

## Carly Simon & James Taylor

### "Killin of the Caine"

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(Dre Dog talking)

Drop it

Yeah! (yeah)

Wasup?

This is uh...one of those cocaine style raps (you can say that again)

For the killas (the who?)

The real killas (right)

That uh...that popped Dan

This yo boy Dre Dog!

Check it out (drop that shit there boy)

(Dre Dog)

Step into the mind of a visionary vocalist

Focus this, picture this I'm 6 foot 6

Ready for the battle like Desert Swarm

Feel the welts on yo body from the extension cord

Got you sweatin like a dancer

Stress and gave you cancer

Nigga you the wide receiver foo I'm Deion Sanders

Prime Time niggas get turned like a channel

Coke is this, fuck a bitch from Detroit to Seattle

Indo got niggas thinkin fuckas wanna stop me

Mothafuckas missin teeth boxin like hockey

Rabbit, I'm not a kid but you can get the Trix

You better have been sleepin cause I'm slammin Big

Six

BAM! Get the smellin salts he's unconscious!

Tryin to go head up but juss cant stop this

Treat me like a red but nigga don't push me

Cause once my vocals hit the beat it's good like pussy

Killa!

Nigga?

It's the Killin of the Caine

Motha-fucka

(Dre Dog)

You live in a shell like a snail

Moby Dick ass niggas get harpooned like a whale

Not a killa (??doin niggairail??)

Fuckin with the pinnacle  
Wishin for a miracle  
Situation Critical  
Lay it down, you betta expect the worst  
All screamin like a pregnant woman about to get burst  
In a taxi, now ask me, do you think I'm bluffin?  
I bet I got you listenin to me juss like I'm E.F. Huttin  
Or somethin, you fuckas gonna all have to learn  
Favorite boxer Tyson, second Tommy Hearn  
Hut hut hike!  
I'm runnin from the whites (who's that?)  
Cause 5-0 they only thing they see is my nights  
But check this out imagine prison under the ground  
Escapers at 0 and you can't hear a sound  
Fuck you man Scarface Al Pacino  
I'm coo tryin to get some good pussy up in Reno  
A key! Stolen from a druglord G!  
That means niggas gonna die for a fat fee  
The lick went sour, a rat of the name  
The dope got my life, the Killin of the Caine

(Dre Dog talking)  
Run for cover (right)  
Yeah (no)  
Nigga (nigga)  
Mothafucka (mothafucka)  
It's the Killin of the Caine  
Wassup? I got some catterpillar killers in the house  
(who you got in  
this  
mothafucka now?)  
My nigga Coughnut (thats right)  
Mike Mike (Mike Mike)  
My nigga P-Ride (nigga P-Ride)  
My nigga (my nigga)  
Lo-Lo  
STOP!  
Thought I forgot about you huh nigga?

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