

Yukmouth f/ Gonzoe, Kris Kaliko, Tech N9ne "Kill 'Em Off"

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[Intro: Gonzoe]

Yes yes, whuttup mayn, It's the Regime man welcome
to our world
Ha ha ha, yeh, you ready, you ready Yuk, you know I'm
ready, kill 'em off
Ready, let's do this shit

[Verse-1: Gonzoe]

If you niggaz hate me, why don't you face me
If you love me, then embrace me
No words from me, I let the case speak
White seats all on your block, who callin' the shots
We hit Batman first in this faculty drop
I went, 2Pac on 'em, showed 'em what I had for 'em
Had the whole ports glowing, out the super sports
sowing
I'm mad power, make workers out of cowards
Focus leave a nigga beans, smokin' every hour
Gun shots get louder, over blocks and the powder
Home spots get surrounded, whatever breathin' we
jailin'
Gonzoe spend your money, for you bitch ass quit tellin'
Lovin' my Regime life, California violence
Put a nigga in the ground, like I ambush the sirens
You pull me over; you get more then the drunk drivers
South Central, survivor, hustler, kuniva
Outlaw gang nigga, Regime ridah

[Chorus: Kris Kaliko]

We catchin 'em slippin' and war ain't no big games
See they high, cause inside, I see you shivering
We pull them guns they run, when that lead came

[Pre-verse Ad-Libs: Kris Kaliko]

We kill 'em off (Echo)
Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh, Uh-Uh,
Uh-Uh. Uh-Uh
Tech, Tech, Tech, N9ne N9ne, N9ne, Tech, Tech, Tech,
N9ne, N9ne, N9ne
Ooooohh

[Verse-2: Tech N9ne]

This moment I don't know who to trust, stress might be
Demons commin' on me tight while I bust, yes likely
Load the cock back nigga not givin' a fuck, press tightly
Then hit to the bay park late with my nigga Yuk, and get
high-fiend

This odd god is not fraud it's broad knowledge
Hot bars from arks snarls to punk college
Park raw shit, park hard, we park my bitch
Awkwards and I spit, you got garbage (jump)
I've had it, you faggots, is mad at this (jump)
You rap it, we zap it, and crack if it's inadequate (jump)
Attackers with jackets making the bat and back a bit
(jump)
You rappers is whack and this factor is immaculate
(jump)
You slackers that got in the back to the red and black of
it (jump)
You crackers we blacker then Shaq and ain't no master
shit (jump)
We scrappers and hackers who mast for this (jump)
Sack a magic shit, feel the franticness (jump)
Regime riders kill 'em off and scatter bitch

[Chorus]

[Pre-verse Ad-Libs: Kris Kaliko]

We Kill 'em Off

[Verse-3: Yukmouth]

We, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill 'em off, kill
'em ALL off
Work till my nigga age and they came so to break 'em
all off
Its so dope I'll rip ya jaw off
Big niggaz gettin hard off
Chop off the kid of the mob boss
And watch this slowly fall off
Nigga..
They foundation crumble in the concrete jungle
I'll raise in the struggle, ready to rumble
Shapin' bumbles that hustle, most killers humble
But I'm loud and obnoxious; Bomb your office like Bin-
Laden
We kill 'em off with the choppers, I'm heartless
I'm on some don shit most of my tracks horrifying
Adopted, 2Pacalypse profit, hot shit, toxic
Mob shit, Rap-A-Lot bitch, we got it locked bitch
Fuck them coppers we still representin' that block shit
The mob we don't fuck with no perpetrators and
imitators

Bitches been to strangers play us haters can't infiltrate
us
We getting' hell of paper, and cribs with elevators
Let the metal spray (Ad-Libs)

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