

Hollowpoint

Anybody Killa

(Two sepearte worlds, opposites, yet alike in so many many ways. Both these worlds are engaged in an eternal war with each other. The war of good vs evil, which is which you decide. Only one thing will outlast both armies, only one thing will survive in the end. And that special magical little item, is that of which we call the hollow tipped bullet)

Sit back and let me take you into the mind of a killa

Dark carnival, psychopathic wig splitta (anybody!)

Mood changes, time to rearrange

So love a dinosaur that you can't tame

I bring pain, what you think I'm playing a game

Detroit is my home, Eastside's what I claim

Fuck a balla, I represent the 313

With Tek 9's and green trees, it's a luxury

This how it is and I ain't changing for shit

Fuck the earth, mean mugging, waiting for someone to trip

I'm sick and tired of fucking waiting for you wanna be

Thugs to quit, that's why I keep it underground

And drop the killa shit, for juggalos that keep it real non-stop

Keep away from juggahos till I load up my glock

Cause in Detroit we got mothafucking problems

And all the gunplay that you hear is my homies trying to solve them

(Chorus)

You can't tell me anything, hollow points control the game

I can tell you, watch the trigger, things will never be the same

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I can tell you, watch the trigger, things will never be the same

I gotta brand new Tek, that I'm dieing to use

Play games with this killa and your destined to lose

Mental stress, keeping me alive

Sniffing lines of gunpowder to start off the night

Curbside gangbangng with some mark ass bitches

Gunsmoke from bullet holes leaves you dead in the ditches

I'm just an average individual, street slanging convict

Pocket full of bullets, ready to use them up quick

You ask my name (ABK!), you know the game ain't changed

Labeled as a killa, busting caps all the same

As any other mothafucka with a piece, and a little bit of attitude

Running through the streets, acting rude

So hate if you want to, but I'ma keep my focus

And continue with the magic that I practiced with the Lotus (LOTUS!)

Psychopathic, and I'm down for life, and anyone who disagree

Let these hollow points change ya mind!

(Chorus)

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I feel the urge to murder, theres no need to cure me

Seven lives, under the light, at night, I'm filled with fury

Is it true that the people who you hang with, rub off?

Is that why me and Violent J love cutting bitches heads off?

Imagine everytime you woke up, you was getting choked up

And had to grab a shank and slit a throat up

The types of shit most people call unreal

But its the thing that makes you feel, the way to deal, is just to kill

Crazy, ballistic, cause my head is a train

With the empty fucking wallet so there's so much to gain

If I appeal to you, do you think I keep it real with you?

Turn my back and let my hollow points drill into you

What type of person do you think that I am?

Because we had a conversation and afterwards we shook hands (How ya doing? What's up?)

Don't get it in your head that I would never hurt you

Cause the ones that getting shot are the ones that deserve to

(Chorus)

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