

# Killer

Vin Jay

I've been on this road for so long  
Finally found a way to make this right  
If I could keep my head strong  
Nobody can hold me back

Goddamn! the boy's been provin' them all wrong  
Fans are still tippin' like the music of Paul Wall  
Fuckin' the whole game and I'm doin' it raw, dawg  
Enemies jump back like they're shootin' a sawdough  
Lately though my mind been on the ropes  
I'd advise you not to rock the boat  
Finally got the guap to cop a ghost  
Get me whiskey on the rocks so I can toast  
Ever lastin', ready to get it crackin' Already snappin' off rips, so get adapted  
And plenty passion, fanbase, been gettin' massive  
The petty rations y'all got just get me laughin'  
Laughin', I'm makin' it happen  
Get attraction and cash more than you can imagine  
Ever clapped and I pull strings, get a reaction  
When I kill them all, I don't feel a bit of compassion  
Y'all dealing with a red MC  
I got Lex on the drums like an LMG  
If I really fucking want it  
Do I leave the rap game right now?  
Make a meal off of NFTs  
Come on, bow down to the K-I-N-G  
I can tell I'm on top by the way y'all envy  
Really not a killer, but they say I'm deadly  
I suggest that you hoes don't tap me, bitch

There's a killer inside my soul  
I feel him running through my veins and he's turning me cold  
Told me if you want the fame, better do what you're told  
I just listened to the killer inside my soul  
I've been turning to a killer, a-a-a killer  
Turn into the killer inside my soul  
I've been feeling like a killer, a-a-a killer  
Feeling like a killer is all I know

Two decades of act, but the big boy draws on  
Ain't got the debt  
Couple people really hated the left  
Thought that it would be the way of my death  
But to hold your breath  
I learned to be an assassin and passin' the torch  
Tropical, put on the asses, of course  
When the past, of course, half divorced  
If I have to force, throwin' more than half the chores  
Continued the legacy, little Ebony boy, lookin' for heaven and joy  
Testin' me, better know my pedigree, never left the house without keepin' the pepperoni  
Beef is only meat in my teeth and you cheesy niggas look like pepperoni  
I may be somethin' like bologna, I'm mentionin' bout the one and only  
I'm 10, you wanna own it, pony  
Never been Iron Man, you're only Tony  
If I got shit together, the predator even got a scratch on me

Don't make me have to kick a caboose  
Toot toot toot to your bladder, hurt him, woozy, burn him and throw dirt on him  
Dumpin' him on whenever I choose I sip a goose and let loose and murder whoever I chose, you heard him  
Bow down to the K-I-N-G  
They call him, got plaques on the wall cause I had that pen beat  
I'm an animal, I bet that you won't pet me  
And I know you hoes ain't testin' Krizz

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