

Killaz On The Payroll

Luniz

Welcome.

Little boys and girls. You thought niggaz was gonna come weak?
Nigga this the Mobb fool. Uh.

I got some killers on the payroll, and they know
when it's time to handle business nigga lay low

I fight to struggle
hopin god don't stop my hustle
my fam fight back like wild dogs wit out a muzzle
the shots was multiple
I remember blood puddles
landed in sand wit niggaz fallin in doubles
baby couples
I mean the strong kill the weak
million dolla puzzles
I done placed the last piece
success is sweet
I put it all back together
mass melted chambers
strictly guarded by Barretas
uh cash means
fo the jewels they get they ass beat
sweat in my sleep
think they found a way to blast me
grossly
mutha fuckaz tried to choke me
sliced they throat
look in my eyes now slowly
your oldie
that's for takin it P
now what's left to play soley
that's for fuckin wit me
listen
in the streets it's a respect thang
can't tell the tune
left ya non-Taxin
mostly caine brought up
got sold on my block
most the nights I slept
got awake by shots
the inner city
I could care less about your pittty
I'm Phats Bossin ready to die come and get me.

Well you can label me an outlaw when Madd Maxx turn to set it off
grab the 9 millimeter by the pistol grip an let it off
like Dustin Hoff
killin MC's off wit a vengeance
blow the microphone up
an leave it smokin when I'm finished
per pound spinach
my niggaz been in it an done, done it
so when you come to smoke wit our records
nigga you know who run it
I gets blunted 168 hours a week
P tried to creep an got burnt from head to feet

but never sleep on the vocabulary skillz
of a nigga that's out to make mills
uh
my nigga Phats Bossalini tells all the block cats
got a hundred hidden in the stash, fast to blast

If it's one thang this nigga hate
it's niggaz swangin like Chimpaznes
that's why it's no exception
to the shit these niggaz hand me
20 years of struggle
huddles an plans can't amount to millions bubble
that's why we keep stacks tucked and cuddled
no matter my home nigga
my home is where I'm hustlin
wit Killaz On The Payroll
makin up for lost pay loads
the Bay knows
it's hustle-matic til you drop stop
lookin bold through the cuts
lookin for cops
I kept on runnin for three years
too mutha fuckin long
and had to cope wit everythang that went wrong
I got the Lord in my life
not cuz religion
but the fact was a nigga had dreams an visions
never listened to grown folks
I did my own thang
so mutha fuckin what if it's the wrong thang
it's only one rule I live by
keep some Killaz On The Payroll nigga
an get yo shit right.

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when it's time to handle business nigga lay low

Presentin more urban tales
of crack sales
an black mail
an black males, peelin black males
that's why these California streets is symbolic to Baghdad
it's sad
they did my comrad bad
smoked him wit the mag
now he's walkin wit a cane
and wearin a shit bag
my loc keep me focused got me sportin this rag
wit this tradgey
added to agony
an frustration Farrah Kahn himself couldn't stop me
retaliation
cuz his only climax
was pay back
he let his wounds heal an got more get back
an low track
posted up wit the family shack
fully strapped
wit a Benjamin big faced stack
only to get attacked
lookin for the sale
he put in his work
he swore on the turf, put his ass hole in the dirt

cuz a million soldier died and served in these circle street wars
before the deaths of Biggie and Tupac Shakur
Is this the effects of being young black an poor?
Do we genetically have what it takes to endure?
had killaz lookin for him from Crenshaw
to 5th Wards
to the O-A-K
6-9 Vill keeps it real
cuz men sharpen men
like steel sharpen steel
we warriors for the skrill
wit a whole lot of will
an I'm never gonna put down my sword an kill
cuz I'm out here in these fields wit the focus of a drill.

Yeah, straight Mobbulation/Affiliation
Run up squared and put down assassination

(Uh, you niggaz ain't knowin)

Uh, uh
Well it's that Vill nigga, that real nigga
that fill niggaz wit hot ones
combined wit I we doubled barreled guns
Motherfuckers best run
fuckin around wit Al-bum, number two so
do not be fuckin around wit we and we won't fuck around wit you
I do hang wit Dru, I do not be fuckin wit busta niggaz like you
Can't trust niggaz in yo crew what to do, I
don't be drinkin no brew, I
do get high til I kiss the sky an straight up run this
juss Hindu, I, do I
go under and under like True Lies
shakin these fleas and shoo-fly
Royalties from Noo-Trybe
got niggaz tryin to twist me like screw drivers
but fuck what you claimin
we ain't Mack 10
hoobangin, hooride
So who die?
Nobody ever knew
cuz true
killaz don't fuck wit niggaz like you
bumpin yo gums bout who got ya feelin the blues
drunk an I say
grabbin yo pumpkin head like "Ooooh"
I been the Ice Cream Man since '92
comin through
in the ice cream truck on triple gold shoes
fuck too Tru's
Vogues give the hoes blues
bitches choose to lose
plus I puff indo, fool how could you refuse
I do not be fuckin wit broke bitches like you
but only if you knew my gang
I'd have you running trains through the crew
I do
but since I got funk wit that No Limit crew
somethin new
niggaz been tryin to step on my shoes
you know who
that nigga got a perm like Dru
burn like two

Remmies when he perform for you
I do
kick it wit real niggaz from Frisco
back to
my niggaz from Get Low the RBL
my nigga cool
Nut 11/5
bump this in yo seven ride
get a show and bring you
about seven die
mutha fuckaz startin to bribe
but niggaz ain't bumpin no 4-TAY
cuz he too busy (bietch) tryin to smoke some more yay, uh
Jose around the Bay I knew
he be funny lookin like G-Money
nigga puffin voos
heard you got married to a crack like
you need to get some Get Right like Mac Mall
cuz it act like you can't rap at all
we havin jobs and swingin on platinum balls
so don't get
flat on your walls
an get snatched up in a U-Haul
cuz you'se a bitch nigga like RuPaul
You all think you gonna make money dissin my crew?
But only if you knew nigga.
You fuckin wit these Mobb niggaz fool, uh

I got some killers on the payroll, and they know
and they know..