

## **Bio Killaz**

# **"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 uncoppable  
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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