

## 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