

# Hollowpoint

## Anybody Killa

(Two separate worlds, opposites, yet alike in so many many ways. Both these worlds are engaged in an eternal war with each other. The war of good vs evil, which is which you decide. Only one thing will outlast both armies, only one thing will survive in the end. And that special magical little item, is that of which we call the hollow tipped bullet)

Sit back and let me take you into the mind of a killa  
Dark carnival, psychopathic wig splitta (anybody!)  
Mood changes, time to rearrange  
So love a dinosaur that you can't tame  
I bring pain, what you think I'm playing a game  
Detroit is my home, Eastside's what I claim  
Fuck a balla, I represent the 313  
With Tek 9's and green trees, it's a luxury  
This how it is and I ain't changing for shit  
Fuck the earth, mean mugging, waiting for someone to trip  
I'm sick and tired of fucking waiting for you wanna be  
Thugs to quit, that's why I keep it underground  
And drop the killa shit, for juggalos that keep it real non-stop  
Keep away from juggahos till I load up my glock  
Cause in Detroit we got mothafucking problems  
And all the gunplay that you hear is my homies trying to solve them

You can't tell me anything, hollow points control the game  
I can tell you, watch the trigger, things will never be the same  
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I gotta brand new Tek, that I'm dieing to use  
Play games with this killa and your destined to lose  
Mental stress, keeping me alive  
Sniffing lines of gunpowder to start off the night  
Curbside gangbangng with some mark ass bitches  
Gunsmoke from bullet holes leaves you dead in the ditches  
I'm just an average individual, street slanging convict  
Pocket full of bullets, ready to use them up quick  
You ask my name (ABK!), you know the game ain't changed  
Labeled as a killa, busting caps all the same  
As any other mothafucka with a piece, and a little bit of attitude  
Running through the streets, acting rude  
So hate if you want to, but I'ma keep my focus  
And continue with the magic that I practiced with the Lotus (LOTUS!)  
Psychopathic, and I'm down for life, and anyone who dissagree  
Let these hollow points change ya mind!

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I feel the urge to murder, theres no need to cure me  
Seven lives, under the light, at night, I'm filled with fury  
Is it true that the people who you hang with, rub off?  
Is that why me and Violent J love cutting bitches heads off?  
Imagine everytime you woke up, you was getting choked up  
And had to grab a shank and slit a throat up  
The types of shit most people call unreal

But its the thing that makes you feel, the way to deal, is just to kill  
Crazy, ballistic, cause my head is a train  
With the empty fucking wallet so there's so much to gain  
If I appeal to you, do you think I keep it real with you?  
Turn my back and let my hollow points drill into you  
What type of person do you think that I am?  
Because we had a conversation and afterwards we shook hands (How ya doing? What's up?)  
Don't get it in your head that I would never hurt you  
Cause the ones that getting shot are the ones that deserve to

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