

# Killa Ova Nuttin'

Psychopathic Rydas

Yeah, what the hell you know about the Rydas? Black trucks and hoods bitch!! Shit, you better check that, hell...

Yo! I'm a killa  
Cap peela  
Other bitches is wack, but Rydas are for rilla  
Gimme all your skrilla  
Your keys to your ride  
Tell your bitch to leave her purse with the wallet inside  
Ain't no frontin'  
When Cell Block starts dumpin'  
Through your neighborhood our black trucks be bumpin'  
Watch your mouth, peep game, and learn somethin'  
Nigga, check nuts, 'cause I'm killin' ova nuttin'

Now I be ridin' with my shotty  
A fifth of Bicardi  
My nose snotty  
In the party  
Intentions to levitate her body  
Give a f\*\*k who he with or who he know  
Let the barrel blow  
Or a quarrel know  
Over somethin' that he borrowed, no  
Do the math  
On the warpath  
Makin' predictions to the body count  
I even blast a hotty now  
Sprayin' couples 'cause I loved you  
So f\*\*k you  
I don't gang bang 'cause I'm strugglin'  
Bee-yatch!! Yo I'm a killa ova nuttin'

Killa ova nuttin', a Ryda ain't ashamed!  
Wettin' mothafuckas up over anything!  
Pop! Pop! Pop! Gun em' down, baby down!  
Dumpin' from the east to the westside of town!  
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Now I knew this bitch, yo, she used to love me  
Buffin' on my pickle, peace, everything was lovely  
Forties and Swishers delivered to my doorstep  
Early in the mornin', neden on my woodpeck  
Livin' lavish, every call beckoned on  
I'm the big Full Clip and bitches all pause, anyway, with no reason for dram  
a

I killed that muthafuckin' bitch and her mama

Still doin' drive-bys and leavin' hoes for dead  
Mislead  
Is what my homeboy said  
I ain't no bitch hoe, end your life on G.P.

With ya whole family  
On the lawn staring at me  
And I could could give a f\*\*k, get to lookin' at my gat  
Get to feindin' like a basehead, to leave you hoes flat  
Two-Gats got my back  
Killa ova nuttin', that's a fact  
Get out my face or get it slapped, bitch

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I was born with the biggest chip on my shoulder  
I killed little kids and took they strollers  
I'm older, tie you up instead  
And blow red lettuce out the side of your head  
(pa-tow!!)  
You could die any minute  
Turn your back, and get a hollow point slug in it  
You bit it  
Over nuttin' at all  
Now they serve peanuts out your skull  
At barbecues

I been wonderin' what the f\*\*k you been lookin' at  
You know it ain't no thang for me to get my gat  
And blow holes in your frame till you look like an afgan  
Body collapsed, soul fly like Peter Pan  
Lil' Shank from the hood, raised in bad ways  
Peel your fuckin' cap 'cause I'm havin' a bad day  
Hey, you can be a thug if you want to  
But I'ma be a Ryda bitch, so f\*\*k you!

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