

killer

clipping.

Killer, killer
The killer, killer
It's the killer
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Nine in the waist, half that in the glove box
Rope in the trunk, strychnine in a lunch box
Hefty bag, Ziploc
Prada bag, hollaback
Plenty of ties to go around and all these bitches on the sack
In the sack
Murder cap, dial M for Massacre
Dial nine to outside lines to lead you to the catheter
Cater to the catty comb, cat stand, kitty corner
But the realest gonna stand alone and shoot 'em like a soldier

Necktie, Colombian
Blood on the rug again
Rip a fuckin' liver out the gizzards jitterbuggin' in the chest cavity
Steal a gold tooth for the vanity
Snatch a wallet, call it in
The papers call it tragedy

It's nine lives, eight racks
Seven hoes to bring it back
Six tray, five miles per hour sitting on four flats
Three fingers twisted up
Two shots, "rra rra"
One King Kong motherfucker ridin' low in a fitted cap

Killer, killer
Gotta be a killer
These is killers
You fuck with killers, they'll fucking kill you
You's a--

You roll with killers
Bitch them ain't killers
Me the killer
The name is killer
Killer the Killer

How many killers
Could murder killers
All these killers
Ain't really killers
Claimin' they killers when they--

Ain't fuckin' killin'
Got all these killers out to kill ya
Cuz that's a killer
You ain't a killer
You's a--

Slit wrist
This Pac tick is my knock sniff
My time's up in this Glock's bitch
I'm fired up and my cock's rich
Manned up to be boyed down
Gold watch is my Band-Aid
Grip ten bills, call it blood money that I ripped up cuz I'm half-paid
Jackson raping Benjamin, he pleads Lincoln, good thing I have change
Picked up the penny face down
Then my life turned upside down so I rampage

Let that Pit Bull bite down
Whatchu scared of?
Fuckin' pipe down
Pipe dreams for this gasoline
Two fists covered in Vaseline
Ash my weed on this body bag
Put raps in a bottle, then light the rag
Fuego gave you pay so fuck your halo, say no
To daring police who claim to care, just save 'em
You ain't no gangsta, I'm a gangsta, pop pills at the station

So what's a mantra to the memento-minded
I write that shit in blood, if you have a pencil find it
Why so fucking quiet?
I am the riot to repo, the dog in reservoir
Tyrant beatin' the license out of poetic whores

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"I'm calling from in the house"
That's what he said when the phone clicked off, and the gun cocked back, and
his brains blew out, and his bitch she laughed, poured a glass
Whispered "Baby make me shout"
But she ain't screamin' no more because that dick up in her mouth

Got pissed off, got pissed on
Got pumped like a piston
If Detroit got a bitch born
To cut bitches up
From the wrist on
And that's pimp shit, when a hoe will kill
Lube up with the blood to spill
Can a crew fuck?
Yup, do tell
Ain't no dirt she don't do well

And they love the way she do it
Fuckin' with lighter fluid
Bitch fire and oh she knew it
Got that brain gonna make you stupid

Then right when you gonna bust
Take them vice grips to your nuts
Crack them off from the wall to the window gon' be splattered with your goddamn guts

In the sky like what
God we trust
Kill for the money and kill for the lust
Kill or be a killer
Fucker merely be a driller
Fuckin' chill upon the billy with the bodies in the cut
Yup
Bag it, tag it, rub it down
Ratchet, hatchet, cut it, drown
A motherfucker till he make no sound
Any true king gon' murder for the crown