

License To Kill

DJ Kay Slay

(License) This is my shit right here
(To kill) What's up Kay Slay? Drama King
Hah, King to his craft
(What's it gonna be, License to kill)
Big shouts to Gunplay, Trae The Truth
(What's it gonna be) Big KRIT
(Boy keep it real) Big Tray Dee, License to kill
Come on! (Gunplay)

Gloves and mask, slugs and cash
Four five and rounds, make you climb the ground
Homicides, mamma's and cries
Preying on the racknid coward, demise
Niggas riding dirty, they shower this ride
Never celebrate, it's a promise to God
If I get it up, to my homies, promise top ride
Hop out with that stick, that's a proper surprise
Niggas get they dropping, when that copper go flying
Am all about that action, just ain't rocking no rhymes
Fold out rifle, looks like Optimus Prime
Transforming thugs to a pussy a times
Caught a body, celebrate with some cush and some wine
Cancelled your options, all that's left is pallbearers and boxes
Took his breath, left him bluer than Oxys
Ain't a killer if you never, went through with the process

(What's it gonna be, License to kill)
Shout out to Gunplay and Sammi J on the track
(What's it gonna be) Sounds so good
(Boy keep it real)

Yeah, I race for this street shit, It ain't too much to talk bout
Convertible to foot boy, am tryna take his top out
I came to get those swap out, street sweep you like am Kay Slay
These toppers come up heavy, no more base, nigga that's lethal
I hustle, tell them it's pay day, the coder never do whatever Trae say
The heard you dropping like lately, that nigga ever try to play dray
It set it off like am Vader, this thin though no radar
I trip now, not Vader, your bitch choose, I take her
Get mine, I make up, This world mine, I die by it
I'm young truth, no lie about it
That's why the dry bout it
Houston Texas, I rip it like all the N.Y
Am who they ride with till they die
You can't see death with no eye, but nigga this is real talk
I can show you how Trio walk, see mask and this steel bark
Seal up like big Ho, rest in peace
One thousand at the least, this gangster here a beast
Let's go the south release, haters we out to peace

What's it gonna be, License to kill
What's it gonna be, boy keep it real

Young K.R.I.T, cared about my kingdom and my lane
Let no strangers pop, that old school drop
Them hitters don't stand no chance
Dancing on they graves, get their player mate

Since my younger days, a nigga go bawling like they spawling
Like they have to pay for Prado
I flow the type that rackle, I heard they falling out
Bitch, I got my stack up, you know the game
Gravy when you got the bread to sap up
And holds them through the trenches
Nothing under when they pop up
So chop them down, let them turn to crime
Fucking with the king, with my fur
Keep me ferra cruise□, while I comb the scene
Brush the niggas with the power players, the conversators
Am talking million dollars business over taking haters
Love the live I live, these niggas out to dine and hate
They need to live more, they pay this shit I don't feel for
I break the bank and bill though, your bitch stay in your billfold
Walk out till the sundown, forever ever Trio

What's it gonna be, License to kill
What's it gonna be, boy keep it real

You know how we do it, for the gee see me fighting life on the pills
For I hold tight on my steel, got a license to kill
Check their image not a blemish, since I step in the game
All my position strictly testing my aim
Yeah I keep that bob walking, nigga come on down
Look, and see the next contestant, as I let these rounds go
Most of y'all just talk the talk, am well known to chalk shit off
Put you in some shitty lane, no way that you gone walk it off
Don't play games, keep that flame
East 23rd street I claim, stay in front line and always riding
No one can see my game
Beats seven bread, and my heat full of lead
It's banging in they jaw, weak niggas scared
Am mad dog, niggas love beef when it's real
Catch you sleeping with your bitch, get you three to your head
Yeah, I mean what I said, come and try if you will
And be the beast from these streets with a license to kill
That's real

(What's it gonna be, License to kill)
Peace out to Trae Dee, Long beach up in this motherfucker
(What's it gonna be, boy keep it real)
Let's keep it moving