So Serious

Killa Tay

I'm mastermindin the plot, you ? the spot
Wicked intentions, sensin friction, when the funk gon' pop
I tote my heat, and hold my ground
They know I clown
Pistol whippin and strippin em
Down to they riches, rapin they bitches
Nigga it's a, jack move, 187, count yo blessin
Hollow tips fire from all directions, leavin em wetted
Yo pieces deleted from existence, don't make no difference
I'm bangin like Metallica, serve any challenger
With a tre 8 caliber, fuckin em up like Algebra
From Cali to Florida, call the coroner
I'm missing in action, packin a full clip, for the bullshit
I told my nigga Lynch I got his back face
What's up now, ?

Killa Tay, and I'm jackin the ditch
From the shit that get spit to take a lock on the dick
Like a red nosed pick nigga
I don't really give a shit about they life man
Off that night train
Cut they fuckin throat wit a knife man
And that's right man
Leave em layin in the cut
With they guts cut up what up
Put ya nuts up, on the shelf with no help
I'm so hell I'm so stealth, (I'm so, I'm so)
Nigga, Mr. know where to be contacted
Just bombsack it, tell my momma how I'm actin
When I'm packin I got my practice
In, I'm off that gin, losin wind(What you waitin for)
I'm waitin for the show to begin, half past ten thirty
Reverend like James, straight up strange
Shootin range, twenty four feet
Leave you off the earth with this heat
Leave you in the street, human meat
Believe me, I still be workin this like a thug(Like a thug)
Put you in the back of the Coupe DeVille
Take you to the alley, shoot to kill

Fuck that I gotta buck back(Nigga)
Fuck that(Nigga)
I ain't goin out like no zombie
Nigga smokin all that bomb weed
You possess and yes, I'm strapped like tombstone
Ready to pull out the Rafe, man, clackin wit Killa Tay
Lunasicc, Marvaless

Like Jason, and CamCrystals with a pistol,
chainsaw and merchetti when the funk start, we ready
Like Jason and CamCrystals with a pistol,
chainsaw and merchetti, we serious about that fetti

Paper chase, but still credit to large accounts
Survive by the ounce all in the mix
Just as deep as it gets, ??? no counterfeits
Strictly bout my six, but don't ever doubt it
My niggaz is bout it
For the love of the money and game
Shakin you niggaz is funny
It's just somethin about, the way the game get spit
Cali niggaz find a ??? in, for the scrilla strictly ballin
I figure a bitch nigga be the first to test
The first to get blessed
Not the one to stress I'm too complex
And my mind-state, no contest
Hot what I do so it takes a god to do what I must
Never had no trust
'cause niggaz will snitch
Go on some other shit real quick
Scholar, bout that dollar, make you holla, make you feel it
Drop wit Killa, we the realest
Cali niggaz runnin the chain up

Double see, the gangsta with the glock in the cut
Identify the busta, aim first, then I bust
Creepin with the mask, blast on any nigga that move
Put my bitch in the back seat, 'cause my AP need room
I got a real crew of niggaz, ain't no punks in my squad
Bitch, to get away, drive, but don't leave till the bank get robbed
I wear Khaki Pants, Levi Jeans, and Hilfiger's
Puttin em on they back like they drunk off liquor
So throw them rags up
If niggaz trippin, we catch em slippin, hold them 9's up
Blast on they ass, flash on they ass

Light my weed up, I like to get away high
On the cut postin like Pac
Niggaz scream til I die, I'm no lie

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