

Og Killa

"Chicano Nation Diss"

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(Jason Sounds)
(whispering) Malditos trece, 187, Southside Maloside,
Murder,
Fuck Chicano Nation, I'm coming after you, for real, i'm
coming after you,
that's right, wacha...

I'm filling up cemeteries
I'm creeping in the shadows lookin scary
Jason mask and my machete
Get ready
For the apocalypse, ur lookin at pure evil
I've done crazier shit than evil knievel
I got my mind on murder
And murder on my mind
I'm the end of time
Dropping these gangsta rhymes
All I see is tombstones
With the letters "R.I.P."
Rest in piss
That's cuz I never miss my targets
Aim right between your eyes
Don't worry cuz soon you'll die
It'll be quick and painless
I know u hate this
We can settle this in hell
I'll meet you there
But I'm not going to jail
They got no proof
Cuz I'm a professional assassin
No evidence, no prints, no leads, no suspects
It's evident that I'm malevolent
I'm insane
I hear voices in my head telling me what to do
I'm deep in the game
Get to writing your will
Cuz I'm comin after u

[Hook]
(jason sounds)
(whispering)

Die
187
Burn in Hell

I'm the one in ur bad dreams
Nothing is what it seems
Vatos talking about I haven't seen what they seen
You're asking for the red beam
I play for the blue team
A bunch of soldiers ready for battle
Holdin the AK-47's and sawed off shotguns
I don't mind to pop one or two in ur brain
Simon, feel the pain
Forget ur name
Like Seldom Seen said I don't spit game
I spit flames
I'll hunt u down like the season game
Akon has my back so he'll take the blame
I get fame ur still lame
I got 187's on my record
That's why I'm Ese OG Killa
The straight drug deala
Holdin it down in the 704
Loadin up the fo fo
Keeping a full loaded clip
Homie I'm ready to flip
I'm real intense
I'm serious like if it was my last dance
Like Cassidy I'm chillin in the club in my b-boy stance
U can see the rage in my eyes in just one glance
I might not make it to heaven
If I do can I take my 357?
I don't mind taking anybody's life cuz I don't have
guilty conscience

[Hook]
(jason sounds)
(whispering)
Die
187
Burn in Hell

U vatos can just burn in hell
I'm the alpha male
Rollin Wit Malditos
Where we go we control
Where we stand we command
Cuz we're malditos u got to understand
If u can't hang don't bang
I roll wit homies, not phonies
Forget lames, I got great aim

I'll snipe u, from 13 miles away
I'll fight u wit 13 straps my way
U might die today
Grab the black or blue flag
Put it across my face throwin up x3
Don't test me
Brown rag fags get dragged
I know u levas get mad
When I tell the truth
Ur mamas and daddy get sad
When I get rid of you
None of you niÑ±as have ever seen a real gun
U might as well become catholic nuns
Ya'll are talking about 314??
That's Philly's area code
You're not in New York
I'm in gangsta mode
Fuck you hoes
Southside Maloside Soldados rifando y controlando
Just chillin y rolando los varrios y mantando
Putas that be tripping
Don't let us catch u slipping
When we're gripping
The cuetes and the cuernos
Hit the frenos as soon as we see u pendejos

Simon! Fuck Chicano Nation!

[Hook]
(jason sounds)
(whispering)
Die
187
Burn in Hell

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