

Binocular

"It's On"

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Welcome mutha fuckaz, to Murda Fo Free, I be Saint Sinna.

Ha-Ha-Haaaa. Tha Klepto, Bio Killaz, 2-Double-0-To Tha-3

Ima set the record straight, I don't try and be black
This is me mutha fucka, this is how I really act
In fact I react with a full blown attack
Beatin' up your dad over a cigarette pack
A Thug in the country bitch, don't ask questions
Spittin' all the wrong lessons in these rap sessions
'cause yeah ima dawg, thoroughbred rot wilier
Your woman wants to fuck me that makes her the pedophiler
I got more gang ties than tha mutha fuckin' Godfather
You wanna start shit bitch? Don't even bother
Just stay home it makes it a lot more easier
'cause my glock is my baby gurl, I love squeezin'er
We rap for fun and we kill to get paid
Takin' you greasy mutha fuckaz out like cascade

Gangsta, Gangsta, Tell'em that it's on
We da Killaz On The Run so grab a mutha fuckin gun
(Repeated)
Now I'm straight thuggin', straight mean muggin'
You best tell ya mutha fuckin' homeboy to stop buggin'
'cause I'll pistol whip his mutha fuckin' bitch face chin
Stomp in his guts a little, then I do it again
'cause fuck you, hit you wit a one two
Ya ass is on the news 'cause tha cops dunno where I stuck you
Nigga you done did it, who you think you kiddin?
Don'tcha worry about ya family Saint Sinna'z babysittin'
Honky got pissed so I took care of ya
Prematurely bury ya, In the cemeteria
Check tha name suckaz, Bio Killaz fo real
We live up to tha killa part of tha mutha fuckin deal
We not Bone Thugz, but we thugs to tha bone
Once we start threatenin' with chrome, Nigga, It's On

Gangsta, Gangsta, Tell'em that it's on
We da Killaz On The Run so grab a mutha fuckin gun
(Repeated)

So we back once again, this time we makin' noise
And It's On like a fat bitch on a ride at Cedar Point
We mutha fuckin' niggaz known as the Bio Killaz
(Tha what?) Killaz, Killaz, Killaz
That's right muh fuckaz remember tha name
'cause it's our time to gain fame in tha rap game
Lyrics to ya brain, I'm rammin' it, and cramming it
And slammin' it, God dammin' it
Legally psycho for failing anger management
That's why, before any mutha fuckaz every heard of ya
I'll murder ya, Yeah that's right lemme repeat it, I'll
murder ya
I don't give a fuck about nuthin, tick tockin' like a bomb
And about to blow up in your face 'cause it's on

Saint Sinno, Saint Sizzle, Saint Sinna
Takin' out you weak all before dinna
I'm a digital thug, and you bitches all 8-Tracks
I stick in ya mind like tha duck from Aflac
A baseball bat upside ya mutha fuckin head
You best step back before I do it again
Mutha fuckaz spreadin' words that they know that ain't
right
I guess a night ain't a night unless it starts with a fight
Alright, that's tight, I'll fight til' dawn
But tommorow's anotha day so best believe that It's On

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