

# Killaz Theme

Cormega

Ha ha...

Yeah...

Uh huh right...

Part the crowd like the Red Sea...

Let's fight to this...

Don't even tempt me...

We want to kill you... (make y'all niggaz fight to this)

We want to kill you...

Eh yo

Peace to our way of life

Hats off to all the trife

Let's toast to fully autos and foot long knives

Specially for stacks of green packs

My outfit ah perform, so blow all stained raps

Now let me take y'all niggaz back to my basics of this

Ya ancient to flip, fag catch a face lift

My shank do remarkable things for fakeness

My whole Mobb got the same patience

Throw on your tracks 8-6

And make moves like a space ship

We pack places, Infamous bangs ya nation

Ya light at the weight station

That weak shit need replacing, put this in heavy rotation

Overdose music

It's theraputic to the user

Driving wild under the influence of this

Careful, 'cause ya might just crash ya shit

Total ya whip and still pull my tape out the deck

Me and Mobb tryin to connect like thirty thousand dollar links

Unpoppable, unstoppable, topple

Yo, my drug cliental was bringing me money well

Smoking Buddha L's and weed so good

They leave a funny smell

Niggaz scoping me, hoping police is close to me

Mega regulatin'

The way shit's supposed to be

Gold chain choking me, cocaine provoking me

To live my destiny (ha)

Jacuzzi water soaking me

Floating in smoky Durango

Doing my thing yo, my mac milli

Sweeter than a mango

Son, you know the drilly

The drama is a part of me

Did time for cocaine, nines and armed robbery

My rhyme written graffiti is a live nigga prophecy

Mega poetic rhymes are like dimes but no credit

I leave ya mind paralysed dun, but don't wet it

Scarface persona, I acquired a taste for drama

And I embrace this, real shit

You banned from the projects

Your love here, ancient (fuck that)

Yo, I'ma see you  
Nigga, you transperant see through  
Rhymes fully automated, you semi crime related  
Cormega and Mobb Deep rhyme amazing  
Thug shit you can't fuck with...  
What!!!

Fuck ya bullshit rep, nigga you ass bet  
Talking all that shit, don't even got cash yet  
I floss, try to get away  
No gats tossed  
Got drama with my click, I'ma take it to the source  
Q.B.C. representative, I'm just trying to live  
If I can't get to you, I'ma take it to ya kids  
Spray ya crib, fuck it son  
Something gotta give  
If I can't live then ain't nothing gonna live  
That's dead ass  
But to put this whole shit in a smash  
You real, hit that ass up on four wheels  
All jokes aside, you goin' squeal like them other rappers  
You know we kick the truth, you want to clap us  
I got this, strictly out the mouth nothing but hot shit  
Pop shit, you couldn't fuck this when we drop shit  
You helpless, put your whole shit outta service  
Put on some old shit (Thank God for this)  
Yo, if it wasn't  
Them niggaz like us, you just be ash dust  
Hustling for petty kid cash  
Come on know, you know I know  
When it comes to gats, I'ma a hoe  
Never bite my tongue, let them player haters know how we coming  
Straight coming through while you running  
Get done-ed, have that ass shaking like a bitch when she coming  
One in a mil, slip that ass like a mickie  
It's fifty-fifty fucking with this, nigga just come and get me  
No doubt...

We want to kill you (that's right)  
We want to kill you (no doubt, that's right)  
We want to kill you (no doubt, that's right)  
We want to kill you (no doubt, that's right)  
We want to kill you (no doubt, that's right)  
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