

Djedis Peons

"To All the Killas"

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[Chorus: Prodigy {*sample*}]

To all the killers and the hundred dollar billers
To real niggaz, who ain't got no feelings
To all the killers and the hundred dollar billers
To real niggaz... to real niggaz

[Krumpsnatcha]

K-B-X, yo, yo
Who wants to test the untestable?
Infrared 9 at your spine, leave you vegetable
Where the bullet not, don't get caught in drop when the
light change
Left that light frame like eject on the flight plane
Peace to thug niggaz on this shit that we on
Get your heat on, guzzle down that Bacardi le-mon
Fuck a don, I'm on symotic over your block shit
Pop shit, watch the glock spit, lay you like carpets
I roll with niggaz that sniff coke and tote guns
and take funds, whether number 1's or sulibate nuns
Shit's official, fuck 5 mics, it's 5 pistols
Never miss you, penetrate your body tissue
Keep you runnin like runner, sweatin like summer
Then someone unexpectedly guns ya from the Tididel
Hummer
Beat that ass like drama, fade em out like Donna
Summa
Forever like Wu-Tang, my crew bang like accidents

[Timbo King]

For real niggaz who feel this is on some numb shit
Gun shit, peace to my jail niggaz who run shit
Corner thugs buggin on birds, we serve em purpose
The same 45 in your mouth, stuck up, your worthless
Extreme measures, illegal treasures, plus the safe
scavengers
Pepper mace in your face, purple haze, lace hash from
a rocko burnin
We on the block earnin thousands from PJ's to housins
Diggin pockets, rip trousers, spark a dutch, start a
forest fire
Tap, drop a diamond, informant niggaz walk police

wires
We on some 86, stick-up figure impulse
The last days are crime, son, take it as an insult

[Chorus x2]

[Lord Harrison]

We leave em rotten just for plottin my squadren
get no part of this, we robbin, your position
on the mission to target, is you bitch made?
My army brigade got the plan made
We rippin thru they assholes with the triple-edged
blade
The illest executioners droppin this, with peace to the
bottomless
It's symbolic to monogamous hollow tips
Rippin thru they vests for respect, nevertheless
to impress, we come in vain with some envious techs
My enemies get viciously torn up by my cavalry
that's constantly shootin for this life of equality
Fatality, supreme victory, some war stories
Misery bring treachery, so now I kill you slowly, fuckin
phony
Receiver of many, I come with plenty
A posion for they belly, into Hell is where I send the
enemies, if you can stand the heat, step in the flame
and get your fame put to shame cuz you lame
Leavin your bitch rappers slain, truly insane
You leave this Earth with my scars, sun, moon and
stars
is what you see when my 7-half mind spars

[Krumsnatcha]

Yo, yo, yo
Desert Eagle at your cerebral, keepin you civilized
the thug way, your mug stay the same way the slug lay
Done it and seen it thru these blunted contacts
Stolen ax, buy new gats, hot gats, serial scratch
like fleas, 8 million MC's drop to your knees like church
mast
Play fast, full mission from the stash

[Timbo King]

Dirty burners blazin at night, we got the ave sewn
Chrome, nickel-plated, 44, murder, dead zone
Police tracin prints, stolen cars with tints
Bum bitches boostin gear, sellin clothes for cents
Sharp razors make faces ugly, snatch a diamond,
lovely
Drinkin Valentine ghetto bubbly

[Chorus x2]

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