

Assassin

Stalley

Cold blooded, not a care with me
I made my own circle, not a square with me
I move through the night when the air is empty
Just waiting for the right time to tear in me
Nigga thinking that they messing with me, snipe em down
A lot of talk out here, they need to pipe it down
I'm not liking how they overlooking Stal
Like I ain't popping, I ain't cracking now
About to turn this whole ish to O.K. Corral
And anybody in front of me getting floored down
I was one piece, but I'm torn now
Was on the fence about killing, but now it's going down
And I ain't stopping til I drop every one of these clowns
No sliding, go inside when I let off these rounds
Cause when I'm squeezing ain't no leaving no niggas around
Straight killer, this how murdering classical sounds

You get in, you get done
And then you get gone
You get in, you get done
And then you get gone
You never leave a trace
Or show your face, you get gone
You get in, you get done
And then you get gone

Nothing sloppy about the way I'm moving
Real assassin they way I pick apart what I'm shooting
They put me into overdrive
My adrenaline on ten from the fear in they eyes
Somewhere disguised like the common folk
I see through them when I align my scope
They killing they self here, you might as well tie the rope
They dying slow falling down the razor slope
Trying to be something they aren't, rather than something they know
And me I'm a killer, natural born killer
Eliminate weak rhymesayers and play killers
The day differrs, but I never let of triggers
Cause they oversaturated the game with lame niggas
So the dirty job is mine, but I'mma do it with clean hands
Slouched between three trash cans and an old Sedan
Hop out, let out sixteen and burn a niggas head off
And jet off before they can ever see who let off

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