

## Kill'em in the Face

Styles of Beyond

S-T-Y-L-E-S

When you see me in the place start chillin  
You know I keep it jam packed from the floor to the celing  
You think I give a damn, that you're rollin' with some villains  
If you feelin like a boss, man, bro, go get 'em. (Go Get 'Em!)  
I kill 'em in the face like (clack, clack, clack, clack, clack)  
Kill 'em in the face (clack, clack, clack, clack, clack)  
Kill' em in the face like (clack, clack, clack, clack, clack)  
Kill 'em in the face like (clack, clack, clack, clack, clack)  
I make 'em pass out  
f\*ck a face, down punk, puff away poof  
Evaporate suckers, I decapitate a brother  
When you get me in the booth with Scoop  
I told 'em I was comin, but they fronted like my shit wasn't official  
Then the single started popping like 'Oops'  
I shook a little sugar in your ice tea  
'Oh, I think they like me'  
It might be the twenties on the coupe.hmm  
I doubt it, 'cuz I'm 'bout it from my feet to my fitted  
My shit is nasty, you people need to freakin' admit it  
By now, you know it, you noticed I've been growing a grip  
A white rapper (Hmm.) they should do a show on this shit

"Hallelujah Holla back"

, this is California Crack

And it's coming from the

R-Y-U

I see your little crew falling back, why you crawling with the Mack  
Cuz you know you motherf\*ckers won't shoot  
I'm in the hood now, rolling with a half pound  
Chilling at the crack house, cutting up loops  
These haters want to hate now, 'cuz they a'int got my sound  
Set the whole building on fire, f\*ck a roof  
Got money on my mind, I insinuate the shine  
Make these bitches go blind like Magoo  
They see me on the grind, I'm high of the pine  
What you pay for one, that's what I pay for two  
I hit 'em in the face like "Smack!", blow your hold wig back  
Turn brains into meatball soup  
I'm leaving no trace, so they're ain't no case  
A couple of court dates, and after that I'm through  
Get money till I die, I got your supply  
Hoes wonder why, they ain't got a clue  
Still known for crime, I drop my own dimes  
I feed ya to your lions at the L.A. Zoo