

# Killa

Cam'ron

I might long mink it  
Or fly fox it  
Might floor seat it  
Or skybox it  
What's in my pocket? Don't worry I got it  
Araab hit em with a sky rocket  
You a love cuffer, me and my blood brothers?  
Cook the beef like Fuddruckers, duck sucker  
What I think of them? I ain't no judge, fucker  
What I deal with? Nothin' but drugs, brother  
Smack ya girl, kill ya pops, take ya mother  
Stab ya aunt, hit ya sis, duct tape ya brother  
First drawer is all suede, Jamaican colors  
Make em take cover  
Me? I teach laundering  
Coke, please bond with me  
Only time you meet girls on E-Harmony  
The block, I treat, like the Pharmacy  
From the back of Delanor to the Armory  
(Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa...)

Sliiiiiiiiiime!  
Yo, if these walls could speak, they'd tell me "Let's go! "  
Like Wall Street, Billy First, Meeko and Gecko  
Was ambitious, determined I'm in Joe Pesch mode  
They put my name in the black book cause they petro  
Black retro's, yeah them 60 plus  
And black expo, necks broke just to look at us  
Ridiculous delivery, the boss type  
She fell in love with my kick game like paw spikes  
Half the shit, you spit plain, you part nice  
Half the brick is cooked cain, that's hard white  
Automar bright, all the haters respect it  
Feel like the governor in the Schwarzenegger collection  
I'm just fuckin' them, I don't care who she slept with  
Shorty only good for the throat like chloraseptic  
These rappers hot combs, your boy the next pick  
I don't straighten it out, get blown when the tech spit  
(Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa...)

Yo I was always a smart ass, pullin' BM's out of Park Ave  
Hand the rock to em off the ground like a bounce pass  
(Coke cash!)  
So was my heart when the pound blast  
You could fuck up some paper just make sure gutter mouth stash  
No OutKast, love me low in the Big Boi  
Border her ass, throw some D's on it like Rich Boy  
Benz high class, Crown Vic's be our 6-4  
Shit is like Crenshaw, way to be Blood and Crip calls

He ain't lying get thrown from the 6th floor  
Blown from the 4-5 my dick in ya bitch jaw  
All them diamonds that's what my wrist for  
Any problems? That's what the clique for  
Fuck a big tour, I sail on the sick shore  
Girls are like lotto, Doggy I pick 4  
Word, Homie

They phony  
Macy's, Neiman's, Bloomy's they know me  
(Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa...)