

Killas

Lil Jon

C'mon!
Elephant Man!
(It's gonna be a massacre)
Lil Jon!
Ice Cube!
Game!

You fuckin' with some killas
You fuckin' with the motherfuckin' realist niggas
You fuckin' with some killas
You fuckin' with the motherfuckin' realist niggas

I wish a motherfucker would say something
Fuck around and get your goddamn ass whooped
Nigga I feel like startin' some shit
And I might just snap the piss, out a pussy ass nigga like you, nigga fuck y
a
Take a 45 cross the head gun butt ya (yeah)
Ya'll pussy-ass niggas ain't hard
Stomp that ass out like a million man march
Sawed off shotgun hand on the pump
Finger on the trigga, I'm ready to dump
Blow a motherfucker, bye bye
Point blank range, yeah niggas gon' die
That's why I never leave the crib without packing my gat
Strap on my vest, put on my hat
Motherfuckers outta line gettin' laid down flat
Imma show you how a real nigga act

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It's 3, the hard way
Black Lambo, no passengers
Black Ski mask, chain saw massacre
Cube pass me the AK-47
(Blacka) yellow tape the intersection
Loaded clips, lock 'em in
Got a black 45, call it Pac's revenge
I'm a motherfuckin' animal
Lil Jon beat cannibal
Every nigga in Atlanta Know
I'm psycho insane about my cash
They can re-open Alcatraz
And sentence me the life without rehabilitation
Fuck Governor Schwarzenegger, nigga it's my statement
Dear Mr. President Barack Obama, right after you catch Osama
Tell Mr. Waso, please let Oprah know
That I won't ever stop sayin' bitch and ho

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We run A-Town, we run LA
Now get down on your motherfuckin' belly
Before this AK make you do a ballet
It's the nut cracker, I'm the linebacker
Three motherfuckers, hard as concrete
Y'all motherfuckers soft as Gandhi
Pull that thing out, now you a zombie
you know where I be
West side rolling, all day, everyday
Got your bitch open, you're fucking with heavyweights
Like my space
And stay the fuck outta my face
Ghostwriters I'm on ya'
From Atlanta, Georgia to California
This shit can't go no longer
And when I catch ya, I'm a-don ya

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