

'97 3-6 FREESTYLE

Killer Mike

Killer Michael
Killer
Killer (DJ Paul)
Killer
Killer
(TWhy, you did it, you heard?)

Big Daddy Michael, tall like an Eiffel
One hand on my dick, the other hand on my rifle
I stand up in court and lie with hands on the Bible
'Cause I don't rat on co-des or my motherfuckin' rivals
It's Michael

Mashin' gas, I'm blowin' gas, yeah, that pressure
Gasoline dream, only I don't fuck with Tesla
My granddaddy couldn't read, but he was wise as a professor
Told me, "Baby, you can never own what you can never measure
That pussy, you can't own it 'cause somebody else'll stretch her
So be about yourself and your money," I said, "Yes, sir"
Ay, Mr. Willie Wisdom helped his grandson make a milli'
And now I got a village, but that ain't nobody business
I let these dumbies keep thinkin' I'm rappin' and I'm trappin'
These stupid niggas ask of me, "Ay, Michael, ay, what happened?"
These stupid niggas think that I fell off and life is hardest
Just made a hundred K openin' for Rage up at the Garden

Ay, bitch, I ain't the Knicks, ho, I'm never losin'
And, bitch, I ain't a pimp, but your bitch is steady choosin'
Choosy Susie got me bustin' on booty like an Uzi
My missus right there tellin' this young bitch how she should do me
Chew me, chew me 'til you hear me goin', "Ah," then go gooeey
Later on, we blow reefer like our name is Bob and Rita
Better yetter, we are somethin' like a Martin and Coretta
And if one of us die, just know they bury us together (Yeah)

Leanin' in my Demon, doin' donuts, Krispy Kremin'
And you pussy niggas hatin' still ridin' a player penis
I'm the cleanest, I'm the meanest that your ass has ever seen-est
You should hail this young genius as if he's another Jesus

Man, I am a leader that is hated by elitists
And my life ain't been the sweetest, ain't no bowl of Reese's Pieces
And thank God for that 'cause too much sugar give you diabetes
Lately, I been walkin' through the backcountry of Georgia

Prayin', meditatn', tryna keep my mind in order
'Cause I was this here close to havin' pussy niggas slaughtered
To my lawyer and my plumber, yeah, I'm forever grateful
'Cause I don't clean up my own shit 'cause that's what they get paid for

Pussy nigga, get your ass up, fuck some pussy, get some paper
And after you get paper, be like Nip' and help your neighbor
And then you help another nigga double up his figures
And then you niggas ain't got to cry like you niggas victims

Yeah, it's Big Daddy Michael, tall like an Eiffel
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