

# Kill Me a Mutha

Obie Trice

I told you, don't fuck with me  
Stupid fuck, look at you now

Yeah, ha ha, have you noticed like  
When niggas go to the club, it's always  
It's one knucklehead nigga always mean mugging and shit  
Heh, he wanna, he wanna have contact with me  
Have contact with men, all these bitches in here  
Faggot ass, these for them hard head niggas man

Now I don't wanna come across as a boss some type of mafia  
But these are my thoughts, they awful, I won't argue with ya  
But see, I got a cause a clause, that I live by  
Keep the heater close because I don't want to die  
You see I'm from Detroit where they dump 'em off in coffins  
And often there's assorted men where bullets holes departed him  
And I don't want no parts of them, crazy complications  
So I keep the heater cocked up in case of confrontation  
And I would just be fakin if I said I wouldn't erase him  
If he blatantly, tried to take away God's creation

I'll kill me a muthafucka  
Running up on me, may he, rest in peace once released  
I'll kill me a muthafucka  
Yeah, look at ya now, for running ya mouth, ya stretched on the ground  
I'll kill me a muthafucka  
Ain't no way you can stop it, on that hot shit, we can get it popping  
I'll kill me a muthafucka  
(I told you, don't fuck with me, stupid fuck, running ya mouth)

Now I'm riding through the city in a Range with no tints  
Just to show these muthafuckas yes I am a resident  
I ain't stack up my pennies just to move out the city  
So if you got a problem with me you should know where to get me  
Niggas kills me, portraying that thug  
My nigga, you's a crack baby, go smoke on some drugs  
Before that hot piece of slug make you where you ain't budging  
Don't even nudge him, it's over for cousin, he caught a dozen  
Just for fucking with the wrong animal  
Animated no more, off to hell, yes I

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When I'm down in ATL  
Stat Quo keep my fo'fo'  
So shawty know Obie for real  
When I'm chilling in L.A.  
Dre keep my AK, so I'm like an esse  
When banging that steel  
When I'm out in NYC

50 hold artillery for me  
Watch me shut down son and dunny  
Listen, O-bizzle, hold the Tek-nizzle  
Holding ya neck if you, disrespect Bizzle  
Sizzle up tissue, missiles will not miss you  
Maybe ya momma, when that pistol uplifts you

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