

Chicago-Rillas

Rhymefest

[Chorus: Rhymefest + Mikkey]

Meet them Chicago-Rillas
Yeah..And we some cold hard killas
Meet them Chicago-Rillas
Yeah..We came to get that scrilla

[Mikkey:]

Uh, point blank Charlie, I'm that nigga
Been killing them Kanye tracks before Jigga
Hooked with No ID when Kanye moved to NY
I was in the hundreds runnin around totaled semis
Left Cash Money and started my own empire
And we don't do no bird call, bitch we been fly
And we won't kiss another man in the mouth, we GANGSTA
But we will run up in your house and stain ya
Close range murder remain ya
Empty the whole clip plus what's in the chamber
And if this won't help you Joe you know what we aim for
Lower that ice boy you know what we came for, nigga
Act like it we gon' put you to sleep
We'll own everything worth some even your teeth
And beef, you don't want, it I promise that
This is south homicide of Chicago, honor that

[Chorus]

[Rhymefest:]

You could never hold this block like I do
You grew up with a house full of women and let your momma pussify you
Started gangbangin in high school
Got your ass whipped and you stopped gangbangin in high school
This is something to ride to
Bitch ho wonderful
Twista, Common and Kanye look real comfortable
Bump, Fest and Mikkey fin a snatch it from under you
I'll help a nigga bag dependin on how my numbers do
Huh, and this ain't Wayne talkin greazy, greazy
This is just your mannerisms and they need me, need me
I'm a gremlin out the 12 ho feed me, feed me
Girls we got it's too hot for TV, TV
THAT'S RIIIIIGHT, Naw it ain't Jeezy, Jeezy
Them Chicago-Rillas gon' snatch ya freebie
Wear it around the hood, believe me
And when you want it back the price moved up like George and Weezie
I will never sit, y'all will never tell
When the heat is on, I will never bail
I will, never--let a stud extort me
I'll run up in your house with my leaking wing fin a spit poetry
I'll put a punk head with a floor beat
I'm like bullets flying through the hood, you can't ignore me BITCH

[Chorus]

[Bump J:]

My crew is thorough
I see life through a barrel
I'm clean cause I make green like blue and yellow

I got a deal, I ain't flash-you'll ball out
I went in cops with crates of guns and passed 'em all out
I'm that hood, make rappers call it quits
I've been good, Atlantic just made it all legit
It's all real, y'all rappers just act hard
And we spend money like it grows in our backyard
The MAC-11 is with me, I'm goin well over 80
In that navy blue 760
And I'm headed towards the hundreds, the king of the city
Going to get this money (with Rhymefest and Mikkey, NIGGA)
Crossing them, you're dead wrong
I will grab that chrome
Put it on your head like some head phones
You don't want Bump to squeeze till the leads gone
Block bloody murder, redrum (redrum, NIGGA)

[Chorus]