

Beyonce

"Kill Or Be Killed"

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[Saukrates] (Niggas ov S.I.N.)
Fuck, fuck, fuck
Kill or be killed

Fucking with the heavy metal shit
Niggas can't deal with it
Light years ahead of shit
Ain't a nigga left on the roster got ya
Spitting up blood all over your microphone
Imposter, run for the hills Billy
'Cause I got you spitting that wack shit
Guzzle this vodka, relax kid, hell is where you leading
to
I know you don't believe in hell, but hell believes in you
Sucker, next time you see me your lips are going to
pucker
Kiss my stinking ass, pay back was a bitch
Now she's a bad motherfucker
Foot, fist and thought, three of the deadliest weapons
My soul's ice cold no hot stepping
Claiming you did a bid, dude kill the drama
The only beast belly you ever been in was your
momma's
Comma, meaning a pause
Got ya one legged critics crawling on all fours
I mastered the world, this is my cue
Now pain has a face, kid allow me to show it to you
Now get up on the stage MC, if you will
But when it comes to the mic MC
Kill or be killed
I know there are many different versions of skill
But when it comes to the mic MC
Kill or be killed
You're the first little piggy to be slaughtered by the
wolf's rhyme
But in this rhyme I am the third swine
I built a Brickhouse, it's all mine
I'm spitting acid kid, the burns got ya face down in ya
casket kid
What! (kill or be killed)
(Nigga) mad man combat

(Kill or be killed) every man for himself
Success will not be measured by wealth
(Nigga, kill or be killed)
For who (nigga) do you bring (kill or be killed)
Can yo feel this (nigga)

Uh, the rap game got me canabialistic
For brain, it's a delicacy
My rhyme was written, you claim
It was irrelevant B, 'cause you was wack from the
beginning
I had your head spinning
Now you're all upset 'cause your girlfriend's clinging
I mean to be rude, shooting first 'cause I got
Hella niggas out there who would eat my food dud
Including you dude
I swing at competition like a feind swing a mood
And shine with the veteran or rookie all-stars
I make love to Venus and world war with Mars
'Cause a rap czar's attack must be astronomical
A Castro grip on hip hop will be phenomenal
But for now, straighten your spine stand proud
'Cause Sauk's that nigga who be tapping at your brow
Soldier, my tolerance for disobedience is now over
Kid, let's see who's bolder, giving you the cold
shoulder
Freeze, missed the first pitch now your grip's choked
up
Bitch please, used to represent your 'hood, came
gunning for me
Now you're at the purgatory gates of rhyme running
from me
You got on the stage MC, you were real
But when it comes to the mic MC
Kill or be killed
You lost so the next lifetime you cut a deal
When it comes to the mic MC
Kill or be killed
You know sometimes you just got to say, fuck a nigga

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