

## Tools

### Anybody Killa

I wanna know where the fuck are my down ass underground killas  
Straight cap peelas  
Walkin' the earth, been mean since birth  
Takin' every damn thing in sight that's worth  
Somebody stabbin' you in the back, for a pebble of crack  
Eastside, bitches like that  
Sometimes I feel that I can't eat, can't sleep  
Put me in a hole baby, 6 feet deep  
Better yet, just leave me alone  
I've survived this long with a microphone  
Roamin' the streets, mean muggin' police  
Left hand on my nuts right grippin' a piece  
So now I feel that I owe it to y'all  
You're the reason that I'm here instead of dead and gone  
And don't think that I'm here to stress you out  
I just wanna let you know what I'm about

Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains  
These are all the thangs that a G brangs  
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral  
Streets is crucial, competition zero  
(2x)

Face facts, do the math  
You can try to relax but this killa ain't like that  
Wait a minute, let me tell the truth  
I'm relaxed like a motherfucka, tomahawking a fool  
Walk away just keeping my cool  
Like I'm sneaking in line at a big venue  
No traits, no motive, nobody, no clue  
Yo Blaze, am I right? (WOOP WOOP!)  
That's what the fuck I've been tryin' to say  
Me and my whole damn family actin' murderous ways  
That's why we only gather once a year  
Because the world really can't afford to disappear  
So now we all break bread, never misled  
And the drama that I bring you will never forget  
And the ones that's down no matter where you're at  
I'm just here to let you know that I got your back

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I'm hard as the come, homie don't be slippin' actin' dumb  
Shove the pistol in your mouth, slightly quicker than some  
The streets are talkin' I be listenin', hearin'  
Reppin' for my thugs who got nothin' to be fearin'  
Ask me if I ever been jacked, I've been screwed and taxed  
And waxed, some suckas with two little stripes to attack  
Mothafuckas ain't shit, I'm a soulja  
Drag bodies into coffins, by they bitch ass shouldas  
Middle name Murder, Colton Grundy the rest  
You see me packin' a gun in the vest  
Now do your best to stay alive, I ain't never gonna die

Eternal like the galaxy, who wanna try me?  
I tell you one more time for all the foes of mine  
Ain't no way, ain't anybody gonna stop my shine  
Do the drive-bys bitch smackin' hoes and robbery  
I do it for the streets and the money so respect me

Tomahawks, shotguns, axes, chains  
These are all the things that a G brings  
To your party, birthday, wedding, funeral  
Streets is crucial, competition zero  
(4x)