

Denver Harbor

"I'm Gonna Kill You"

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I seen honey and yo, I tried to hide the bulge
And thinkin of indulgin in an all out makin
Call out Breezely Brewin session of the flesh
And as the matter was discussed
This lust expressed through my reasonin
Would help to seasonin that rump roast
Gassin' up that blunt most incredible
Edible vision with precision
Had her fiendin for incision
She's with it, yo fuck a hit it, I was sluggin for the
bleacher
As I represented, had her buggin
Cause I reach a promised land
Before I spread it on her jiff so on
Must I go on play by play of the dukin
I'll save that shit for Luke and
As she walked me out of the abode this kid she know
Jumped up and said "Next time I see you I'ma kill you"
and was jetty

(HOOOLD UP!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!)

("Next time I see you I'ma kill you" and was jetty)

Hmm.....that's different
The paranoid feelin' my first spliff sent
But yo, I spoke as if the riff meant no
And I'm sayin though, hon
I pleaded I needed bonin' history
To crack the mystery why this nigga was fumin'
Speakin of my tomb, and she said "Please,
Don't even stress shit
That's like the average call boy that I mess with
And I guess with bein' ghetto Aphrodite
Have your mighty wanna-be-mack-niggas stress the
clitoris."
So I considered this but also thought of his proposal

Chorus (x2)
Brothas on some ill shit, kill shit, comin' out they face

("Next time I see you I'ma kill you" and was jetty)

I'm home back, I feel the dome pound I ponder the
yonder
Because the jaws of money on my swanson imitated
Bronson
But fuck a death wish, all that murderous conversin
Could never have my person cruisin' in a hearse
Instead of on this uptown number 2
Still I mustn't slumber, who knows the foe's mindstate
If his fakin's nathan, then I could be swayze on the
strength
Cause at any length mad niggas see God and Santa
Claus
Gassed to the tenth exponent
Fuck it I'll see, I'ma flex, don't it make sense
Heads now chillin' in the room, I load the jammie
Think about it for a second then I grab it
Cause yo, I'd rather have it, not need it
Then need it, and then not have it
You follow, I swallow ghetto pride for fearin' shit
Like honey said, "Don't stress it, just don't care
And hit the streets like Mr. hardrock"
But hardrocks become rock hard with rigormortis
And respect is the commandment the diving trigger
taught us
When a dire nigga caught us off guard and scarred
Mental agony of all sorts, at least he made a
handsome corpse
But me, I wants my wrinkles and my hairline while
receding
Honey beeps me 911 the love bone's needed
Fuck it, I'm out...

Chorus (x2)

Yo, check it out, turned the corner to a block
Peoples was lookin wild rough
And I seen shorty with the mouth by DT's with handcuff
And gettin closer to her gate I figured that he wasn't
bluffin'
The honey I was with is strictly bodybag stuffing

(Cause I'm sayin bye-bye...)

("Next time I see you I'ma kill you" and was jetty)

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