

Born 2 Kill

M.O.P.

Represent, show niggaz the deal
I'm packing my blue steel, keeping it real
Cause niggaz were born to kill

Here comes the Brownsville slugger, motherfucker
I bust off shots at fools
To avoid these obstacles
I roll deep, me and my nigga Llama
With about seven niggas thats up in the clip to bring the drama
Homicide, take a ride in the hearse
Enemies out to hit me, but I'ma see em first
I'm ready, steady, and deadly but yet nervous
Let my words a serve its purpose general moved him off the surface
Gunshots let off! My instincts was to get him
Make sure I hit him, then break North, shonuff!
Holding down my fort, taking no shorts of no sorts
My four five turn to a blowtorch
It's still cocked! I tried to get away safe
You that shit was out of shells I still stuck it in my waist
Then my dirt, YEAH, Get murked, YEAH, murder was the case
That it hit heart beating like a nigga on base
I found a spot, chilled, parleyed for a second
Fixed my weapon, then headed back to my section
Now I'm back home smoking and drinking I'm bent now
I meditate on flash backs of how it went down
It's kill or be killed, thats a true fact
There aint no telling when these niggaz are coming to bust open your back
It's ill, it's real, but still I feel
It's provoke murder nigga I'm born to kill

Yo, it's the case of the state
Versus the great one seven one eight
Gun slinger from Brownsville
Where niggaz were born to kill

Yo, some chick think she saw you jump up out the jeep
You said you was across the street laying with the heat

What? That bitch lying
Heres a cocksucker I never heard of
I aint doing time for no mother fucking murder
When Mr. Gonzalez stretched in the mud
I was home with the dog dome taking down whats up
Therefore I'm innocent!

Mad shells were split

They ain't mine
I do damage with an imp, you found shells from a nine
This shit is crazy
Would you please contact Lazy
Tell him I need an attorney
To ride with me on this mother fucking journey
Now ten months later after being indicted
Third off of fifteen are clickin shit so fuck it I'ma fight it
Me and the TRU boy lay back after D.A. spoke
Cross examination, first thing jumped up and broke no joke

Stepped over the judges crown
Stepped on the D.A.s ground
Looked at the snitch with a frown
Went to the jury and got down
Seventy-two hours later Creeping on some playing no more shit
Toting the same glock Mr. Gonzalez got knocked off wit
As I...