

Shoot, Shoot, Kill

Prof

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Sick, sippin' Simalac, I holler, "where the victims at?"
I'll find them in a cypher, and that's where I kill them at
I kill you rappers freestylin', y'all the boring version
And when you die I won't miss you. I'm not a mo (u) rning person
Ugh, goddamn it I'm good
I'm that one that climb that ladder out of the hundreds who could
I got y'all under my foot, I give you bitches six months
To turn around and copy my shit you posing punks
I need to travel often, young Prof, battle problem
I want beef so bad I swore I heard the cattle talkin'
Offer me your cup, see if I'm real and I can fill it up
I think you've mistaken me for someone who might give a fuck
Tag along with the Prof, hop in the back-seat
Roll around the city like Rudolph Nasty
Got a couple of chickens that swallow fastly
Call it nasty, follow Papi
I have already been where you'll never know
Five-star General, animal, I'll have 'em all

Sure it's like a Duracell
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Personnel, everybody, you and him and her as well
Everybody
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Oh my God, I'm loose on the streets again
The only question is which house to put the ether in
I got my daddy in me, I like to start shit
I put a fire to your complex apartment
Oh geez, I'm a fly trapeze
Easily breeze through your fly trap, please
He's Hercules and his mind raps easily to what he's thinkin'
Could you rewind that please?
Ladies and gentlemen, brethren and sisters
I'm so sick to the point that my wrist hurts
This is a meat-shop, and I'm the butcher, boy
You're on my list of everything I hate and could destroy
I rap with gale force, get the fuck inside your homes
This ain't sticks and stones, this right here will break your bones
If you can keep up with me, then you're a liar
Five tracks, four days, mixtape, Powderhorn, General Kaiser
I'm Robo-Prof-tologist, about to talk, hawk loogies on your carpet
I think I am car-sick

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Yeah my shit stinks, fuck what a bitch thinks
I'm like an NHL player up in a kids' rink
I am too big for this, like a McPlayground
I think I'll stomp my white ass back to A-town