

Finley Quaye

"Ain't Nuthin' But Killin'"

Visit "[Ain't Nuthin' But Killin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Geah (right)
Back on that ass
Some of that smooth gangsta shit
Geah (geah)
Givin' it to the muthafuckin homies just like they want to
get...
Niggaz On The Run, Lil Hawk & Bird, Da Foe (right)
Eiht Hype in the house (them killin' niggas)
Bitch

Here comes the muthafuckin' Streiht Up Menace
Poppin' that cap up in the dash
Best run fast cause we gettin fo' cash
Hundred and fifty nine street is a war zone (1-5-9)
The enemy no friend of me, muthafucka it's on
To the point where it just don't stop (oh yeah)
Niggas On The Run gon' make you drop drop drop
Loud mouth bitch
Nigga you's a muthafuckin' talker, ain't no slang
Ain't no bang just the switch in your walk and
Ain't no damn mercy in this crew (geah)
You comin' up shorter than I midget like this nigga
Tattoo, uh
I runs through your whole crew likes the play
Watchin' your homie drop off punk bitches ya're too
soft
Better yet too sure muthafuckas can't hang with tha
Eihthype click
When we pissin' a dick (stick 'em)
Bodies be found float, face down in the river
Makin' you quiver, geah

Ain't nuthin' but killin'
Uh, sayin' c'mon y'all (geah)
Geah

Creepin' - down the back street on D's
A nigga that comin' up slippin' with the trunk full of ki's
Ain't tha - he ain't too cautios cause my hood it's too
hot
So I'ma follow his fuckin' ass to the drop off spot

(geah)
And the - E got the fuckin' trunk of funk
Fools get done up when I pull my run up I gots my gun
up
Be blastin' quick fast like Billy the Kid
Tell your muthafuckin' homies that they best stay heat
Fool ain't no playin' with this killa for niggas that's
droppin' a dime
Get smacked up side they hear up my 9
Just another nigga shootin' - fuck it
Another muthafuckin' execution
So - check the watch for the tic-toc
Like - get down as I clown with that damn plot
Be poppin' 'em off like Robin Hood
Geah, it's all good

Ain't nuthin' but killing
C'mon y'all
And all my homies from the park
Sayin' ain't nuthin' but killin'
Everybody in the house what you got to say?
And all my homies from the West
Sayin' ain't nuthin' but killin'
All my homies in the house what you got to say?
Geah, uh, Compton ain't nuthin' by killin'
Geah right

You fuckin' around with this click it ain't cool
Leave your fuckin' body in a damn blood pool
Fools can't hang with me, bang with me
But niggas that try to slang with me
But it ain't no thang to E
Pop pop
It's the sound from the Desert Eagle
That pop pop goes the weasel
Puts in much work cause it ain't no joke
No relatin' to the bomb but you don't get smokes
Yeah, and if I ain't down a fuckin' tight
Representin' the muthafuckin' hundred and fifty-nine
Better hit the muthafuckin' dirt when I hit your curb
(geah)
Dippin' in a Trey with that gangsta swerve
Muthafuckas be fall
Just like R. Kelly bodies be cold
For this G to put a slug in that ass (right)
The last in your see is an A-K blast
Nuthin' but killin'

Geah
And that's how it goes down in the 95 shot
Homies outhere tryin' to pull up on the creep

Better watch your back
Cause niggas it's stickin' 'em up for the cash, nigga
Geah, that's real you know I'm sayin'
Puttin' it down for all the real niggas, you know I'm
sayin'
So all you homies grab your straps
Be down get the ?? what up and whatever, geah
Right
Ain't nuthin' but killin'
Geah
And all my homies from the park
Sayin' nuthin' but killing
Geah
All my homies from Shack Town, get out
They sayin' nuthin' but killin', geah
And all my from Shaolin, get in
They sayin' ain't nuthin' but killing
Geah, c'mon, stick 'em
Whatchu got to say
And all my homies from the H-Town
Get out
They sayin' ain't nuthin' but killing
Geah
Get 'em
New Jersey Drive, it's all the way live
Sayin' nuthin' but killing
Geah
And all my homies from New Jersey
Right
Houston - Texas
The Bay Town
Geah
And all them killing spots, you know I'm sayin
Nigga
It ain't nuthin' but killin'
Kill 'em
Geah

Visit [Finley Quaye](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.