

## Born 2 Kill

M.O.P.

Represent, show niggaz the deal  
I'm packing my blue steel, keeping it real  
Cause niggaz were born to kill

Here comes the Brownsville slugger, motherfucker  
I bust off shots at fools  
To avoid these obstacles  
I roll deep, me and my nigga Llama  
With about seven niggas thats up in the clip to bring the drama  
Homicide, take a ride in the hearse  
Enemies out to hit me, but I'ma see em first  
I'm ready, steady, and deadly but yet nervous  
Let my words a serve its purpose general moved him off the surface  
Gunshots let off! My instincts was to get him  
Make sure I hit him, then break North, shonuff!  
Holding down my fort, taking no shorts of no sorts  
My four five turn to a blowtorch  
It's still cocked! I tried to get away safe  
You that shit was out of shells I still stuck it in my waist  
Then my dirt, YEAH, Get murked, YEAH, murder was the case  
That it hit heart beating like a nigga on base  
I found a spot, chilled, parleyed for a second  
Fixed my weapon, then headed back to my section  
Now I'm back home smoking and drinking I'm bent now  
I meditate on flash backs of how it went down  
It's kill or be killed, thats a true fact  
There aint no telling when these niggaz are coming to bust open your back  
It's ill, it's real, but still I feel  
It's provoke murder nigga I'm born to kill

Yo, it's the case of the state  
Versus the great one seven one eight  
Gun slinger from Brownsville  
Where niggaz were born to kill

Yo, some chick think she saw you jump up out the jeep  
You said you was across the street laying with the heat

What? That bitch lying  
Heres a cocksucker I never heard of  
I aint doing time for no mother fucking murder  
When Mr. Gonzalez stretched in the mud  
I was home with the dog dome taking down whats up  
Therefore I'm innocent!

Mad shells were split

They ain't mine  
I do damage with an imp, you found shells from a nine  
This shit is crazy  
Would you please contact Lazy  
Tell him I need an attorney  
To ride with me on this mother fucking journey  
Now ten months later after being indicted  
Third off of fifteen are clickin shit so fuck it I'ma fight it  
Me and the TRU boy lay back after D.A. spoke  
Cross examination, first thing jumped up and broke no joke

Stepped over the judges crown  
Stepped on the D.A.s ground  
Looked at the snitch with a frown  
Went to the jury and got down  
Seventy-two hours later Creeping on some playing no more shit  
Toting the same glock Mr. Gonzalez got knocked off wit  
As I...