

# Perfect Execution

Krayzie Bone

Dead dead dead dead  
Kill kill kill em all  
Kill (leave em lyircally)  
Dead dead dead dead  
Kill kill kill em all  
Kill (leave em lyircally)  
Dead dead dead dead  
Kill kill kill em all  
Die die die, die, die, die, die

(Get em!)

When I hit em with the rythem nigga chill em to the bone  
I kill em with a lyric n them niggas gettin' gone  
I can never finish a song, cause the competition never hold on that long  
Flow faster than the minutes go on my phone  
He wicked lyrical criminal, I'm on my own  
The sickest individual, ya'll might know'I'm  
I blow a niggas mouth out, all I show em, is I'm a monster, beast, runnin' t  
hrough like the Nephalif  
N I'm fuckin' up the best'a them  
OK nigga, let's pretend that you a bullet proof vest, n I'm an automatic wea  
pon then  
N that chest you call yourself protectin' is your title  
But when I'm releasing this heat, it's vital, ya die  
Goin' against me is suicidal  
Kray psycho like Michael  
Ehh hee  
Comin' back like I just sold a sack on the 99  
Drive by n I kill em with words, bloody, a mess all over the curb  
Murda mo some mo, hit em hard, get em all, kill em all  
Hit the nigger in the heart for having a thought, then hit'em in the brain f  
or thinkin' he can hang

[Chorus: x4]

Perfect eecution, last assassination  
Murda mo, murda mo, murda mo, murda mo, murda  
(Killa, killa)

[Verse 2]

I told ya'll I was about to get it crackin', keepin' the blaze, can't fade K  
rayzie Jackson  
Creep with the AK, straight aimed exactly  
Enter the brain, bang bang stained with platinum  
A magnum for hit records, treck a nigga like Manning  
No floss, so believe that'cha seen whut'cha saw, so raw, make ya broad wanna  
get naked  
Cause I spit that fire, dawg, hot heat ta burn ya  
Had to take a little bitta me ta learn ya  
If anybody really got beef than stroll up, n sho'fun they gonn' get broke n  
rolled up  
Get smoked n folded up  
I'm kinda like a 4-4 just load me up  
(yeah) But when I bust I'm like a AK-47  
Under the dust is what the muthafuckas reppin', check em  
N ask em how they got there  
Leathaface let the sawed off pop, yeah, n make sure all the bullshit stop th

ere  
Cause 20 of em verses me still is not fair  
Just not fair

N always strong to the finish, never seen a nigga so I'll that's so wicked  
None like me before  
Nigga feel like you iller than this then come get it

[Chorus: x5]

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