

I am the killa  
Oh, my hun like Atilla  
All I know is to kill odds  
All I know is Guerillas  
Odds never been on us  
God always been on us  
We never hesitate  
Meditate it on all  
Yeah

Imma let the shooter shoot-ah  
It'll come around like a hoola-hoop-ah  
Any hog see a hue in a hoodie  
Assume it's a hooligan and treat a human like a hookah  
Make a brother wanna run away to Cuba  
If I don't keep it cool I'll be in the cooler (Hmm)  
How am I supposed to practice compassion? (Huh)  
And supress all of this passion (Wuh)  
Lord, I don't even smoke  
But Imma need a hit of something  
Or Imma be hitting something (Hmm, huh)  
That's not good  
Cus then I'll be what the world thinks I am (Hmm)  
Even when I suit up  
Same boogeyman hiding in a new tux  
Same killah looking for something to shoot up  
Yeah, I am the killa  
Huh

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I got the bullet  
I got the ballot  
And none of them solved it (Hmm)  
I'm made of balance  
I made a ballad  
And I'm hoping that it's like a ballerina (Hmm)  
I'll make a promise (Huh)  
Every bar got a ballerina  
And I will never let you down  
Every sound

Is for the way  
And I will never put you down  
Just for crowns  
Or for pay, today  
Till when I meet the Killa  
The healer  
The giver  
The dealer  
The filler  
The sealer  
That give us  
The feelings  
We feel it  
We create the villians  
The ceilings, the walls  
The mirrors  
That give us the mirage of all  
But we are the killa's  
That transcend it all

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