

Killa Mode Skit

Afromental

Baby no doubt
'Cause if you got the balls you might stay in the game
It might feel kinda raw but you're building your name
Like Gortat my man, giving you pain in the paint
The proper way
I'll beat you fast 'cause your style is lame
You see the cobra, the male Oprah
A mothafucker that will never stop
Flying out like the gas from the soda
Still controlling the fame, rocking it hard
Mr. MightyWozz the leader of the new wave
And we don't care that the vocals' retarded
You're hearing flow rollercoaster man
Try to ride it
And feel invited but don't use no weapons
The biz is full of shit rappens, but shit happens
I got balls like them coconuts
Believe or not, let's knock each other's balls out
Try id you got the guts
Slickest rhymes and tons of plase for more
So let's roll beby let's roll and suck my flow

CHORUS:

We don't wanna play games, we're in killa' mode
'Cause if they pull the wrong strings we will kill 'em all
So you better understand to leave us alone
You got the message now, better get the fuck out
We don't wanna play games, we're in killa' mode
'Cause if they pull the wrong strings we will kill 'em all
So you better understand to leave us alone
We're ill not sick, this shit is toxic

I'm like a comet
Comin' down straight to your head shattering your stomach
And better check your vomit
And better out your pants up cuz it met the floor
Standin' like a ho'
Let me count to 4 3 2 1 Bang!
Mothafucker you're out!
You're a fagged dicksucker so control your mouth
We're playin' winners outs you're playin' weener's doubts
What you're hearing now is the soldier's vow (you) fuckin' boyscout
My train's comin'
I'm ridin' gunshot
Fuck the runnin'
All ya whack mc's stopped
Flo's stunning
Ho! You can call me rap animal
Flo's kot no rules at all
My rhymes are cruel like Geronimo
I got my team on my back
Toghether chasing dreams on a track
Sittin' in our black cadillac
Them boyz make you got that
If not we'ss strike from above
Like bombs over Baghdad

CHORUS . . .