

Killin It

D12

We cooling right now (Yeah)
D-Twizzy (Yeah!)
Nickel Nine (Yeah)
Haha, Mr. Porter!

I'm the black Son of Anarchy
Your actions can't harm me, the plans malarkey
Tell Puff I'm too groom, you can't A&R me
I'm staring at a whole army with the hammer on me
What you call war I call a damn party
Everybody invited
Got everybody excited, now everybody decided
You stay off Instagram you'll get everybody indicted
The game ain't what it used to be
It's too tight, y'all ain't used to D
"How it feel to stand next to Em," a fan said to me
I said "Ask Em, how it feel to stand next to me"
It's action when I start shooting the scene, Scream
I come through your screen like the movie The Ring
I'm a mix between between Pac and Martin Luther, the King
Heart of a Spartan, your partner ain't doing a thing, now

These butt buffets cost me twenty-two hundred (I'm killin' it)
Dick all up in your baby momma's stomach (I'm killin' it)
I'm doing shows with my drink, about to vomit but I'm killin' it
I-I, I'm killin' it, I-I, I'm killin' it
Fresh as hell, look at my J's homie (I'm killin' it)
If your bitch keep throwing pussy my way homie (I'm killin' it)
She love these brand new Cartiers on me (I'm killin' it)
I-I, I'm killin' it, I-I, I'm killin' it

If anybody got a problem we can handle it here
My picture frame on your momma's wall, the man of the year
Butt naked cooking grilled cheese in my sandals with beer
Glock .40 on me homie, better handle with care
It's been a while, the derelict's back, barbaric reactions
My squad cause double fear, parallel to terrorist attacks
Gain traction, some of them hoes, you gotta name tag them
Ditch my side piece for my main magnum
Fire rapid, that Crown Royal, that purple fabric
You and me, I'm PS4, you're Turbo Graphics
My crew is crazy, we ready to murk something
This shit get to poppin' everywhere like Miss Twerksum
Kids be like "Yo, you just got dope overnight"
I be like "Nah, you just see that these niggas overhyped"
On my life, my crew was the shit, ain't nobody truer than this
Got any static you can chew on a dick, bitch!

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They call me either 5'9" or Nickel-Nina dispersion
I told myself in '03 if I ever get either this thirsty
Or hungry again I might either mentally craft the
Evilest verses or eat a rich person, Armageddon's upon us
So all my weapons enormous, I never fold it
Therefore all my respect is on corners, all of my dough
Is off the record, all my hoes in my possession are all possessive
Each time the crowd put they hands together for me it's all a blessing
If y'all approach me I can't go for that
But I can go on a Hall & Oates spree, have you and your mans
Doing the Morris Day dance
Life flashing before your eyes
Like God is in the air following you with a mirror
Bullets dancing off the Oak tree
This one's presented by soul killers, I'm tricking I sold figures
Digging your grave with five super fly gold diggers
I ain't sending no young'ns at ya, I'm the one that's gon' catch ya
Either that or I'm sending my old niggas
I'm Barry Bonds with the confidence, I stick myself with my pen
40s hits as a shortage, I pull this trigger and Larry Johnson your hairline
I'm bearing arms like octopuses drinking 40s
And I'm killin' this shit with D-Twizzy and Gordy
Who got it locked? We locksmithing it
To these hater adore these
Dignitaries is straight spitters who workplace
In dictionaries and play some balls in front of placekickers
Kickin' it to the scores, none of you ate to these 8 figures
How am I supposed to believe something you say
When the closest you come to hot hoes is having my smoking gun in your face
We up in the dealership, before you call the salesperson
Make sure that this compartment's on [?]
I have black and yellow thread on my back on them Lambo seats
Before Theo Huxtable bought himself a Gordon Gartrell shirt
I blow a nigga who sold out soul out of his frame
His whole time frame on the globe wasn't worth more than my Denzel's worth

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Yeah, we just having fun
Mr. Porter
Nickel, Kuniva
D-Twizzy!
Mixtape, Devil's Night! Haha