

## **Royce Da 5'9" f/ Kid Vishis**

### **"Kill 'Em"**

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"It's killin' me" Please be clear. This is an invasion  
Green Lantern in the lab The invasion. The Bar Exam 2  
"Green Lantern" [Kid Vishis] 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! [Royce Da 5'9"] 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 Diabise 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

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