

Kill Or Be Killed

Jay Rock

You woke up this morning not knowing blood will be on your garm
its, hour glasses and informants look that's crawling down your
harness, see them demons and them omens staring at you mind co
ntrol they want your soul and then your rolling with them just
know where you going, (hellbound) twelve rounds came out that 4,
5, look up to see 25 that's alot, (let's rewind) when you pulled
up on them 6's bust a pistol busting bitches nigga's looking s
uspicious load em' up while you, (switching switching) hungry e
nough to come and get you, hope the gun is coming with you, gon
na have to shoot it out or shoot infront (won't pitch em') time
is now you wasn't focused you seemed up like you had posted, no
tags it was stolen and then it was murder motives, blink of a
eye you looking right at yo demise as they hopping out they goi
n' ride it's a homicide on yo life, the coldest thing you didn'
t see and now you laying there bleeding hopeness they keep out
your weakness and now you hope to see light

See out of my body's where they want me, they think they can ca
tch me slipping they want me, so I sleep with one eye open, cau
se you never know when you wake up and you're gone,

now the doctors they operating pumping your heart infront of yo
momma yo dogs if you don't make it you don't, on the way to th
e trauma center they taking to long swerving in and out of traf
fic yo mamma tell you, (hold on) your bodies filled up with hole
s you feel your body getting colder smelling that death in the
air the reaper waiting for your soul, while your fighting for y
our struggling to get some air yeah, when that line flat then i
t's a tag on yo toe, as your soul start to travel out your fles
h you see yourself lying on that gurney all bloody buddy it's a
mess, wish the best upon your flesh but your flesh might be di
ssapointed, pray to god that you anointed while awaiting your o
punion, while he pointing in that waiting room going through th
e motions all the screaming and comotion as they split yo body
open, for the surgery and accertainly as seems that it's over b
etter pray that you hold over, call your bloods how you was pot
ent, I said maybe cause your safety is for certain out your han
ds, not your momma not your daddy not your girl not your mans,
none can save you hope they play you in a memory when you fly,
you made but your ligaments ain't alive wish you had died

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Threatining messages punk got ahold of my voicemail, plotting a
nd planning damaging, on giving this boy hell, hopped off of my
boy hell, man I hope they enjoy shells, dropped, all up on the

y property gotta get cist when this toy yell, nigga I ain't dyi
ng just cause you jealous I'm gettin' relish and I sell it my s
hit developed so well that a deaf view can tell it, I smell it
he femalish roll up cause his gal I nail it spell it, b-i-t-c-h
but killa's wit' a sells pitch, I'm gonna be dropping chopping
alotta of body's gonna dropping from this, never gonna be anot
her motherfucka fucking living in my land will wanna be talking
some shit, cause I got kids niggas, and I do it big nigga but
for the safety of my babies crazy now look what I done did nigg
a, hop off my tour bus in your town I'ma scope you out, hoping
that I find you when I hear that shit that you spoke about, lik
e I'm goin' feel shit, like it's gonna be a real hit, but you'r
e just like that chick that gave you my number a little bitch,
been in your town over and over you still absent, and I do meet
ing greets, nigga you fo'real acting, I'm sick of yo ill yappin
g you gonna get your grill blackend, that's from the steel clap
ping that's 5'6 vill rapping it will happen, bitch!

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