

Cam'ron "Killa"

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I might long mink it or fly fox it
Might floor seat it or skybox it
What's in my pocket? Don't worry, I got it
Araab, hit 'em with a sky rocket
You a love cuffer, me and my blood brothers
Cook the beef like Fuddruckers, duck sucker
What I think of them? I ain't no judge, fucker
What I deal with? Nothin' but drugs, brother
Smack ya girl, kill ya pops, take ya mother
Stab ya aunt, hit ya sis, duct tape ya brother
First drawer is all suede, Jamaican colors
Make 'em take cover
Me? I teach laundering, Coke, please bond with me
Only time you meet girls on E-Harmony
The block, I treat like the pharmacy
From the back of Delanor to the Armory
Killa, killa, killa, we killa
Killa, killa, killa, we killa
Killa, killa, killa, we killa
Killa, killa, killa, we killa
Yo, if these walls could speak, they'd tell me, "Let's go"
Like Wall Street, Billy First, Meeko and Gecko
Was ambitious, determined, I'm in Joe Pesch mode
They put my name in the black book 'cause they petro
Black retro's, yeah, them 60 plus
And black expo, necks broke just to look at us
Ridiculous delivery, the boss type
She fell in love with my kick game like paw spikes
Half the shit you spit plain, you part nice
Half the brick is cooked 'caine, that's hard white
Automar bright, all the haters respect it
Feel like a governor in the Schwarzenegger collection
I'm just fuckin' them, I don't care who she slept with
Shorty only good for the throat like chloraseptic
These rappers hot combs, your boy the next pick
I don't straighten it out, get blown when the Tech spit
Killa, killa, killa, we killa
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Yo, I was always a smart ass, pullin' BMs out of Park
Ave

Hand the rock to 'em off the ground like a bounce pass
Coke ash, so was my heart when the pound blast
You could fuck up some paper, just make sure gutter
mouth stash
No OutKast, love me low in the Big Boi
Border her ass, 'throw some D's on her like Rich Boy
Benz high class, Crown Vic's be our 6-4
Shit is like Crenshaw, way to be Blood and Crip calls
He ain't lying, get thrown from the 6th floor
Blown from the 4-5, my dick in ya bitch jaw
All them diamonds, that's what my wrist for
Any problems? That's what the clique for
Fuck a big tour, I sail on the sick shore
Girls are like lotto, doggy, I pick 4
Word homie, they phony
Macy's, Neiman's, Bloomy's, they know me
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