

# Killin Of The Caine

Dre Dog

(Dre Dog talking)  
Drop it  
Yeah! (yeah)  
Wasup?  
This is uh...one of those cocaine style raps (you can say that again)  
For the killas (the who?)  
The real killas (right)  
That uh...that popped Dan  
This yo boy Dre Dog!  
Check it out (drop that shit there boy)

(Dre Dog)  
Step into the mind of a visionary vocalist  
Focus this, picture this I'm 6 foot 6  
Ready for the battle like Desert Swarm  
Feel the welts on yo body from the extension cord  
Got you sweatin like a dancer  
Stress and gave you cancer  
Nigga you the wide receiver foo I'm Deion Sanders  
Prime Time niggas get turned like a channel  
Coke is this, fuck a bitch from Detroit to Seattle  
Indo got niggas thinkin fuckas wanna stop me  
Mothafuckas missin teeth boxin like hockey  
Rabbit, I'm not a kid but you can get the Trix  
You better have been sleepin cause I'm slammin Big Six  
BAM! Get the smellin salts he's unconscious!  
Tryin to go head up but juss can't stop this  
Treat me like a red but nigga don't push me  
Cause once my vocals hit the beat it's good like pussy

Killa!  
Nigga?  
It's the Killin of the Caine  
Motha-fucka

(Dre Dog)  
You live in a shell like a snail  
Moby Dick ass niggas get harpooned like a whale  
Not a killa (??doin niggarrail??)  
Fuckin with the pinnacle  
Wishin for a miracle  
Situation Critical  
Lay it down, you betta expect the worst  
All screamin like a pregnant woman about to get burst  
In a taxi, now ask me, do you think I'm bluffin?  
I bet I got you listenin to me juss like I'm E.F. Huttin  
Or somethin, you fuckas gonna all have to learn  
Favorite boxer Tyson, second Tommy Hearn  
Hut hut hike!  
I'm runnin from the whites (who's that?)  
Cause 5-0 they only thing they see is my nights  
But check this out imagine prison under the ground  
Escapers at 0 and you can't hear a sound  
Fuck you man Scarface Al Pacino  
I'm coo tryin to get some good pussy up in Reno  
A key! Stolen from a druglord G!  
That means niggas gonna die for a fat fee

The lick went sour, a rat of the name  
The dope got my life, the Killin of the Caine

(Dre Dog talking)  
Run for cover (right)  
Yeah (no)  
Nigga (nigga)  
Mothafucka (mothafucka)  
It's the Killin of the Caine  
Wassup? I got some catterpillar killers in the house (who you got in  
This  
Mothafucka now?)  
My nigga Coughnut (that's right)  
Mike Mike (Mike Mike)  
My nigga P-Ride (nigga P-Ride)  
My nigga (my nigga)  
Lo-Lo  
STOP!  
Thought I forgot about you huh nigga?