

Kill Em Off (feat. Gonzoe & Tech9ne)

Yukmouth

[Intro: Gonzoe]

Yes yes, whuttup mayn, It's the Regime man welcome to our world
Ha ha ha, yeh, you ready, you ready Yuk, you know I'm ready, kill 'em off
Ready, let's do this shit[Verse-1: Gonzoe]
If you niggaz hate me, why don't you face me
If you love me, then embrace me
No words from me, I let the case speak
White sheets all on your block, who callin' the shots
We hit that man first then his faculty drop
I went, 2Pac on 'em, showed 'em what I had for 'em
Had the whole porch glowin', out the super sports showing
Our man power, make workers out of cowards
Focus leave a nigga beans, smokin' every hour
Gun shots get louder, over blocks and the powder
Whole spots get surrounded, whatever breathin' we jailin'
Gonzoe spend your money, for you bitch ass can count it
Lovin' my Regime life, California violence
Put a nigga in the ground, like I ambush the sirens
You pull me over; you get more then the drunk drivers
South Central, survivor, hustler, kuniva
Outlaw gang nigga, Regime ridah[Chorus: Kris Kaliko]
We catchin 'em slippin' and war ain't no big games
See they high, cause inside, I see you shivering
We pull them guns they run, when that lead came[Pre-verse Ad-Libs: Kris Kaliko]
We kill 'em off (Echo)
Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh. Uh-Uh
Tech, Tech, Tech, N9ne N9ne, N9ne, Tech, Tech, Tech, N9ne, N9ne, N9ne
Oooooohh[Verse-2: Tech N9ne]
Surrounded, I don't know who to trust, stress might be
Demons comin' in on me tight, will I bust, yes likely
Load the cock back nigga not givin' a fuck, press tightly
Then dip to the bay parlay with my nigga Yuk, and get hyphy
This odd god is not fraud just broad knowledge
Hot bars from Oxnard to Park College
Part raw shit, part hard, and part mobbage
Awkward shit I spit, you got garbage (cha)
I've had it, you faggots, is mad at this (cha)
You rap it, we zap it, and crack if it's inadequate (cha)
Attackers with jackets snakin the bat in back of it (cha)

You rappers is wack and it's fact, this is immaculate (cha)
You slackers that got in the back to the red and black of it (cha)
You crackers we blacker than Shaq and ain't no master shit (cha)
We scrappers and hackers who mash for this (cha)
Sack of magic shit, feel the fanaticness (cha)
Regime riders kill 'em off and scatter bitch[Chorus][Pre-verse Ad-Libs: Kris Kaliko]
We Kill 'em Off[Verse-3: Yukmouth]
We, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em ALL off
Work till my nigga age and they came so to break 'em all off
Sawed up, I'll rip ya jaw off
Bitch niggaz gettin hauled off
Chop off the kid of the mob boss
And watch this slowly fall off
Nigga..
They foundation crumble in the concrete jungle
I'm raise in the struggle, ready to rumble
Shapin' bumbles that hustle, most killers humble
But I'm loud and obnoxious; Bomb your office like Bin-Laden
We kill 'em off with the choppers, I'm heartless
I'm on some don shit most of my tracks horrifying
And gothic, 2Pacalypse profit, hot shit, toxic
Mob shit, Rap-A-Lot bitch, we got it locked bitch
Fuck them coppers we still representin' that block shit
The mob we don't fuck with no perpetrators or imitators
Bitches been to strangers player haters can't infiltrate us
We getting' hell of paper, and cribs with elevators
Let the metal spray

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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