

Kill Murder

Twista

Most of you motherfuckers is comical
The rule like me is impossible
Verbally illogical I took the heat and then followed you to your residence
And spread your molecules blood floods your follicles
Damn right we don't acknowledge you
The streets got eyes of leopard for telling niggas to up weaponry
When they see your ass blast and feed your ass to the fish
Life's a bitch that'll suck ya dick
And tell them guys we hit that cash
Kick ass nigga they coming for the whole pie
Old time guys that wont be satisfied till you lay in a grave
Wont be satisfied till the location of the safe cave
Some were shining too much so I hide in the shade
The minute you made this move gave him one to his brain

Kill kill kill murder murder murder
Kill kill kill murder murder murder
In every video its
Kill kill kill murder murder murder
In every studio its
Kill kill kill murder murder murder
And tell me who ya know that
Kill kill kill murder murder murder
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Kill kill kill murder murder murder
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Now I roll like minutes and foes with killers that fold
Idiotic motherfuckers smokin 'dro by the O's
More by the box so what's this is how we rock it
Beats by Cayex and Toxic
China White find a mic
Imagine you can't stop it
Enough of profit haters make me sick stay on the dick
Talking like they made me rich bitch please face it
Legit ballin gave me this and you can't take me
Cause you can't make it in this game you gotta hate it
Niggas kill me with that weak shit come around on street shit
Guns that don't reach shit in a talk of insanity
Deaths wanted at your ass blast your identity
Ain't no hoes over you ain't know
We don't fold we monopolize and ostracize hoes
Bitch ass niggas that try to rise
I'm sick of the die sick of the knives sick of the guy that say

I had smoked three fillos falling on these spindles
Its Twist and T Bizzle
When i blast heat metal he like like beat bittles we little
Niggas act like the heart and the heartless
That still bust contrages that rip through cartilage
Turn these mortals into gods and goddesses
I bury ya slug in them haters claiming they veins pump up
Burying blood turns out y'all the scariest thug
On my nutsac that's how I get into sack

Sorrow hollows I spit at ya jag if he don't die he gonna shit in a bag
From K Town to V.I.P. ain't no V.I.P.
Ain't no three I.D.'s
That'll get you to a place where we got keys and peas off our trees
Controversy wild niggas that's thirsty and bodily fluids
Smoking terror that'll smell bloody hands on your soul like mascara
Disciples of death
You wont even hear fears in they cry
Don't you hear that cold in they throat and see they tears in they eyes
My niggas rhyme that's all I love
Put a bullet to the sky but a nigga gotta die if he call my blood
So watch it when you say

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Kill kill kill