

Killa 4 Life

Black Knights

Killa Bee Gang for life, niggas bang for stripes
We will gang bang ya wife, then slang that bitch ice
Stop playin' nigga (stop playin', Black Knights, what?)
West Coast (west coast) Killa Bee Gang, nigga
Yo Monk, Monk, get ya sniff nigga (Wu-Tang gang, get the shit started)

I'mma be a Killa 4 Life, Killa 4 Life

It's on, nigga, these niggas trippin'
(Fuck that nigga, we..
We might lose our life on this one, nigga)

I stay on the grind like hustle men, raps Gitchi Dan
Runnin' from police in Wu vans, stash the contraband
Gangsta lime life, we smack niggas up that don't rap right
On Black Knights, we take flight on suckas on sight
The Killa Bee Gang for life, niggas bang for stripes
We will gang bang ya wife, then slang her ice
For the right price, I'll even take that hoe life
Drop the money like hot dice, and I'll fix her up real nice
The greedy type, runnin' through red lights and construction sites
Just to get away from the cops, cuz I ain't doin' life
Fuck that, if the po's dump, then Monk dump back

Trust that, if the po's dump, then Doc, I'll dump back
Leave that ass wit no get back in broad daylight
On Black Knights, I'mma stay down for life
Bang in the hood, snatchin' mics and rockin' spotlights
We live the hood life, that's why our attitude is so rude
Stay down and do dirt, push work and punish fools
Disrespect your crew, I don't give a fuck, you can get it too
We stay true, til this Killa Gang, Killa Bee Click, is what I claim
You talk shit, get ripped without a chance to see ya man split
Cuz I'mma Killa 4 Life, Killa 4 Life, Killa 4 Life, and bang for life

Who the realest on the streets? Is it the crips or bloods
Pimps or thugs, niggas who just dent ya mugs
For jealousy, envy, greed or lust
High off the dust, I ain't the one, you play me close, you'll get touched
I'm a street nigga, from the hood blocks, I keep the heat cocked
Slapped up street bumps in the hood, to slow our speed knot
Whether walk by, drive by, still go on
Bodies drop like flies, when the heat get drawn
Closed distance, long range, blow ya brains, it's all the same
Index and thumb curve, simple and plain
Hit you up like Black Knights, nigga what up?
Shut up, before I get Doc to fuck ya off

And dog I keep the block way hotter than Lil' Wayne
When my pistols flame make you muthafuckas feel the pain my steady game
Ya know, who's to blame, Doc Doom's the name
From the Black Knights, West Coast Killa Bee Gang
Hit 'em up, wit that real shit, that Cali cap peel shit
That red and blue rag, body bags, zip the feel shit
Real quick, we really ain't the ones you wanna deal wit
Cuz real quick, we have the homies pay ya ass a visit
We misfits who run wit guns, that's unlisted

And these guns'll run you faggots out ya own districts
So don't get us twisted wit the next crew
Nigga, this the West Wu, Black Knights, we specialize in gun, fool