

# KILL BILL

Joey Valence & Brae

Take that motherfucker

Smooth mover, deadly with maneuver  
Kill Bill samurai, running right through ya  
Smooth mover, deadly with maneuver  
Kill Bill samurai, running right

Smooth mover, deadly with maneuvers  
No tools on the belt, but I'm improving  
Fine like the wine that you sip when you dine  
I'm Michelin rated and my stars aligned  
Used to be 4 cyl's, now v10s  
As the money goes up so do RPMs  
I'm the Dom-Dadda AKA Boom-BADA  
The pop rocker, the shot caller, your father

Hit the backstreets, yo come at me  
Do not sass me, 'cause I get nasty  
Uh, I'ma knock you out cold if you battle me  
Sub Zero, that's a fatality  
Venues in London, uh, they stay packed  
Seeing it live yo, yuh, you get stacked  
Blocked like Lego, head hit the pillow  
Brae with the flavor, yeah, he keep it Haribo

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Goddamn!

Ding, ding, the bell has rung  
You flat on the mat while I'm kissing my guns  
Look to the sky and pray for hope  
I'ma toss your ass from the very top rope  
The doctors in, give me an instrumental  
Nunchuck swinging, boy, I'm crazy mental  
Smoking you lames like a pack of menthols  
This whip is cash, no it's not a rental

Yo, born from fire elemental  
You a dull pencil  
Walking on my path, got no stencil  
Fold you like a pretzel  
Now I'm sitting in a green room drinking Shirley Temples  
Yuh, yeah, you know we stay whack  
Bang, bang, sumo the beat 'cause it's fat  
Move quick, fast, it's time for payback  
Kill Bill samurai, bitch, take that

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Take that motherfucker  
Take, take, t-take that motherfucker  
Take that motherfucker  
Take, take, take that motherfucker  
But I'm not a rapper