

Band De Soleil**"Hunta Killa"**

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[Lynch]

It's the Hunta Killa

Off of the 9 skrilla

Wit my nap sack fulla pilla

Nigga worst than the movie Thrilla and realla

Cause this is real life (that's right)

I saw that nigga get his head tore off (by who?)

By the same nigga that took his wife

You know I come nutty stingin like syphillis

You can get your liver split

By your own bictch fuckin wit this

Stay drunk when I dip and ain't shit

I got vast amounts

Your ass'll count em when I'm shootin em down your
bitch's mouth

(Cause this the) Hunta Killa deal a lot

And fuckin em shit shoes (wit the what?)

Wit the nine and watchin the bloody nut come out
everytime

And you know it's mine

When I com through loomin

Wit the MK-1 and when they done they lookin like sushi
(Raw!)

Wit the oozie I get the shit done

You know it's like velcro or polygrip

I stick to the shit that make you nut up wit your dome
split

I want you to trip

And I'll be sittin right there wit the casket

(You know!) you was at the wrong place at the right
time then you got blasted

(You hoe!) Hunta Killa in black mack-10 in the trunk with
the slump

I'll hug you like mama

When I use it it gotta be because I be off that juicy shit

Not use to it I'm addicted to the siccness

Might flip this nigga shit frequently

Them young g's they wanna speak to me

(But what) but they don't need to be

I'll have they hat quick

Wit no pactice

Put you in the trunk wit the slump stickin em like a
cactus
And I'm concentratin on stackin grip
I got's to hit you wit the slug
No love bitch ass nigga you know
It's Hunta Killa (that's realla)

Chorus: repeat 3X's

Put you in duct tape and leave you sinkin in the river
(Hunta Killa! Killa!)

Put you in duct! Put you in duct tape!

[KyeI]

Spent most of my time on the grind
In the bucket wit a loaded tech nine
On the corner lookin' out for the one time
And these niggas from the othaside tryin to take mine
Keep the heat on my waist line
Make bullets chase niggas and erase fake niggas
You can call me the grave digga
Money go-getta all about the skrilla
Cap pilla known for breakin in homes and gettin the
goods
Cross the line of the mastermind mothafucka I wish you
would
Got niggas in every hood and ready to go to war
I'm gettin paid the way I should so what the fuck you
hatin for
Waistin time thinkin bout mine you should be gettin
yours
You den put yourself in some deep shit
Now you hittin the floor when I come through
Kickin down your door like a predator
Spittin lyrics in metaphors
All you rap cats thinkin you the shit
My game's 10 years ahead of yours
And I'm headed for the top
Lyrics don't never stop
So fuck whateva you talkin bout
I'm takin over shit and I'm settin up shop
Raisin niggas up out they spot
All you bustas gotta go
Now I'mma bust a bitch and let you know
We can tear and war wit these scary hoes
Wit a tech 9 to your dome
It aint shit for me to run up in your home
Wit the chrome take whateva the fuck I want then get
gone
I was born to be a rida known as a balla shot calla

Leader of the pack
Ain't neva been no followa
Ain't neva been no busta
Dumpin on mothafuckas
Ain't neva been no sucka spillin information to the
undacova
I only fuck wit ridas and realas thug niggas drug
dealas
All about the skrilla cemetary fillas
It's Hunta Killa (That's reala)

Chorus [3Xs]

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