

Atemlos

"Kill or Be Killed"

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[Intro: Doc Doom (Warcloud)]
(Get bank on it)
Yeah, Killa Bee Gang, nigga
(Still runnin)
Black Knights, nigga, what what?
What What, nigga?
West Coast, test what?
West Coast, nigga what?
Bring it on, nigga
Get gone, nigga, what?
I don't give a fuck
We don't give a fuck, nigga
Nigga what what? Nigga what?
Nigga, bring it on, nigga
Nigga what what? Nigga, bring it
I don't give a fuck
Bring that shit, nigga

[Warcloud]
Monkey dragging hammers down Indonesian stone
steps
Walk in America, medicine man fever
Snorkle in the rat's nest, hitch hiker junkie
Where is the side walk end, knuckles drag
Julian Po, Armadillo duffle bag
Juice stars and fudge sticks
Roller coasters and ferris wheels
Two large revolvers, rock fights in alleys
Farin' more dough, meet Mr. Constrictus (muahaha!)
Roll up a blunt on my passport
Hittin' like a grasscourt, fabricated verbal crash course
Last horse that gallop through snowflakes
White feathers with red tips
Died yesterday obey what the weapons say
Pointed at your face, shoot your screamin' briefcase
man
Dear Niagra, 'Death of a Salesman'
Tip-toe on 'Barbwire'
Dirty maggot sausage, fat minds of peddlers
Newstand editor, Archibald the Lecturer
Me, man, Archibald Kray, call 'im Arky

Holocaust awfully, sippin' vanilla coffee
There's a 'Trap Door' tarantula living behind my right
eye
heavy as a slug bust, life is a Holocaust
Architect medic, crystal bullets that flare though
Hangin' back to back in a field with a Skarecrow
Later call it elbows, spittin' the same lead
A White Humming Bird, how roses came red
Drive-in in the swamp.

[Crisis]

'Kill or Be Killed'

It's me, back in the flesh, packin' a Tec
Crackin' in ya vest, tappin' ya chest, half to the neck
Struggle with breath, wrestle with death and ass on the
set
The Knights shine while you faggots reflect
Half-step, hold my own, Crisis never regret
The scuba jet with knowledge
Runnin' traitors, all Devils get demolished
in the county of the Lost Angels
Niggaz chant the Black Knights like 'The Star-Spangled
Banner', ghetto grammar, cut you off the David Banner
Blue and roll with banners, slicky than a bleek is as
bright
When I rest up in 'em, death to criticism
It'll get 'em, my niggaz plot patiently waitin' to set it
Line for line rhyme for rhyme you'll dull and pathetic
Synthetic, artificial, generic, my darts'll split you
Vertically, I know you faggots heard of me

[Doc Doom]

Heard of me, heard of me, heard of me

[Chorus: Doc Doom]

It's 'Kill or Be Killed' in these cold streets of Compton
and Long Beach
That's why we dont sleep, hold heat and roll deep
Low key, gang bang with OG's
Bee Gees, YG's, TG's
Who want beef? Who want beef?

[Sandman]

It's the hillside strangler, Sandman the dream keeper
Eliminate your team with the streetsweeper
Spit a rap doct-erine, ash and graffiti text
Come on and get put to rest, who wanna see me next?
The street vet from the North-side, pack a black Tec
Let my pants hang, use gang bang dialect
Sew you in, every mornin' "Wake Up" in front the liquor
store

Loo dump those karate shoes up and hear 'em roll

[Doc Doom]

It's 'Kill or Be Killed', that's why I sleep with my steel
Cautious, 'cause niggas out here kill at will
In Killa California, where niggas put flames upon ya
So put them things up on ya
Smoke weed, and bang corners
Bang on ya like what set you from?
Better have ya gun at close reach
'Rollin'' through Compton, L.A. and Long Beach
You might get ya life took, fuckin' head shook
These Cali streets is full of killers and crooks
Gangstas and cops, semi-automatics and glocks
Niggas don't scrap no more, them was the days of my
pops
Niggas that box, nowadays they twistin' on tops
Killer Cal, nah don't think it's ever gon' stop

[Monk]

You feel the steady impact of the mighty bomb jack
Blew a gold ass hat and five ones of chrome gat
I love to gang bang, pants hang ridiculous
Kick it with these high heads that's off the hook
I don't fuck with hooks, I'm straight from the streets
Kid what y'all eat?, prepare for warfare
Step and you'll get laid there, dead on the spot
RZA signed us fresh off the block
Make sure you know my hammer's cocked
And at all times still on the grind trying to get mine
Ask me how I get paid, my verbal switchblade
Ask me who I'm 'Rollin'' with I say the Iron Brigade
Follow along, we stop like a comfortable raid
Anybody in our way, it's for sure to get slayed
Group or solo, solo my poop
We only recruit, real soldiers, Iron Brigade soldiers
Real niggas, smash buildings, blaze glocks, so fuck
feelings
Lace up the chucks, get on the average start the real
dealing
'Real Shit' make my money flip Compton, Cali

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Doc Doom (Warcloud)]

Faggot motherfuckers
The Gang, nigga
The real G's, where you from (Compton)
The niggaz bitches, what? Fuckin' wit us
Boy (L.A.) The Black Knights
West Coast Killa Bee Gang, nigga

Wu-Tang nigga, when we bang this, hear?
(Linwood, Killa Beez) Nigga
Nigga, Watts, all that, nigga
Straight up, nigga (Inglewood)
Where y'all niggaz from, man?
(Malibu) Hey young'n (Hollywood)
Out here tryin' to be like the G's, nigga
Straight gangstas, man, we gangstas
Homeboy, nigga, just gang bang rap
It belongs to us, homeboy (Right, right, right)
You know I mean? That bullshit you speakin'
is on some other shit, boy, and I mean it.
'You Don't Wanna Fuck Wit Us'
(That's exactly what we be sayin')

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