

Soul Kid Klik

"I Want Him Dead"

Visit "[I Want Him Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Robert De Niro as Al Capone in "The Untouchables"] I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead! I want him dead, I don't care What am I alone in this world? Did I ask you what you're tryin' to do? Did I ask you what you're tryin' to do? I want you to get this fuck where he breathes! I want you to find this Nancy-boy... I want him dead! I want his family, dead! I want his house burnt to the ground! I want to go in the middle of the night, I want to piss on his ashes!

[Chorus: G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] I want him dead, Murder Incorporated enforcers connect Inject lead into his soul, for respect Who dat creepin' out the dark with the tech Infamous, Goodfella and Blakspik Aww shit, Soul Kid Klik is at it again A fraction of the team, but it still seem like ten men You comprehend when you spot the infrared Perpetrators get got, nuff said, I want him dead! [Goodfella Mike G.] Yo, I want him dead, face down in manicotti Laying in the street like Castellano and Bilotti Shot point blank between the eyes like Sollozzo Bombed in his car like "Gaspape" Casso I want the fuck, chopped up, and mutilated Albert Anastasia style, Murder Incorporated Like Fanucci, blow his brains out the back his fucking head Understand? I want this muthafuckin' piece of shit dead! Like "blaow" with the stogie still smoking like Galante It's Vito Andolini and Carlito Brigante A/K/A the Blakspik and the Ill Dago Leaving suckers sleeping with the fishes like Fredo But this'll be a job for Mr. Corleone Brown The Infamous Mr. Savage, woodsman from the Boogie Down You find the fuck and put that head to bed Like Al said, "I want him dead, I want him dead", you hear me? [Infamous Mr. Savage] You want him dead, son, you got him Get 'em, I'mma shot him, wet 'em With the crossbow cocked, axe'll split him. React to rhythm, treacherous thoughts of mutilism Pound his body til it glisten with blood, and then we ditch him Who want the friction? My team is giving lacerations Only way the perpetrators get got Murder Incorporation Soldier, you raised in street gorilla tactics Edge weapon specialist, equipped with full metal jackets Killa theatric, this is war, no time for practice Making moves with my platoon, and it's on,

don't get it backwards Yo, you know my steez, lick
shots from out the trees Then hit the streets, with my
army cap down, dressed in fatigues The minor
leaguers, they run they mouth and will continue to But
what they gonna do when I and I come for you and you
Your crew is through when you meet, the well bred
Infrared aimed straight at ya head, I want him dead!
[Interlude: Infamous Mr. Savage (Blakspik)] What's up,
talk to me? (Aiyo, kid what's up, I just got out) Yo,
what's up Joakim, what's going down, yo? Got Mike G.
on the line right here (aiyo, check this out, peep it)
[Blakspik] (Infamous Mr. Savage) Yo, what up, son,
remember that kid, we used to run with? (Yeah, curly
hair, light skinned, yeah I remember him) He got
knocked, so the whole block, is hot I told him Cop-N-Go,
but the nigga move too slow Words on the street, he's
talking shit, try'nna trip He had some dolphin in him, so
you know he's gonna flip So rally up the crew, I wanna
hit him up tonight I want his ass toast (You mean
terminate on sight?) He snitched about the lab, and all
the shit we had The nigga Joe, and Storm, and Mike G
they got nabbed They said he dropping dime (nah, kid,
he's dropping dollars) Working for the feds, try'nna get
'em all collars I don't give a fuck about no witness
protection I want that little faggot in a lion pit with
maggots And if his crew talk shit and try to flip I want
they wigs pushed back like foreskins on dicks So, when
you see him, put his chump ass to rest And put his
head in a box, V.I.A. U-P-S [Chorus]

Visit [Soul Kid Klik](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.