

Corinne Bailey Rae

"Killaz Theme II"

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Heh heh, yea
Hahahaha, right
Part the crowd like the Red Sea
Don't even tempt me

[Chorus]

We want to kill you (My niggas fight to this)
We want to kill you (My niggas fight to this)
We want to kill you (My niggas fight to this)
We want to kill you (Y'all creeps can't dig this)

[Prodigy]

Aiyyo, peace to our way of life, hats off to all the trife
This holster's for the autos and foot-long knives
Especially for stacks of greenbacks
My outfit'll perform, so blow all stain raps
Now lemme take y'all niggas back to my basics of this
Your anxious to flip fag, catch a facelift
My shank do remarkable things for fakeness
My whole mob got the same patience
Throw on your track Asics, and make moves like a
spaceship
We pack places, Infamous bangs your nation
You're light at the weight station, that weak shit need
replacin
Put this in heavy rotation
Overdose music, it's theraputic to the user
Drive awhile under the influence of this
Careful 'cause you might just crash and shit
Total your whip and still pull my tape out your deck
Me and Mobb tryna connect, like thirty-thousand dollar
links
Unpopable, unstopable, topple

[Cormega]

Yo, yo
My drug clientele was bringin' me money well
Smokin' buddha, L's, and weed so good they leave a
funny smell
Niggas scopin' me, hopin' police is close to me
Mega regulatin', the way shit supposed to be

Gold chain chokin' me, cocaine provokin' me
To live my destiny, ja'causezi waters soakin' me
Floatin in a smokin Durango, doin my thing yo
My mac-milli (what?) sweeter than a mango
Son you know the drilly, the drama is a part of me
Did time for, cocaine, knives, and armed robbery
My rhyme rid graffiti as a live nigga prophecy
Mega poetic, rhymes are like dimes but no credit
I'll leave your mind paralyzed dunn, but don't wet it
Scarface persona, I acquired a taste for drama
And I embrace this spray shit, you banned from the
projects
Your love here (fuck it) ain't shit, yo I'ma see you
Nigga you transparent, see through rhymes, fully
automated
You semi-crime related, Cormega and Mobb Deep
rhyme amazin'
Thug shit you can't fuck with, what

[Havoc]

Fuck your bullshit rep, nigga you ass bet
Talkin' all that shit, don't even got cash yet
Our flaws, try to get away no gats tossed
Got drama with my clique I'ma take it to the source
QBC representative, I'm just tryin to live
If I can't get to you, I'ma take it to your kids
Spray your crib, fuck it son, somethin' gotta give
If I can't live, then ain't nothin' gonna live
That's dead ass, 'bout to put this whole shit in the
smash
You real? Hit that ass up with 4 wheels
The ?darkside?, you gonna squeal, like them other
rappers
You know we kick the truth, you wanna clap us
I got this, strictly out the mouth, nothin' but hot shit
Pop shit, couldn't fuck this when we drop shit
You helpless, put your whole shit outta service
We don't smoke shit (Thank God for this)
Yo if it wasn't, for niggas like us, you'd just be assed up
Hustlin' for petty get cats (come on now, you know I
know)
When it come to gats I'm a ho, never bite my tongue
Let them playa haters know, how we comin'
Straight comin' through while you runnin'
Get dunnin', had that ass shakin' like a bitch when she
comin'
Wanted a mil, slipped that ass like a mickey
It's 50-50 fuckin' with this nigga, just come and get me

[Chorus] 2x
(It's no doubt)

We want to kill you (that's right)
(It's no doubt)
We want to kill you (that's right)
(It's no doubt)
We want to kill you (that's right)
(It's no doubt)
We want to kill you (that's right)

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