

# I'll Still Kill

50 Cent

Don't even look at me wrong when I come through the 'hood  
Ain't nothin' changed, still holla at my homies (oh)  
And when I hit the block I still, will kill!  
And I don't want, nigga but I will if I got to, kill!  
If niggas get to fuckin' around

Yeah!

Respect come from admiration or fear  
You can admire me or you can catch one in your wig  
You see the Testarossa, the toasters right on my lap  
So if a nigga get outta line, a nigga get clapped  
I got an arsenal of infiltry, I'm built for this mentally  
That's why I'm the general, I do what they pretend to do  
Front on me now nigga I will be the end of you  
Forget your enemies and think of what your friends'll do  
I drop a bag off, then let a mag off  
The Hecklar Koch should tear half of your ass off  
I'm not for the games, I'm not for all the playin'  
The hollow tips rain, when I unleash the pain  
Get the message from my lines or get the message from the .9's  
Paint a picture with words, you can see when I shine  
Put my back on the wall nigga, watch me go for mine  
I let 21 shots off at the same time, yeah!

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Yeah!

Where I'm from death is always in the air homie  
Nanna love me so you know she say my prayers for me  
I come creepin' through the hood wearin' Teflon  
Hit the corners motherfuckers get left on  
Niggas know if not they better check my background  
Try and stick me, I'll fill your back with mac rounds  
Ask Preme nigga 50 don't back down  
I kick it funky like fiends in a crack house  
Cross the line boy I'm gonna air your ass out  
Screw your face at me, I wanna know what thats 'bout  
Nigga I know you ain't mad, I done came up  
And if you are, fuck you 'cause I ain't changed up  
The O.G's wanna talk but I don't know these niggas  
And I ain't did no business with 'em, I don't owe these niggas  
A minute of my time, get it 'cause I grind  
All across the globe like the worlds mine  
Yeah!

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Konvict!

Now tell me have you ever looked up in the distance

And seen a mac aimin' at your head man  
Before you know it, life is flashin', reminiscing and your body is drippin'  
and full of lead man  
I done been there (uh huh),  
I done cocked that (uh huh),  
It ain't ever been a question about that  
Don't go there, you'll get cocked at, and if you plan to fuck around and rew  
rite that  
You'll never catch me ridin' around on these streets, without a couple meta  
pieces under my feet  
Fully automatic weapons and know it was done deeds  
Smash up under the carpet like a Tennessee breeze, but 50 don't make me ride  
on these niggas  
(Hey)  
'cause I will kill, dip and hide on these niggas, 50 don't make me ride on t  
hese niggas  
'cause I been long gone like the ripper, so..

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