

## The Killer Intro

Caskey

"If there were nothing but thought in you, you wouldn't even know you're thinking. You would be like a dreamer who doesn't know he's dreaming."

Yeah

It's pitch dark, a pitchfork

Emerged, the devil is pissed off

Keep tryin' to buy my soul, I keep sayin' no

And he keep offering me crystal and pistols

And sayin' how I'm finna be in style

Well that's when I skip town, and fuck all that bullshit

Bitch you better offer me the crown

Plus the Crown Royal, plus all the government oil

Plus a couple marijuana seeds in the soil, and a couple bodyguard type gargoyles

The stove is my home away from home

Can't stand the heat, fuck you doin' in this room

We love how the gun sound, the chopper is in tune, the nine is so fine

But what is it into, Drama

It get lethal, give that head a shot, but it don't deep throat

Don't got G strings, just know G codes

Love is on kind cause all my people, damn

Its like we used to peaceful, now I don't know why everybody want a piece for

Wait that's deceitful, I know why cause these mothafuckin' streets could

Grab your scarves and hoody's guard your goodies

Cause mothafuckas will come in charge, uh

But would he really pull it?

Don't wanna be the one to find out cause the bullets, be the one to tell you timeout

And the coolest, always be the ones to die out

And you can't tap in or rewind now, this shit get live

Shit, you might of survived four shots but there's about to be five

And its a head shot, marked with the red dot and its red hot

Me and my money are in wedlock so you touch a dollar bill end up at a dead stop

Boy you better stop it, me and my dogs are about profit

And in this world you either nothin' or you're hot shit

But you both die from the gunshot, don't play

All I need is one shot, this is not a fun spot

This is a death trap, there ain't even one cop

Pulled up in the one drop top with the best rapper in the front seat

Roll the weed up, better pass like FCAT

Boy I let the blunt speak, you ain't even met that

Livin' on front street, ready to murder the mothafucka who disgust me

Or better yet, a muhfucka try to touch me, boy

Cause I'm too small to scrap, but I got me a strap

I got no will to kill but, a mothafucka react

And I'm too small to scrap, but I got me a strap

I got no will to kill but, a mothafucka react muhfucka aaah, Bitch!