

# Kill Em Off

Yukmouth

[Intro: Gonzoe]

Yes yes, whuttup mayn, It's the Regime man welcome to our world  
Ha ha ha, yeh, you ready, you ready Yuk, you know I'm ready, kill 'em off  
Ready, let's do this shit

[Verse-1: Gonzoe]

If you niggaz hate me, why don't you face me  
If you love me, then embrace me  
No words from me, I let the case speak  
White sheets all on your block, who callin' the shots  
We hit that man first then his faculty drop  
I went, 2Pac on 'em, showed 'em what I had for 'em  
Had the whole porch glowing, out the super sports showing  
Our man power, make workers out of cowards  
Focus leave a nigga beans, smokin' every hour  
Gun shots get louder, over blocks and the powder  
Whole spots get surrounded, whatever breathin' we jailin'  
Gonzoe spend your money, for you bitch ass can count it  
Lovin' my Regime life, California violence  
Put a nigga in the ground, like I ambush the sirens  
You pull me over; you get more then the drunk drivers  
South Central, survivor, hustler, kuniva  
Outlaw gang nigga, Regime ridah

[Chorus: Kris Kaliko]

We catchin 'em slippin' and war ain't no big games  
See they high, cause inside, I see you shivering  
We pull them guns they run, when that lead came

[Pre-verse Ad-Libs: Kris Kaliko]

We kill 'em off (Echo)

Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh. Uh-Uh  
Tech, Tech, Tech, N9ne N9ne, N9ne, Tech, Tech, Tech, N9ne, N9ne, N9ne  
Ooooohh

[Verse-2: Tech N9ne]

Surrounded, I don't know who to trust, stress might be  
Demons comin' in on me tight, will I bust, yes likely  
Load the cock back nigga not givin' a fuck, press tightly  
Then dip to the bay parlay with my nigga Yuk, and get hyphy  
This odd god is not fraud just broad knowledge  
Hot bars from Oxnard to Park College  
Part raw shit, part hard, and part mobbage  
Awkward shit I spit, you got garbage (cha)  
I've had it, you faggots, is mad at this (cha)  
You rap it, we zap it, and crack if it's inadequate (cha)  
Attackers with jackets snakin the bat in back of it (cha)  
You rappers is wack and it's fact, this is immaculate (cha)  
You slackers that got in the back to the red and black of it (cha)  
You crackers we blacker than Shaq and ain't no master shit (cha)  
We scrappers and hackers who mash for this (cha)  
Sack of magic shit, feel the fanaticness (cha)  
Regime riders kill 'em off and scatter bitch

[Chorus]

[Pre-verse Ad-Libs: Kris Kaliko]

We Kill 'em Off

[Verse-3: Yukmouth]

We, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em ALL off  
Work till my nigga age and they came so to break 'em all off  
And sawed up, I'll rip ya jaw off  
Bitch niggaz gettin hauled off

Chop off the kid of the mob boss  
And watch this slowly fall off  
Nigga..  
They foundation crumble in the concrete jungle  
I'm raise in the struggle, ready to rumble  
Shapin' bumbles that hustle, most killers humble  
But I'm loud and obnoxious; Bomb your office like Bin-Laden  
We kill 'em off with the choppers, I'm heartless  
I'm on some don shit most of my tracks horrifying  
And gothic, 2Pacalypse profit, hot shit, toxic  
Mob shit, Rap-A-Lot bitch, we got it locked bitch  
Fuck them coppers we still representin' that block shit  
The mob we don't fuck with no perpetrators or imitators  
Bitches been to strangers play us haters can't infiltrate us  
We getting' hell of paper, and cribs with elevators  
Let the metal spray