

# Kill Or Be Killed

## Black Knights

(Get bank on it)  
Yeah, Killa Bee Gang, nigga  
(Still runnin)  
Black Knights, nigga, what what?  
What What, nigga?  
West Coast, test what?  
West Coast, nigga what?  
Bring it on, nigga  
Get gone, nigga, what?  
I don't give a fuck  
We don't give a fuck, nigga  
Nigga what what? Nigga what?  
Nigga, bring it on, nigga  
Nigga what what? Nigga, bring it  
I don't give a fuck  
Bring that shit, nigga

Monkey dragging hammers down Indonesian stone steps  
Walk in America, medicine man fever  
Snorkle in the rat's nest, hitch hiker junkie  
Where is the side walk end, knuckles drag  
Julian Po, Armadillo duffle bag  
Juice stars and fudge sticks  
Roller coasters and ferris wheels  
Two large revolvers, rock fights in alleys  
Farin' more dough, meet Mr. Constrictus (muhahaha!)  
Roll up a blunt on my passport  
Hittin' like a grasscourt, fabricated verbal crash course  
Last horse that gallop through snowflakes  
White feathers with red tips  
Died yesterday obey what the weapons say  
Pointed at your face, shoot your screamin' briefcase man  
Dear Niagra, 'Death of a Salesman'  
Tip-toe on 'Barbwire'  
Dirty maggot sausage, fat minds of peddlers  
Newstand editor, Archibald the Lecturer  
Me, man, Archibald Kray, call 'im Arky  
Holocaust awfully, sippin' vanilla coffee  
There's a 'Trap Door' tarantula living behind my right eye  
heavy as a slug bust, life is a Holocaust  
Architect medic, crystal bullets that flare though  
Hangin' back to back in a field with a Skarekrow  
Later call it elbows, spittin' the same lead  
A White Humming Bird, how roses came red  
Drive-in in the swamp.

'Kill or Be Killed'  
It's me, back in the flesh, packin' a Tec  
Crackin' in ya vest, tappin' ya chest, half to the neck  
Struggle with breath, wrestle with death and ass on the set  
The Knights shine while you faggots reflect  
Half-step, hold my own, Crisis never regret  
The scuba jet with knowledge  
Runnin' traitors, all Devils get demolished  
in the county of the Lost Angels  
Niggaz chant the Black Knights like 'The Star-Spangled  
Banner', ghetto grammar, cut you off the David Banner

Blue and roll with banners, slicky than a bleek is as bright  
When I rest up in 'em, death to criticism  
It'll get 'em, my niggaz plot patiently waitin' to set it  
Line for line rhyme for rhyme you'll dull and pathetic  
Synthetic, artificial, generic, my darts'll split you  
Vertically, I know you faggots heard of me

Heard of me, heard of me, heard of me

It's 'Kill or Be Killed' in these cold streets of Compton and Long Beach  
That's why we dont sleep, hold heat and roll deep  
Low key, gang bang with OG's  
Bee Gees, YG's, TG's  
Who want beef? Who want beef?

It's the hillside strangler, Sandman the dream keeper  
Eliminate your team with the streetsweeper  
Spit a rap doct-erine, ash and graffiti text  
Come on and get put to rest, who wanna see me next?  
The street vet from the North-side, pack a black Tec  
Let my pants hang, use gang bang dialect  
Sew you in, every mornin' "Wake Up" in front the liquor store  
Loo dump those karate shoes up and hear 'em roll

It's 'Kill or Be Killed', that's why I sleep with my steel  
Cautious, 'cause niggas out here kill at will  
In Killa California, where niggas put flames upon ya  
So put them things up on ya  
Smoke weed, and bang corners  
Bang on ya like what set you from?  
Better have ya gun at close reach  
'Rollin'' through Compton, L.A. and Long Beach  
You might get ya life took, fuckin' head shook  
These Cali streets is full of killers and crooks  
Gangstas and cops, semi-automatics and glocks  
Niggas don't scrap no more, them was the days of my pops  
Niggas that box, nowadays they twistin' on tops  
Killer Cal, nah don't think it's ever gon' stop

You feel the steady impact of the mighty bomb jack  
Blew a gold ass hat and five ones of chrome gat  
I love to gang bang, pants hang ridiculous  
Kick it with these high heads that's off the hook  
I don't fuck with hooks, I'm straight from the streets  
Kid what y'all eat?, prepare for warfare  
Step and you'll get laid there, dead on the spot  
RZA signed us fresh off the block  
Make sure you know my hammer's cocked  
And at all times still on the grind trying to get mine  
Ask me how I get paid, my verbal switchblade  
Ask me who I'm 'Rollin'' with I say the Iron Brigade  
Follow along, we stop like a comfortable raid  
Anybody in our way, it's for sure to get slayed  
Group or solo, solo my poop  
We only recruit, real soldiers, Iron Brigade soldiers  
Real niggas, smash buildings, blaze glocks, so fuck feelings  
Lace up the chucks, get on the average start the real dealing  
'Real Shit' make my money flip Compton, Cali

Faggot motherfuckers  
The Gang, nigga  
The real G's, where you from (Compton)  
The niggaz bitches, what? Fuckin' wit us

Boy (L.A.) The Black Knights  
West Coast Killa Bee Gang, nigga  
Wu-Tang nigga, when we bang this, hear?  
(Linwood, Killa Beez) Nigga  
Nigga, Watts, all that, nigga  
Straight up, nigga (Inglewood)  
Where y'all niggaz from, man?  
(Malibu) Hey young'n (Hollywood)  
Out here tryin' to be like the G's, nigga  
Straight gangstas, man, we gangstas  
Homeboy, nigga, just gang bang rap  
It belongs to us, homeboy (Right, right, right)  
You know I mean? That bullshit you speakin'  
is on some other shit, boy, and I mean it.  
'You Don't Wanna Fuck Wit Us'  
(That's exactly what we be sayin')