

## **Do Or Die "Kill Or Be Killed"**

Visit "[Kill Or Be Killed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Let's start it the land of heartless assassin killers  
Concrete gorillas  
Cold blooded mind mentally dead niggaz  
Cold temperature feelers  
Them ones who shoot to yo life gone  
When the nights on  
You body disappear into a dark zone - it on  
Im mad dogging you crib with my chrome  
Tapping yo phones at home  
Leave yo kids all alone - they gone  
Smoked 'em from 'em blunts to leaves  
Nobody want to fuck with the  
Im on some pipe bomb type shit - pull up with the  
The editor (and I) - eliminate my competitor  
Time to feel the wrath of full-blooded predator  
So in my head I'm on back tracking niggaz  
Subtracting niggaz - I'm about to figure - who react with  
triggers  
Bi-ach it up to you who react the quickest  
I'm sending yo partner ransom notes  
Explaining who on shit list  
Cause all we represent is hit list  
So remember this  
In my fucking city it's kill or be killed

*[Chorus 2X]*

K- I - L - L or I'll be [x3]  
Kill or be killed

I'ma take a life quick as I take a breath  
And I ain't excepting this bullshit  
I'm livin just like I ain't excepting death  
Preconception left you son-of-bitch you stuck  
Hit you with this thang - on the tock with a name - cause  
a killa just buck  
Never wire me up - the center of yo essence past to file  
me up  
It a be plenty mo' crimes ceases and pourin me swigs  
A nigga just got fuck up  
Visualize a fly gettin smashed by a battle rag  
Put it in da frame Nigeroe get the picture who I am

(Who it is)  
Zero muthafukin zero  
Cooler than that wind when you hit that corner bitch  
So don't fuck with me hoe - cause we know  
How drama calculate - testing out niggaz fate  
Keep yo head straight - avoiding that dead weight - shit  
up out the gate  
I often feel when shit get drastic  
I'ma make a motherfucka notice my production of  
these closed caskets  
Fucked up get blasted - since preschool on some bad  
shit  
Your first and last pick - its kill or be killed on you  
bastards

*[Chorus 2X]*

Seventeen in the mist - double you - distribute bitches  
is scarred to shoot  
Muthafucka done retracute - plus bleed the few -but I  
gotta execute  
When I'm next to you - automatic murder tactic become  
invincible

It seems you know - lay it down motherfucka - that how  
you know  
You first to go - you bitches know - tamper with a nigga  
- jag off  
In the lead off - get you blast off - in a Red Cross - hit  
the Feds off  
Cause your heads off - looking for the head bone -  
stepping over boundaries  
Its sounds to me - picture nigga surrounding me - on  
dummy shit  
But we can ball on the funny shit - a nigga body in the  
hollow tips  
With extra clips -shit- unload with the four pound  
And I throw down - show down  
Finna flow down - you toe' down  
Now I gotta finish the job - if I wanna cover low ground  
Since I'm low down  
I'm maddog release these fifteens from this wanch  
Yelp hit - smoke pound - nigga slow down  
So when I hit ya with the ra-ta-tat-  
Take the game - remain the pain  
Smoke the weed - make the G's  
Tame the strain - sixteen with an L  
Gotta get away tonight - no blue and white  
No bitch will do ya right  
Shut 'em down stay true for life  
Vause its you for life - and I'ma choose ya life

Have a feelin lay the body turning blue tonight  
Muthafucka you die

Sixteen in the clip one in my motherfuckin chamber  
Loco ass nigga - going through spells of anger - you  
can anail the danger  
I'm feening the snaps so call me a hype for the static  
I'm icning  
My brain recycling havoc  
Son-of-a bitch I'm psycho dramatic  
But I think I'm cursed with more than this evil shit  
I can take you back to some mid-evil shit  
But guess what weapons we gone pick  
It all be more than a man can imagine having -- damn-it  
Seventeen hot ones at yo skin grabbin worse than (??)  
stabbing  
See my workout drama and my room is tatted  
And I'm surrounded by triple darkness so dont (?) I  
take this drastic  
Be more than disasterist  
When I'm grabbin that black mask and that magazine  
Cat and da back  
Giving they ass some plastic fist  
See my papa told me punking 'em out wont do no  
damn good  
Fucking with yo manhood  
You handle it where that man stood, so dont ask me  
If I'm of a piece a piece of pussy and a piece of fucking  
steel  
Cause in my city bitch its kill or be killed

Visit [Do Or Die](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.