Perfect Execution

Krayzie Bone

Dead dead dead dead
Kill kill kill em all
Kill (leave em lyircally)
Dead dead dead dead
Die die die, die, die, die, die

(Get em!)

When I hit em with the rythem nigga chill em to the bone
I kill em with a lyric n them niggas gettin gone
I can never finish a song, cause the competition never hold on that long
Flow faster than the minutes go on my phone
He wicked lyrical criminal, I'm on my own
The sickest individual, ya'll might know I'm
I blow a niggas mouth out, all I show em, is I'm a monster, beast, runnin th rough like the Nephalif
N I'm fuckin up the best'a them
Okay nigga, let's pretend that you a bullet proof vest, n I'm an automatic w eapon then
N that chest you call yourself protectin is your title
But when I'm releasing this heat, it's vital, ya die
Goin against me is suicidal
Kray psycho like Michael
Ehh hee
Comin back like I just sold a sack on the 99
Drive by n I kill em with words, bloody, a mess all over the curb
Murda mo some mo, hit em hard, get em all, kill em all
Hit the nigger in the heart for having a thought, then hit I'm in the brain for thinkin he can hang

Perfect execution, last assassination
Murda mo, murda mo, murda mo, murda
(Killa, killa)

I told ya'll I was about to get it crackin, keepin the blaze, can't fade Kra yzie Jackson
Creep with the AK, straight aimed exactly
Enter the brain, bang bang stained with platinum
A magnum for hit records, treck a nigga like (?)
No floss, so believe that'cha seen whut'cha saw, so raw, make ya broad wanna get naked
Cause I spit that fire, dawg, hot heat ta burn ya
Had to take a little bitta me ta learn ya
If anybody really got beef than stroll up, n sho'fun they gonn' get broke n rolled up
Get smoked n folded up
I'm kinda like a 4-4 just load me up
(yeah) But when I bust I'm like a AK-47
Under the dust is whut the muthafuckas reppin, check em
N ask em how they got there
Leathaface let the sawed off pop, yeah, n make sure all the bullshit stop th ere
Cause 20 of em verses me still is not fair
Just not fair

N always strong to the finish, never seen a nigga so I'll that's so wicked
None like me before

Nigga feel like you iller than this then come get it

Perfect execution, last assassination
Murda mo, murda mo, murda mo, murda
(Krays a killa, killa)

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Kill kill kill em all
Kill (leave em lyircally)
Dead dead dead dead
Die die die, die, die, die, die

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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