

Kill 'Em

Juelz Santana

Dude come on, you know what you gotta do this time around...Kill 'em

You niggas aint nuthin...Kill 'em
You niggas is frontin'...Kill 'em
You niggas don't want it
Kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em
My niggas they get it...money
Ya'll niggas can't get it...money
We'll kill ya to get it...
Money, money, money, money

It's like everything I'm doing is gangsta
My whole movement is gangsta, I maneuver with gangstas
I put the T-R-U into gangstur, I'm a nuisance to gangstas
I be shootin' at gangstas...Kill 'em
If he blink wrong...Kill 'em
If he think wrong...Kill 'em
Show this muthafucka these aint no paintballs...Kill 'em
Put his 8 ball, dead in the side pocket
Some lead from a hot rocket, left in his side pocket...Kill 'em
Fuck a microwave, that'll turn his head into a hot pocket
I'm begging you, ock stop it, cause never do I stop it
Whenever do I pop it, I kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em
Yeah, I lay around all day, with the pound all day
Dog, I don't play around all day, no
I pop up with the glock, like it's groundhog's day
And then I let a round off maynn
Now how that sound off maynn, when that pound go bang
Ya face chow ol mein, byeeee...chow lo mein
I'm great, when you see me, bow 'ol maynn

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(2x)

When the glock go bang, when the shot go bang
All you goin' hear is kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em
And I'm not no game, I pop those thangs
All you goin' hear is kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em
For them nachos, I'll kill ya, for my block yo, I'll kill ya
Let this nigga know he's not no guerilla
And that's not no chinchilla, that's a chopped up gorilla
That they chopped up to get ya, and you bought it, killa
This is not a real nigga, he is not in my picture
I eat lobster for dinner, he got spam on his plate
He got ham on his plate, I don't eat pork
Hand me some steak, nigga hand me some cake
'Fore I hand you a eight, like a muthafuckin' hand that you shake...bitch
Give you five nigga, I'm alive nigga
Who, what, where, when, why nigga, I nigga...Kill 'em

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What's my name...Killa, who I be with...Killas
What them bitches say...Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa
There go a cat fight, bitches they spar for dome
In the car they foam, never seen cars with phones
Santana, I give any part to homes
eye ear heart or bone, back out the orange cones
Even though I go right at the Sergant's dome
Right with my orange stones, we aren't home
Get moving and took out, I'm using the hood route
Hustla please, man you was the lookout
Man just lookout, I'ma raging bull, with amazing ??, so im Paid in Full
But this no movie prop, doggy this the oozie rod
That leave ya cutie rootie, tootie, lil bootie pac
This my dutie doc, you try to sue me, stop
How you judge me, I get Judge Judy shot
Now sue me ox, I just lay and smile
I'll rape ya child, they wont make the trial...

Killa, Killa, Santana, Dipset, Killa