

## **Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"Sons of Assassins"**

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[Layzie]

Now see I'm cockrrring up my nine  
I'm poprrring in the clip and cap  
And let you know what's really happening  
With that son of an assassin (son of an assassin)  
Feelin' this killin' and peelin' caps cause I can't stop  
My gangsta attitude comes from my muthafuckin pops  
kickin' ass  
And the #1 Assassin blastin' niggas for nothin'  
Peelin caps with a passion  
Now, I can remember when I was just a little niggero  
Rollin' through the hood with my pops  
I watched him kill a ho  
Boom (Boom!) was the sound  
Of the nine when they kill ya  
So you didn't pay your debt  
But you had to pay the consequence  
(But you had to pay the consequence  
And blood splattered all on the ground - it made my  
ass sick  
I watched her fall and hit the ground  
Just like a damn brick (damn brick)  
He hit the gas, and we was tickets with the quickness  
"G, she tried to play me out  
That's the way it gotta be  
Yeah," that's what he said  
"Don't tell a soul, if you love me son"  
He gave me a hug. I said, "I won't  
'Cause I know how it's done."  
And now I lay me down to sleep  
Hopin' that I don't dream  
'Cause every night I get a vision of that  
Same thing [the same one I fucked up]  
And like a fool I'm on a block  
We're sellin' mo' dope, fuckin' wit my cash flow  
Like pops I let my gun smoke  
I made a promise  
I won't tell if your askin'  
I'm just that muthafuckin son of an assassin

[Krayzie]

Ever since I was seven I've been a troubled-ass nigga  
Used to sneak my father's guns just to play with that  
triggas  
(Don't fuck with my guns, boy)  
One day I'm playin' with the nine  
I get a flashback, and get to thinkin' about  
The muthafuckin' bullies in my class  
That's always fuckin with me, but this shit's has to stop  
The next morning I snuck  
And I stuck my father's nine in my lunchbox  
I'm on my way to school, that's when I spotted the  
faggot  
Removed the nine from the lunchbox  
And slipped the bitch my jacket  
Now I'm lookin' for a reason just  
To straight let the trigger click  
I walked over to him and said  
"What's up now, bitch?"  
The fucka-sucka started steppin'  
And it swung but he missed  
I knew the nigga felt pissed  
'Cause it was the nine that he kissed  
I socked the bitch in the face  
And to the ground with this sucka  
And this boy didn't hesitate  
He broke off quicker than a muthafucka (Run,  
muthafucka, run!)  
Ran inside the building thinking that was gonna save  
him  
But I caught up with the nigga  
Pulled out the nine, and I sprayed him  
Tossed the gun to the pavement  
I'm heading straight for the hizzy  
No more will Krayzie be bullied  
Cause Krayzie Bone just got busy  
Then ran home, told my father  
He said "I know why you did it, son  
The punk was fuckin' with ya, so ya had to get rid of  
him"  
Heard a knock on the door, he thought  
"Yo, what the fuck is this?!"  
Police surrounded my hizzy with reporters and  
psychologists  
My father grabbed his gun and started pullin' the  
trigger  
("Get him, Dad, get him!")  
Now you know why I'm labeled a little crazy-ass nigga  
I watched while my Pops continued blastin'  
My attitude is hereditary, nigga  
'Cause I'm the son of an assassin

[Bizzy]

My father went in the pen when I was 'bout two or three  
They had caught him (Jail ain't shit!)  
For manslaughter and murder in the first degree  
I haven't heard from him in about a month or two  
Until one night when I was watchin the eleven'oclock  
news  
'Cause I guess there's some insane inmate  
Just now broke out the pen  
And he can either be in Lorain  
Columbus, or Cleveland  
Right then it dawned upon me I'm like  
"What in the Hell?!"  
And then I heard a "ring-ring" on my doorbell  
So when I opened the door, and much more to my  
surprise  
Me and my pops was face to face  
Lookin' eye to eye (Hello, son)  
He said, "Son I'm on the run  
And I don't wanna be alone"  
I said, "Don't say another word  
'Cause me and you is gone"  
I went upstairs and got the gauge  
The pump, the nine's legit  
Until holice got in the yard and cold stormed the shit  
We jumped up into the(Gauge to your ass, nigga) hizzy  
I threw my daddy the nine  
I shot one cop in the chest;  
He shot two cops in the spine  
You know I'm pullin' the trigger, right  
My bullets steadily hittin'  
I go to pull it again, shit (damn)  
I ran out of ammunition  
(Where the fuck are the bullets at?!)  
I reach up for the pump  
And in a flash I got dumped and turned around  
Holicе gonna smoke my ass  
I can feel my life (Son!) passin'  
I know I'm bout to die too  
And just before I left I said "Dad, I love you  
(I love you, Dad)"

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