

# 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]