

Shyheim f/ Bars-N-Hooks, V12**"Ya Not No Killa"**

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[Intro: Bars]

Just yesterday I was born again
Everyday when I wake up, I'm born over

[Bars]

One for the money, two for the cash
Three for Riker's Island, who need weed bag stash
Seen dope fiends throw up, shitty weed bags, it's
madness
Coppers perpetrayin' the fort, crackers wanna kill
niggaz
Triggers get handed to niggaz, with no cases
I guess I'd have a gun, if I was safer
Never hate us, come in dreams, when I be sleepin'
Makin' me wake up, with cold sweats, it's no threat
Imaginary gunshot to the head
But I be happy, when I don't wake up dead
I'm just on point, do what y'all might do
Even though that ain't like you
You ain't no killa, nigga, my type 2
Pencil will carve a name in a check
That'll get your ass gensu, in two

[Chorus: V12]

You not no killa, and everybody knows you not
You not no killa, no, no, you ain't
Killa, you not, you know you not, you not, a killa
You not no killa, no, oh no

[V12]

Big guns try to approach, but need one
Don't force me to pump you and your soldiers, your
close breath
Free throws, like bitches, keep babies, it might seem
Crazy, how I'd rap and sing, it's truly amazing
I spend nights and a days, with a bad bitch from
Beijing
And them cops keep hating, I'm answer my floor
But at the same time, get off these hammers,
increasin' my throat
Call me V-Twizzy, more tenor, bitch, cuz you the dumb

one

Look, Tony, not to get hit from the blind side
Bitches, cling rider, whoever, dun, it's y'all time
And everybody knows your not

[Hooks]

I'm that good guy, hood fly, dubbies on an S
Six double no, bling, hangin' off my neck
Bang tattered on my waist, I ain't go no problems
But that ratchet can't be safe
Just in case, I gotta put a bastard in his place
Cuz I ain't been dead nothing
I showed a love I have, and did my life thuggin'
Youngin' from the 41st side of the hood
Mix a twenty sacks of haze, with a sack of that wood
Cuz I get high, like I get money and hoes
I done came up, and still be runnin' the same codes
And I move crowds, air you out
Niggaz round the hood said B-N-H got the juice now
New Now N Laterz, we back, you wanksta
Q.B., 41st Side, B.A. gangstas
Got it locked, you ain't a killer, never buck a shot, nigga
Stock boy, you too cold to be a hot boy

[Chorus]

[Shyheim]

Some actin' cuckoo like he just flew over a nest
Like y'all give a fuck how much weight he bench
Shyheim, my government and my attribute
BIG left me a tech a nine, at my cribs
So give me the loot, or LBC it like Snoop
I'm out to get coof again, coof again, coupe
Turn up the thermostat, I beat a murder rap
I'm about to bring it back, in the name of crack
In the name of dope, slidin' through your hood
On a diamondback, with spokes
Big boy toys, underneath the smoke of coke
Y'all motherfuckers must think I'mma joke
I smack niggaz like you, and tell 'em, go get your guns
As far as I'm concerned, y'all can suck dick and
swallow cum
I'm God son, the rose of salvation
Product of the ghetto, I'm the streets creation
I move like vampires, only at night
Hand grip like plyers, on the block with rapid fire
Goin' hay wire, I stab a nigga til my arm gets tired
About to retire..

