

# Ol' Time Killin

Kardinal Offishall

E'rebody ah talk 'bout sound killing  
When they dun know, we are original sound killer  
Fassyhole you know we  
Anytime we start dance-dance a fi lock  
Girl follow back a we  
We have e'rething pon cock  
Can't chant to we  
We start dance from 19-o-long  
Pick a only firefighter a we collect  
A dub plate we have  
Anytime we drop Kardinal, IRS and Wio  
A blood clot big tune dat

Yes  
Oh me oh me oh my (what)  
Them a try run Mr. Kardi-ni, flavours you can't deny (what)  
'Cause them Circle cats rhyme so fly  
Them tracks stay do or die and (what) as (what)  
When them write a murder song before a cats can't turn around  
I jump and beg for they live (what)  
Lick off a style, me-a-fi put dem all back  
Rap from T-dot to the Bronx and Bricks and come back  
(Will you wake me up?)

If an emcee step outta line, I feel them affi get cut up  
But up, lick up, fist up, sound get brek up  
Beat up and kick up until they boy start hiccup  
(Girlfriend what's your name?)  
How ya look, so sweet with your horse legs acting like you're strange  
It's full time, now you come off on dat range  
My name's Wio, bareback rhyming in the plains

Blessin' this, effortless, mess with this, eff with this  
If you think you got a chance to dance with your devilish messages  
Stressing this can only lead to battery  
You rattle me, request to battle me I take as flattery  
I see ya, grip your bible, I'm the lyrically homicidal idol  
Who's liable to take your title with a single recital, it's vital  
You respect the steez, I get vexed with ease  
Don't make me ask you to respect me please

It's an old time, ol' time killing  
We a deal with, run and get your money clip  
For another day in another way  
De man dem, nuh take the ray ray  
We are a murderahs  
"The MC..."  
Killas...murder  
"Murder she wrote"  
"Murderers"  
"When time it come to my sound which is de champion sound"

Yo, 1-8-7  
Cold blood I meant to do it ruthless  
Knew it was murder since Da Grassroots produced it  
Now we got some ax-murderers upon the track  
Burning murder onto wax

So you can witness the attack, it's Black... Kat  
The nigga who writes to burn flavour  
So hype the Source should give us 5 mics and 2 turntables  
We spitting this with beats so ridiculous  
And rhyme style limitless, let's see if they can get with this

Wio - you're crazy, your tough talk don't amaze me  
Imaginary gats busting just don't faze me  
Lick a shot, wave your flag, gunfinga in the air  
Headstone on your 12" says Mr. Kardinal and the Monolith was there  
From '94 to now, the beats run wild in the East  
Leaving 'nuff man decease, I got two middle fingers that's made for 5-0  
Babylon fi get dust and let my people dem go

Call me a sound (killa), gut (filla), rhyme (spilla)  
Don't date vanilla, hip hop guerilla  
Mind (chilla), don't drink Miller Lite  
Night thrilla, spite might fill ya  
Bite and you invite with a recite to kill ya

The tox licker, shot licker  
Girls flock quicker, since my crop got bigger  
Get yanked like a glock trigger, just to make the plot thicker  
Girls got thicker, I'm run up in the spot quicker  
(Don't let them watch me so)  
I'm the nigga your son really wants to chill with and know  
You must think it's me that make that nigga act so  
Vexed 'cause your church friends gossip on the low  
(Wio - let me say)  
Now for the people who don't know what's gwaning  
They sleeping on the whole city, stretching in your heart  
Not knowing that T-dot's about to shake your ass out your dreams  
So (wake up) before you end up in a pine box  
Seen

"When time it come to my sound which is de champion sound"  
You better run go and get your money clip

Run go get your money clip  
Run go get your money clip  
The emcee killa, killa kill