

## Kill It

## Ambush Buzzworl

Yeah

Cah I burn a boy like D on  
(Ain't even in my lane, boy)

Yeah, it must be cah I'm gettin' on  
It's like most of the ends don't get along  
But my money's on me, who's you bettin' on?  
You can call me Young D or Teflon  
Cah I burn a boy like D on Stefflon  
Yeah, I'm steppin' in and I'm steppin' on  
And I'm steppin' out and I'm gettin' done  
You know my mates, you know exactly who I get it from  
And the youngers know exactly who they get it from  
We the plugs, they know exactly who to get it from  
You ain't even in my lane, boy, step along  
Blud, it's gettin' long, cah my gun is long  
And my money long, you're funny don (Funny don)  
I ain't fuckin' with' no funny nigga, I'm a gettin' money don (Huh)  
Real niggas gettin' money, tryna build shit, the game ain't a race, it's a marathon (Uh)  
So I'm juggin' and I'm  
Yeah, I'm chuggin' and I'm  
Get whippin' and I  
Let it look and then I  
Hit the shotty and I'm a shotter  
Up and down, in and out the block-a  
Ain't no cap in my music  
Blud, I said what I said, if the shoe fit  
Niggas wanna act like they're lost 'til I lose it  
Don't make me prove it (Uh) (Cah I pull up in a-)

What? Cah they got me in a booth on booth shit (Got me in a booth shit)  
If my niggas don't slide, they ain't B, gon' pull up and shoot shit (Gon' pull up and bye)  
Get nicked, go jail, tell the judge, "I just wan' do music" (I'm an artist)  
Twenty bags for my bail cah a nigga just wan' do music

Yeah, it must be cah I get about, yeah  
Area boy and I'm steppin' out  
Yeah, you're still in the ends, I'm jettin' out  
Couldn't fill half the room man's sellin' out  
Haven't even seen half the food man's sellin' out  
But it's sellin' out, I ain't sellin' dunes and I ain't sellin' clout  
This is C-town, weapons out  
You know, get 'em down, get 'em down (Huh)  
Did I lick 'em, did I?  
Did I rob 'em, did I?  
Did I jook 'em, did I?  
Did I shot him? Did I?  
Yeah, it's all goin' on 'round here  
Can't even make a song 'round here  
So I don't need to drill rap for them to feel that  
This is real rap  
I got PTSD, how the fuck they gon' heal that? (Uh)  
And a lot of niggas dead for them niggas, don't feel that (Uh)  
Want love from these streets? You ain't ever gon' feel that (Uh)  
No love for police, I ain't ever gon' feel that (I ain't ever gon' feel that

)

They don't want me on the streets or the beats but they want me in the jail  
like these neeks (Cah I pull up in a-)

What? Cah they got me in a booth on booth shit (Got me in a booth shit)

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