

# Juelz Santana

## "Kill 'em"

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Kill 'Em Juelz Santana lyrics

Artist: Juelz Santana

Album: What The Game's Been Missing

Year: 2005

Title: Kill 'Em Print

Correct

Dude, c'mon you kno what you gotta do this time around..

(Chorus)

Kill'em

You niggas aint nuthin,

Kill'em

You niggas is fruntin

Kill'em

You niggas don't want it

Kill'em, kill'em, kill'em, kill'em..

My niggas they get it, money

Your niggas can't get it, money

We'll killya to get it

Money money money money

Verse1

Its like everything im doin is gangsta my whole movement is gangsta i manuever with gangstas

I put the, t-r-u into gangsta

Im a nuisance to gangstas i be shootin at gangtas.....

Kill'em

If he blink wrong

Kill'em

If he think wrong

Kill'em

Show this muthafucka these aint no paintballs

Kill'em

Put his eightball, dead in the side pocket, some lead from my hot rocket left in his side pocket

Kill'em

Fuck a microwave that'll turn his head to a hot pocket

Im beggin you oxe stoppit

'cause never do i stoppit whenever do i pop it

I kill'em,

Kill'em,

Kill'em,  
Kill'em,  
Kill'em (laughs)

Verse2

I lay around all day with the pound all day, dawg i don't  
play around all day(nope)  
I pop up wit the glock up like it's groundhogs day  
And then i let them round off man  
Now how dat sound off man  
When dat pound go bang(ooohh)(bang)  
Ya face chow low man(goodbye)  
Chow lil man  
Im great  
When you see me  
Bow lil man

(chorus) x2

Verse3

When the glock go  
Bang  
When the shot go  
Bang  
All you gon hear is  
Kill'em kill'em kill'em kill'em  
And im not no  
Game  
I pop those  
Thangs  
All you gon hear is  
Kill'em kil'em kill'em kill'em  
For dem nachos i'll killya  
For my block yo i'll killya  
Let this nigga know he's not no gorilla  
And that's not no chinchilla  
That's a chopped up gorilla that they chopped up to  
getcha  
Oh and you bought it  
Kill'em this is not a real nigga  
He is not in my picture  
I eat lobster for dinner  
He got spam on his plate  
He got ham on his plate  
I don't eat pork hand me some steak  
Nigga hand me some cake  
Fore i hand you the eighth like a muthafuckin hand that  
you shake  
Give you five nigga  
Im alive nigga  
Who, what, where, when, why nigga, i'd nigga, kill'em

(chorus)

Verse4

Cam'ron

What's my name, killa, who i be wit, killas, what them  
bitches say, killa, killa, killa, killa

Uh oh

There go a cat fight

This is there spar for dome

Get in the car they foam

Never seen cars wit phones(never?)

Santana

I give any part to holmes

I am hard to bone

Back out the orange cones

Even though I go right at the seargents dome

Right where my orange stones

We are at home

Get movin and took out

Im usin the hood rout

Hustla please

Man you was the lookout

Man just lookout

Im a ragin bull

Wit amazin sold

So i paid in full

But there's no movie pry

Dawgie this the uzi ride

To leave your cutie rootie tootie little bootie pie

This my dutie dock

You try to sue me stop

How you judge me i get judge judy shot(easy)

Now sue me oxe

I'll just lay and smile, i'll rape ya child, they wont make  
the trial

Killa

(Thanks 2 LilNy 4 Lyrics)

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