

Killuminati

Joey Bada\$\$

[Produced by Knxwledge][Intro (Sample)]

Strawberries[Verse 1: JOEY BADA\$\$]

I'm a beast with these flows

Two birds, one stoned, you get geese'd when trees rolled

They say I'm evil cause I trained my ego to see gold

Cause he know, seagulls couldn't see these goals, please

It's the return of the beast coast

No cash flashed, but the cheese still make teeth show

Incognito, is how you move on the strip

What you tryna be Vito? Well there's rules to this shit

Don't get clapped, ya'll ain't real spitters, ya'll lips chapped

Better watch it, Mr. Nicewatch, don't risk that

I got a 6 pack of bare skill that I spill like that

And everybody know (That shit crack!)

Ya'll niggas softspoken, down below choking

The type to drop the soap when you soakin' in front of most men

There's makes sense why you want beef, well this frozen

It's nuts for you screwed in the tool, and can't hold em

Better shoot yourself Plaxico, because I'm next to go

The Progressive flows from New York to New Mexico

My lyrical span is what the fans is demandin'

Step into my box and that's exactly what'chu stand in

Ain't no half steppin' around me

And you gotta drown a fish before you clown me

The young cop killer, I'm dat ill, so doc' will ya

Give me two shots for 2Pac killer....nigga[Verse 2:Capital STEEZ]

Soul searchin' 'till my flows are perfect

I ain't tryna be a slave to grow old from workin'

Sorry BADA\$\$, you lucky that I peeped it second

Tell them niggas keep it steppin' with they beat selection

Check the melodies, it's so heavenly

That shit'll get your hipster move with no 7D's

Audi-opium, can I bust soliloquies

Got that shit mix and mastered both remedies

Grab a spoonful, we sturrin' up a pot

And you know we gotta serve it while it's hot

I'm flowin' like a volcano and drippin' verses off the top

Dirty cops still swervin' on the block

Lookin' for black kids, that spittin' up acid

It's in my jeans so don't worry where my parents is
Get with the script it's that ignorant shit
And they bound to get sick of us quick but I ain't sealin' my lips
It's a shift, I know you feel it man
We blowin' up like a ceiling fan
Droppin' off jewels like Killa Cam's man
When it comes to kickin' verses I'm Mr. Van Damme
Crushin' strawberries it's a jam
So throw up both hands if you can
Irony how I'm killin' this shit, until they bury me
My volume is going in depth with longevity
Stupids

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