars, all the jewels
Ya'll niggas all are fools, your regular married with children
Dog, nine to five, office pool
Couldn't live that life, I need a loft and pool
I had too much class, I ain't report to school
If they report to school, I caught the stool, extort the fool
Took off his jewels, thought he cool, gun to mouth, they often drool
Fuckin wit this wolf, this should be taught to you
Ya money don't matter, what you can't afford to do
Is fuck wit me dawg, that could be affordable
Hide ya mom, police protection, that's when I'm cordial
Cars convertible, TVs are portable
Fiends on line, coke lines, they come and snort a few
Killa!
(Killa!)
Guns, cars, bitches, and (Killa!)
Weed, smoke, dope (Killa!)
Glocks, ox ockin I'm cocked (Killa!)
Cam, fam, damn, it's (Killa!)
Season and the reason you breathin (Killa!)
Who buy out the bar though? (Killa!)
Who far from a star but they car is Gallardo? (Killa!)I was forced to eat, anything you lost I keep
Shot the fifth, and then like a Piston, toss the Heat (Bye)
Now round the corner, up the block, cross the street
Up fifty flights, iight where the bosses meet
And the Porsche is peach, felt like Boston George
Left Boston Market, did deals on Boston Beach
Now I bought the beach, all because they applaud my speech
One nigga crossed the chief I know you heard he lost his teeth, and it's
Killa!(Killa!)
Guns, cars, bitches, and (Killa!)
Weed, smoke, dope (Killa!)
Glocks, ox ockin I'm cocked (Killa!)
Cam, fam, damn, it's (Killa!)
Season and the reason you breathin (Killa!)
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