

## Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver "East Coast/west Coast Killas"

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East coast \*killer\*, West coast \*killer\* (repeat 8X)

Verse One: RBX

While childish MC's battle over coastal fronts  
I come with no fronts and smash in monkey fronts  
If you want to be evil like Knieval then jump  
I guarantee your punk ass catch the speed lump  
The tactics, extract, morbid thoughts from the mental  
Custom designed, for instrumental  
Yes indeedy, lyrical graffiti  
And this one's a burner, baby  
Truck, like Toyota driven  
True and livin drivin with the gat  
Uhh, pop the clutch, let the Cold Crush rush  
Then I flush wack material  
That's if I don't mash them all to mush  
Hush, let me burst, dare I gush  
Cock-diezel cuts  
Lyrical arsenal equivalent to arsenic

East coast \*killer\*, West coast \*killer\* (repeat 4X)

Verse Two: KRS-One

Yo, why do they make me wanna ruin they career?  
Before I bust your shit let's get one thing clear  
Don't provoke Kris no joke this  
I don't ride no rapper's nutsac yo I stay focused  
Beefin without skills seekin will only weaken  
The artist speakin over beats and, you be cheatin  
Cacaphony of small talent rappers, claimin a coast  
Over instrumentals, ain't got no real street credentials  
Here come the philosopher hip-hoppin ya correctly  
Ignorant ass MC's continue to tempt me  
Lyrics be empty like Alcatraz cellblock  
Too many MC's rappin causin lyrical gridlock  
Lyrical syllables interlock in my voicebox  
Yet I'm still unknown like the X on Sadat  
Just your typical, non-topical  
Flex the optical illusion weak metaphoric style you be

usin

I check one-two's and who's in the house  
Like shit your lyrics ooze out ya mouth  
Whattyou think this is? KRS-One from the Bronx kid!

East coast \*killer\*, West coast \*killer\* (repeat 8X)

Welcome to the New World Order  
You are now under martial law  
All constituional rights have been suspended

Verse Three: B-Real

The most scandalous, cut the bad apple, we can  
handle this  
Coast trippin goin on through out the business  
East Coast West Coast anybody killer!  
I don't give a fuck where you from I'ma Killa Hill-er  
I got crews on both sides together  
Deeper than the ocean and down for whatever  
Fool I can roll through any block  
From Central to Westland Avenue, without my glock  
But some niggaz can't survive on both sides  
So they try and break off, eliminate ties  
Fools got to get wise, better realize  
True, enemy lies killin in the highrise  
Office, analyzing the song  
Look at them red niggaz, don't even get along  
Kill that noise, four niggaz bringin the skill  
Mad caps get peeled if you oppose the Hill

Yeah that's right fool, you know who, the mighty Group  
Therapy  
The mighty mighty Aftermath brigade, letting all you  
sound boys know  
You're not ready to rumble or test this  
Kill that noise!

East coast \*killer\*, West coast \*killer\* (repeat 8X)

Verse Four: Nas

Now when I bomb like Sadaam, the world feels The  
Wrath of Khan  
Desert Storm in this modern day Babylon  
I be the twelve disciples strap arms  
All black on running your spot hit the safe and I'm gone  
Like a thief wrong, I keep the long 38 warm  
Silent and calm, and blackout when the beef is on  
Focus on your rap holsters, notice  
I'm evil like the Exorcist to the locusts

Ferocious thoughts, are mergin at night  
Like Jehovah towards the virgin in white  
I'm wrapped in a turban for spite  
Like a Israelite snatchin hoes up, my flow's up  
When the fuckin world blows up throw your hands up  
It's a holdup, frontin like you down for the real  
To make a meal, but when plan fold, nigga you squeal  
Like Heavy Heel, but what's the fuckin deal?

East coast \*killer\* West coast \*killer\* (repeat 16X)

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