

Certified Killa

Foolio

I'm a certified killa (killa)
Was hangin' out the roof, how the fuck I ain't hit em? (what the fuck)
Saw his body hit the floor, how the fuck I ain't kill him?
Lately, Glock's been jammin' up, I got that brand new AR Pistol (that AR pistol)

I heard his brothers want me dead, I ain't scared, shit realer (send 'em)
Screamin' fuck yo block, come take these shots, just like liquor (fuck)
Free flow, stolo, back-to-back, we slidin' round, presidential (no cap)
Jit, don't pull down that block, lil bro'nem known for parking rentals (no cap, on gang)

[?] off the guns (guns)
Cut his ankle monitor, now jit'nem on the run (he gone)
Robbing everything, he up a 'hunned care funds
And he tryna build a team, but how the fuck is he gon' trust? (how the fuck)

Fuck, in my mind, racin', I'm gamblin' on the daily (the daily)
Ride wit a life sentence, no pullin' over, come chase me
Do voodoo, shoutout my Haitians
The streets drivin' me crazy
My brotha prayin' I make it, I pray for my brotha safety (I swear)

Made a fast move, I shot 'em, lil' JB peeked and he got 'em (rraa)
Everyday, say my prayers, and walk out the house with my choppa
For family and for Ohana, we catchin' bodies on bodies
Bibby, jit was a shotter and killin' shit was his hobby (was his hobby)

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I-I'm so 23k, shoot yo ass straight in yo face (on gang)
Back in 2014, everybody was droppin' 8's (no cap)
Shoulda seen that boy reaction when we took him on a chase
Took a piece of evergreen, that shit sweeter than the case

I ain't recognize his face, he got ID'd by his shoes (damn)
Big 6 from the brix, bitch I'm mister make the news (haha, haha)
Bitch I'm mister make the news
6, I'm livin' reckless in yo section breakin' rules (breakin' rules)
(That's on gang)

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(You know)