

Kill Em Pt. 2

Royce da 5'9"

"It's killin' me"

Please be clear. This is an invasion
Green Lantern in the lab
The invasion. The Bar Exam 2
"Green Lantern"

Last of the spitters
Hall of dope niggas from the past to present is sayin', "Next is Vishis"
I'm, one of the illest, the realest feel it
Competition isn't existence because I got venomous diction
You should toss your mic is my advice
You expect me to be scary cause you talkin' hype?
I'm like, how you gonna pump me up with no shottie then
How you gonna fist fight Floyd when you Gotti?
I'm the nice right hand Rueger specialist
Turn 'em into twins and I'll appear ambidextrous
Simultaneous, back and forth trigger movements
He bleedin' profusely
I've executed my execution
I got knowledge but I like violence and loot
Type to go to college
Not to learn, just to shoot a student
Kid Vishis
Nothin' fictitious
Talked your bitch into believin' my seed is nutritious
(Delicious ha ha ha)
Yep, then you went and kissed her like it don't matter
She went and swallowed my baby batter
You sick!
I know you been a bitch
I hate you worse than fans hate Joe D. for pickin' Darko Milicic
I got a killer spit
River current flow
I'm as vicious as a pit
You a reappearing hoe
Sho' nuff I gotta go
Bruce Leroy to these decoys
Deep speech, each beat I seek and destroy
D-Boy
The city's prince, I'm really convinced
I'm up
To being as sick as Two Girls In A Cup (yuck!)
I leave these wack MCs alone
They won't be in it long
They only got so much time like a minute phone
Bring your lyrics home
Find you with your spirit gone
Outlined and scribbled
My nine spiral period
Idiot
I'm on some Frank Nitty, big willie shit
Bout his bread
Bout he get you dead and I'm serious!

Delirious
Beats be the eeriest
Hand on my balls

The Boyz N The Hood know my style like Furious
I fight dirty
I'm Ike scurvy
I'll slap a bitch
It's obviously like blood on a white jersey
Don't go and have an accident
Christ Passion-ate
You little boys invite me to spaz
I'm right on your ass
I Mike-Jackson-it
My bitch Nina Ross constantly lookin' for pussy
You don't push me that pistol is dyke accurate
The lights flashin' in the night from the chain
Like it's lightening
Bitches suckin' up to me
My life is a Dyson
The chicken with me is a knockout like she a Tyson
But like she enticing
Bright like the ice in a brightlin
The Feds buggin' like I'm lice
Whenever we chop it up
Like I'm dice
And I gas like I'm nitrous
I'm on top like I'm icing
What you not nice is
The block price is higher than the rock pipe is
George Bush that button like the Iraq crisis
I'm Ted Diabiase
I cop it
It's not priceless
Insane in the membrane
I'm sittin' on top of "Sugar Hill" like AZ but I'm not Cypress
You got a light for the blunt?
Fire up
Call me Poppa Big Willie/pop a big wheely like the bike front tire up
Me and Vish nigga
We in tip top shape
Myspace
I stay in a bitch top eight
The only question I ask you bitch niggas is, "Why hate? "
The handle on the pistol is pearly like God's gate
Y'all niggas sound fishy but you're really squad bait
These Guccis, these ain't Chuckies/Chuckys but this is Child's Play