

Who's da Killa

TRU

who's da killer whos the motherf**kin nigga
the one that pull the gun the one that squeeze the f**king trigger
the cops wanna ask me, wanna harrass me
about this dead body in the grass G
If you think Im gonna talk then your wrong
cause in the ghetto, snitches dont live long
so Ima mind my own and keep stiffing
and dont ask me about no motherf**kin murder weapon
my kids still ringin from the gun black
because it all happened so fast
I guess my nigga Lil Mark going to heaven
another black victim of 187
his mom might be crying but she aint shocked
her son lived and died by the f**king rock
and thats how the story goes
everybody in the ghetto getting sweated by the po po's
but ill never help your ass in this game nigga...
Who's Da Killer?

Rat-tat-tat-Rat-tat-tat-Rat-tat-tat- quick to put slugs in your cap
and walk through your hood with my mug on
call me master p or call me Al Capone
a nigga with no heart
I was born in the ghetto, homeless in a shopping cart
pushed up the street by a dope fiend
took to a crack house and taught to use a triple beam
and ever since then Ive been crazy
step to a nigga like me your pushing daisies
cause Im quick this in that ass to the county
and while your dead wipe your blood up with bounty
from the corner to the hearse and that assed up
put bullets in your ass like a garbage truck
eliminating fools like a sewer rat
and floss my 380 married to a mack
and that ill be a Mack 10
so when i run up on a set punk you know ima do you in

late night in the cutti time to have some fun
got a page on my beeper it was number 1
reached for the mobile phone got it down to
tuner called my lady "Yo, whats going out?"
she asked me were the f**k are you at, and yo nigga
do you have your motherf**king gat?
yeah im strapped, and i ran around the block
then she told me my my older brother got shot
I got to the house and I opened up the door
and there was my brother lyin dead on the floor
and it has me tripped, my ace got popped
cause they caught his ass slippng
creep through the hood with my hand on my gat
I gotta get those fools who put my brother on his back
seen some niggaz up the block, released the saftey
oh when I leave someone is going to hate me
boot it up take every f**king nigga
out for revenge trying to find out whos da killer

All the way to the county thats were they had me

they sent player one trying to bag me
they keep stressing had a bad bad attitude
he got the word from the order i was a bad dude
in the sell my mind did the linger
I kepted yelling im a f**king rap singer
but nobody listened to a fresh fits convicts
They bust me off like there ears got sound sick
back to the saga coming from my jailsell
I move around when you hear the f**kin bell yell
I got involved in a scabble thats a fist fight
when the foo bust out with a knife
he started swingin i started ducking
started moving It was a foo who was down
with the proven, I took a ride on the
C-2 sell block
I stay strapped with my rock in a sock
waiting for a foo to come when its my way
sell lurked through you motherf**king didy date
then he came promise he was down with the linching
tear gas had the whole floor clinching
I couldn't breath I was lying in my tin bed
when a goon grabbed me by my f**king forehead
he picked me up and put me across his f**king shoulder
I said Bitch you let me die like a soldier
damn it was a trip King George could think
all my boys on the motherf**king paint
everywhere I rome every all dead bodies
god damn I was like John Gotti
locked in a sell i was like a big black gorilla
many died, but nobody saw the killer

you should of know your f**king with a motherf**king lunatic
I aint playing with a full day, and my minds about to click
I walked out the house to see if this shitwas f**king TRU
two slugs to the dome and his face was all blue
retalliation f**k the penitention f**king gamble
garb the tech, pump the facing amble
called up my boy cause niggaz say some
where he at?, Richmond jumped in the prowler
rolling slow rolling slow, rolling f**king slow
cut the lights off cause there the nigga go
rolled on the set grab the mask point the tech out
its a driveby sprayed the niggaz house I was
letting em go you should of seen
but in the process I cut a motherf**king slug
dead up in my chest, cops chase me investagating
a dead nigga, I gave the cops the alias
now whos the f**king killer

Calli G chourned out by society
I used to have a 95 even bitches find me
so I refuse to be a stray for the white man
so when you see me its a gat in my right hand
Neighborhood Dopeman
nigga from the base so you know me selling cocain
you f**king with the dank man foo, start the funk
I do a drop on you and your whole f**king crew
so here's a last thanksgiving foo
no turkey cause you wont be living dude
you catch 17 rounds from my cap peeler
no when this is, now whos the motherf**king killer

a foo got smarks so they calling me the trigger nigga

po po's got a snitch trying to frame me as the killer
interigating me and I got them foo's spoop
I dre say ya f**k with me, then its a must that I f**k with you
cause killers dont talk, gimme three hops in the county
motherf**kers you figure it out, cause bout a nigga like me
if I gotta smoke a nigga ima do it on the solo creep
cause I be damned if I tell em my self trick
some niggaz ill sell you off like pussy on the bitch
but anyway, back to the story, ya have no nuts, no glory
no evidence to cut a nigga loose, and that nigga that was snitching
ws kuku for coco puffs foo, cause i mean a nigga thats spook
try to hide but everybody know he wasn't cool
2 weeks past and the snitches missing
they found a nigga dead, with two to the temple
somebody put that boy to sleep
gave the fool a big fist and put his ass six feet deep
it might have been me whos know nigga
who's the motherf**king killer