

Killaz Theme

Cormega

Ha ha...
Yeah...
Uh huh right...
Part the crowd like the Red Sea...
Let's fight to this...
Don't even tempt me...

We want to kill you... (make y'all niggaz fight to this)
We want to kill you...

Eh yo
Peace to our way of life
Hats off to all the trife
Let's toast to fully autos and foot long knives
Specially for stacks of green packs
My outfit ah perform, so blow all stained raps
Now let me take y'all niggaz back to my basics of this

Ya ancient to flip, fag catch a face lift
My shank do remarkable things for fakeness
My whole Mobb got the same patience
Throw on your tracks 8-6
And make moves like a space ship
We pack places, Infamous bangs ya nation
Ya light at the weight station
That weak shit need replacing, put this in heavy rotation

Overdose music
It's theraputic to the user
Driving wild under the influence of this
Careful, 'cause ya might just crash ya shit
Total ya whip and still pull my tape out the deck
Me and Mobb tryin to connect like thirty thousand dollar links
Unpoppable, unstoppable, topple

Yo, my drug cliental was bringing me money well
Smoking Buddha L's and weed so good
They leave a funny smell
Niggaz scoping me, hoping police is close to me
Mega regulatin'
The way shit's supposed to be
Gold chain choking me, cocaine provoking me
To live my destiny (ha)
Jacuzzi water soaking me
Floating in smoky Durango
Doing my thing yo, my mac milli
Sweeter than a mango
Son, you know the drilly
The drama is a part of me
Did time for cocaine, nines and armed robbery
My rhyme written graffiti is a live nigga prophecy
Mega poetic rhymes are like dimes but no credit
I leave ya mind paralysed dun, but don't wet it
Scarface persona, I acquired a taste for drama
And I embrace this, real shit
You banned from the projects
Your love here, ancient (fuck that)

Yo, I'ma see you
Nigga, you transperant see through
Rhymes fully automated, you semi crime related
Cormega and Mobb Deep rhyme amazing
Thug shit you can't fuck with...
What!!!

Fuck ya bullshit rep, nigga you ass bet
Talking all that shit, don't even got cash yet
I floss, try to get away
No gats tossed
Got drama with my click, I'ma take it to the source
Q.B.C. representative, I'm just trying to live
If I can't get to you, I'ma take it to ya kids
Spray ya crib, fuck it son
Something gotta give
If I can't live then ain't nothing gonna live
That's dead ass
But to put this whole shit in a smash
You real, hit that ass up on four wheels
All jokes aside, you goin' squeal like them other rappers
You know we kick the truth, you want to clap us
I got this, strictly out the mouth nothing but hot shit
Pop shit, you couldn't fuck this when we drop shit
You helpless, put your whole shit outta service
Put on some old shit (Thank God for this)
Yo, if it wasn't
Them niggaz like us, you just be ash dust
Hustling for petty kid cash
Come on know, you know I know
When it comes to gats, I'ma a hoe
Never bite my tongue, let them player haters know how we coming
Straight coming through while you running
Get done-ed, have that ass shaking like a bitch when she coming
One in a mil, slip that ass like a mickie
It's fifty-fifty fucking with this, nigga just come and get me
No doubt...

We want to kill you (that's right)
We want to kill you (no doubt, that's right)
We want to kill you (no doubt, that's right)
We want to kill you (no doubt, that's right)
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