

## **Bio Killaz**

### **"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 cemetaria  
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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