

# 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  
Wake up in the mornin', to Lucky Charms cereal

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>