

Yaki Kadafi f/ 2Pac, Young Thugz "Killing Fields"

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(2Pac Talking) Hey who ya'll wanna fuck? K say he
wanna fuck da brat Yak said he wanna fuck somebody
in the ? That nigga malc said he wanna fuck a leo, fuck
it Mutah said he wanna fuck Toni Braxton like a
muthafucker hahahaha Thats right nigga, get paid
Who's that? Big Malcolm Living like a G Hollywood up
top with a 5th of Hennessey Mutah said you love
beating bitches live K-Dog On the real gettin high Label
us the young thugs Niggas leave with much mail Fuck
hoes, fuck the law, and fuck jail Young niggas never
had a prayer to prevail These killing fields can be hell
(EDI [Big Malcolm]) You see its uh complicated We
grew up crime related From watchin them old folks
smoke dope Yo it left us faded But on the kilin fields
As real as some niggas chill Realize and recognizin
You survive if you got bigger steel Then it was only a
minute till our time was coming Yo it was at the point
Don't have no run ins with those fucking youngins See
all the grown ups was dead or smoked up Left with no
game to soak up We said fuck it and loc'd up Back to
the street to escape it And to make beats But then
there would be those who'd be rich if we didnt did it
Murder but aint nobody feel us Still now its too late We
aint nothing but bait for them killin fields [Chorus]
Gotta keep my eyes on the steal Cant be the victim but
killing fields But if I must, then I guess I just will So ima
bust, and kick dust when it is Gotta keep my eyes on
the steal Cant be the victim but killing fields But if I
must, then I guess I just will So ima bust, and kick dust
when it is (Kastro [K-Dogg]) I came through lookin up to
who The high rollers with the gold chains But now as I
look back and think about my wishes Seeing them
same killin niggas turn to snitches So I stay high and
suspicious Oh these fields can get real fuckin vicious I
know you feel me If you nigga how you can't I'm gettin
hot and lick a shot when im amped And I aint got
nothing on my mind but my riches Bury me a G aint got
time for no bitches (biatch) Thinkin they fuckin with a
nigga on heels Baby I must keep it real For my niggas
on these killin fields [Chorus] (Yaki Kadafi [Young
Hollywood]) Now I can get through this Aint nothing to

this Matter of fact many if not plenty more Muthafuckas
be alive If they knew this I keeps my shit wicked Throw
your hands in the muthafuckin air as I kick it Tryin to
see a meal ticket before im gone Papa never got the
chance to tell me it was on So now I?m torn Trapped
between the devils curse and a hearse Left with
nothing but childhood pictures in my grandmamas
purse Now I strap up for the showdown Grab my four
pound and some more rounds Bet these thugs would
love to slug So get low down Words can't express how I
feel for my steel On these muthafuckin killin fields
[Chorus]

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