

Chamillionaire f/ Killa Kyleon, Lil Ray "Murder They Wrote"

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[Killa Kyleon] Yeah That's right Hey Run It Fly boy eighty fo's for my landing gear Runway lights on my neck wrist hand and ear I look like a chandelier you can point the camera here Alert TMZ, because the man is here Hey, I'm so photogenic, gratzi paparazzi I'm looking like money you try'na get it watch me Just got my pilots license and a fly ride Only difference is I don't drive I skydive Haters try'na pull my parachute but I'm in the wind I'm in sumthin' jet blue, no top, butter skin I'm hotter than a furnace and I just left (???) Y'all talking wood wheel but a nigga really turnin (hey) First class killa, y'all niggas coach Y'all get slices, I get loaf's Mile high club, elite access I'm a G-four jet y'all niggas Southwest (YEAH!) Let's talk money cause I'm bout that Man Killa you broke, yeah I so doubt that I know you haters would like to see a nigga off note But I am not a singer if that's what'cha hope I'm three times crazy like the boy out the oak Man I'm the shit, (I'm the shit) y'all shit don't float (hey) Bitch ass niggas keep dropping that stoap While I walk in this booth and keep dropping that dope I'm gettin green like Scope, bitches gargle my dick And I a in't even gotta ask cause they swallow don't spit Y'all sorta like my hoes y'all niggas don't spit I hear you niggas records you ain't talking bout shit (YEAH!) [Lil Ray] Psycho-path whip, suicide on the damn doors Gucci backpack I ain't never rock Jansport Green paper stacks from the ceiling to the damn floor Dollar signs money M.O.E. is what I stand for Slab cars out for the hell of it when get boy Black Chevy, black Dodge, black Lac, black Porsche Black seats, black floors, black skin, black Porsche Freak bitches tell me is my pants is a black horse Vote for Barack, shit we all made a black choice Neck already platinum what the fuck I need it plaque for? Black diamonds in the wrist, well time to add more Black hoes, black whores, white bricks, black source Black Jordans, ice grill, rose gold, yella boy Drankin' on that medication syrupe'd out skelator Legendary with the blue pill call me Eddie George Run it like a running-back, projects door-to-door We say forty-fo' y'all say forty-four Dirty south, different slang, different kane, better drugs Bigger

bucks, sniffin' mugs, what up blood, what up cuz Y'all
make it rain and drizzle, we make it rain and flood
Boys say they hustlin' but lying like welcome rugs
Duece fo's on each car I ride in like Kobe, brah
Underneath my seat is high heat stay packing slugs
Just in case they try to jack it like Lettermans I'm so sick
I need more than Exced'rins Asthma attack tracks like
Kanye, no hesitance Y'all niggas jock Lil Ray swag it's
irrelevant Get so much brain I am filled with
intelligence Ed Hardy* jean pockets deep full of
gelaton Name ten rappers I ain't better than Y'all
niggas suck that's evident, paid like Federline And
"fuck Lil Ray " no thanks I'm celibate Prada kicks on my
car (???) In the streets so much my popularity is like the
president They don't wanna see a nigga levitate, cause
they hoes Playa haters with disease call jealousy Never
Misdemeanor, I'm felony Cut Beyonce and made her
sing in that falsetta melody Boss Hogg run the streets
heavily Young nigga stay with old money I got gwap
from the seventies Pull up in that drop on them Elliots I
call the rims Missy Elliots because the lips on 'em are
very thick Candy red paint looking cherry-ish Styrofoam
cup full of purple, no alcoholic beverages It's Lil Ray Ya
Bitch!

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