

Jay Rock "Kill Or Be Killed"

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[Verse 1] Jay Rock:]

You woke up this morning
Not knowing blood will be on your garmits,
Hour glasses and informants
Look that's crawling down your harness,
See them demons and them omens staring at you
Mind control they want your soul
And then your rolling with them just know where you
going, (hellbound)
Twelve rounds came out that 4,5, look up to see 25
that's alot, (let's rewind)
When you pulled up on them 6's bust a pistol busting
bitches nigga's looking suspicious load em' up while
you, (switching switching)
Hungry enough to come and get you,
Hope the gun is coming with you,
Gonna have to shoot it out or shoot in front (won't pitch
em')
Time is now you wasn't focused you seemed up like
you had posted,
No tags it was stolen and then it was murder motives,
Blink of a eye you looking right at yo demise as they
hopping out they gonna ride
It's a homicide on yo life,
The coldest thing you didn't see and now you laying
there bleeding
Hopeness they keep out your weakness and now you
hope to see light,

[Chorus: Krizz Kaliko:]

See out of my body's where they want me, they think
they can catch me slipping they want me, so I sleep
with one eye open, cause you never know when you
wake up and you're gone,

[Verse 2] Jay Rock:]

Now the doctors they operating pumping your heart
in front of yo mamma yo dogs
If you don't make it you gone,
On the way to the trauma center
They taking to long swerving in and out of traffic yo
mamma tell you, (hold on)

Your bodies filled up with holes
You feel your body getting colder smelling that death
in the air the reaper waiting for your soul,
While your fighting for your struggling to get some air
yeah, when that line flat then it's a tag on yo toe,
As your soul start to travel out your flesh you see
yourself lying on that gurney all bloody buddy it's a
mess,
Wish the best upon your flesh
But your flesh might be dissapointed,
Pray to god that you anointed while awaiting your op
union,
While he pointing in that waiting room
Going through the motions all the screaming and
comotion
As they split yo body open, for the surgery and
accertainly as seems that it's over better pray that you
hold over,
Call your bloods how you was potent, I said maybe
cause your safety is for certain out your hands,
Not your momma not your daddy not your girl not your
mans,
None can save you hope they play you in a memory
when you fly,
You made but your ligaments ain't alive
Wish you had died

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Tech N9ne]

Threatening messages punk got ahold of my voicemail,
Plotting and planning damaging, on giving this boy
hell,
Hopped off of my boy hell,
Man I hope they enjoy shells,
Dropped, all up on they property gotta get cist when
this toy yell,
Nigga I ain't dying just cause you jealous
I'm gettin' relish and I sell it my shit developed
So well that a deaf view can tell it,
I smell it he femalish roll up cause his gal I nail it spell
it,
B-i-t-c-h but killa's wit' a sells pitch,
I'm gonna be dropping chopping alotta of body's
gonna dropping from this,
Never gonna be another motherfucka fucking living in
my land will wanna be talking some shit,
Cause I got kids niggas,
And I do it big nigga
But for the safety of my babies crazy now look what I
done did nigga,

Hop off my tour bus in your town I'ma scope you out,
Hoping that I find you when I hear that shit that you
spoke about, I
Like I'm goin' feel shit,
Like it's gonna be a real hit,
But you're just like that chick that gave you my number
a little bitch,
Been in your town over and over you still absent,
And I do meet n greets, nigga you fo'real acting,
I'm sick of yo ill yapping you gonna get your grill
blackend,
That's from the steel clapping that's 5'6 vill rapping it
will happen, bitch!
[Chorus]

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