

Binocular

"Bulletproof Revisited"

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We are the Killaz that are Bullet Proof (Bullet Proof)
So everybody come take a shot now (Pop Pop)
Killaz like an army that never lose (Get on up)
So realize, that we can't be stopped now (Whut!)

Listen mutha fuckaz that are testin' me right now
Sinna'z 'bout to battle it up with the whole damn crowd
If ya didn't know, you'll find, that I'm Bullet Proof
I'm rippin' through ya house like I'm tha big bad wolf
I'm huffin' an I'm puffin' takin' shots to my chest
Adrenaline pumpin' so fuck a muthafuckin' teflon vest
Well step back, relax, in fact, fuck that
Mishap, car got jacked, now your body collapsed
So come on down to the level of the underground
Just stick around with the Killa Kore sound
Me an' my glock on top, the club is where I'm at
Now who do you think Puffy was firin' rounds at?
Like I said it before, Blood or Cryp, don't play that shit
Before you got on that trip, I'm done unloadin' my clip
A pop-pop-pop bang, chicka bang bang bang
That's my statement as I let the bullets rain

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I'm that mutha fuckin' Killa, unstoppable
Undroppable, shit, I'm uncappable
Woof! We raise the Roof!
Dawg, I'm mutha fuckin' Bulletproof, uh!
I'm the Killa that needs no mutha fuckin' introduction
My seduction is corruption, kill ya husband, bucks'em
mutha fucks'em
Ima crush'em no thang, bang bang
(Niggaaa) What? Fuck Me?
You can't touch me
Let the bullets rain to my brain, no pain
I'm invinsible, Sinical criminal Insane
Ya rounds are subliminal
My mutha fuckin' clip from tha TeK that I grip is full

(Ima Shootcha)

Tick Tock, bang pop, body flop
Watch it flop, my block, my glock, my shot to a cop
Let's rock, hip-hop, I shock, and I'm bulletproof mutha
fucka

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Bulletproof, mutha fucka (get yo walk on) you know the
way that we roll
Bugzee and the Bio Killaz (C-walk to this) lost control
here we go
Wut you gonna do (get yo walk on) with Killa Kore
coming Through
We got our vest on, (c-walk to this) you got yo chest
gone 'cause you aint bulletproof

Wut the Fuck you try to play with us for
Mutha fucka you be the one with his face down on the
floor
With my foot against yo neck, you know I always be
packin a TeK
And leave yo face a bloody mess
So wut u gonna do. When u fuckin with the killa crew
You know we beat your ass blue
When you see the click come through
Bloody body bags linin the halls
When we done, all the blood wont be commin off the
walls

Oh shit, I'm catchin 6 to the chest
Why'd I take off my vest could this be another test
Laying on the ground, starin up at the roof
Mutha fucka I aint dying, thought I told you I was
Bulletproof

(Ghost Fleet Lyrics Unavailable Upon Request)

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