Serial Killa

Eddie K

Six million ways to die, choose oneIt's time to escape, but I don't know where the fuck I'm headed
Up or down, right or left, life or death
I see myself in a mist of smoke
Death becomes any nigga that takes me for a jokeWe hit a five dollar stick, now we puttin' in work
Unaccountable amounts of dirt, death becomes all niggaz
Anybody killa, you know what the deal is
Nigga, you know what the real isI see some mark brand niggaz on the corner flaggin' me down
Sayin, "Yo Daz, what's up with the Pound?
Is that nigga Snoop alright? Aiyyo what's up with the crew?
Is them niggaz in jail, or are them niggaz through?"I said, "If you ain't up on thangs
Snoop Dogg is the name, Dogg Pound's the game"
It's like this they don't understand
It's an everyday thang, to gang bangMake that twist, don't be a bitch, let these niggaz know
What's up with you I represent the Pound and Death Row
And can't no other motherfucker in L.A. or Long Beach
And Compton and Watts see D-O-G'sNow, you can't come and you can't run, and you can't
See long to the G of the gang
One gun is all that we need, to put you to rest
Put two slugs dead in your chestNow you dead then a motherfucker creepin' and sleepin'
6 feet deep in, fuckin' with the Pound isSuicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicideThe cloud becomes black, and the sky becomes blue
Now you in the midst of the Dogg Pound crew
Ain't no clue, on why the fuck we do what we do
Leave you in a state of paranoia, oohDon't make a move for your gat so soon
'Cause I drops bombs like Platoon
Walk with me, hold my hand and let me lead you
I'll take you on a journey, and I promise I won't leave youUntil you get the full comprehension
And when you do, that's when the mission
For survival, becomes your every thought
Keep your eyes open, 'cause you don't wanna be caughtHalf steppin' with your weapon on safety
Now break yourself motherfucker, 'fore you make me
Take this 211 to another level
I come up with your ends, you go down with the devilNow roam through the depths of hell
Where the rest your busta ass homeboys dwell
WellSuicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicideNow tell me, what's my motherfuckin' name?

Serial killa, serial killa, serial killa
Wake up in the mornin', to Lucky Charms cerealDeep, deep like the mind of Minolta
Now picture this, let's picnic inside a morgue
Not pic-a-nic baskets, pic-a-nic caskets
And I got the machine, that cracks your fuckin' chest platesOpen and release them guts then I release def cuts
Brutal, jagged edged, totally ruff neck
Now everybody scream nuff respect to the X
Nuff respect given, disrespect and you will not be livin'
Word to momma, Emma, drama, dilemmaSuicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicideNow tell me, what's my motherfuckin' name?
Serial killa, serial killa, serial killa
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