

## Juelz Santana

### "Killa"

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Dude come on, you know what you gotta do this time  
around...Kill 'em

[Hook]

You niggas aint nuthin...Kill 'em  
You niggas is frontin'...Kill 'em  
You niggas don't want it  
Kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em  
My niggas they get it...money  
Ya'll niggas can't get it...money  
We'll kill ya to get it...  
Money, money, money, money

[Verse 1-Juelz Sanatana]

It's like everything I'm doing is gangsta  
My whole movement is gangsta, I manuever with  
gangstas  
I put the T-R-U into gangstur, I'm a nuisance to  
gangstas  
I be shootin' at gangstas...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 8 ball, dead in the side pocket  
Some lead from a hot rocket, left in his side pocket...Kill  
'em  
Fuck a microwave, that'll turn his head into a hot pocket  
I'm begging you, ock stop it, cause never do I stop it  
Whenever do I pop it, I kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill  
'em, kill 'em  
Yeah, I lay around all day, with the pound all day  
Dog, I don't play around all day, no  
I pop up with the glock, like it's groundhog's day  
And then I let a round off maynn  
Now how that sound off maynn, when that pound go  
bang  
Ya face chow ol mein, byeeee....chow lo mein  
I'm great, when you see me, bow 'ol maynn

[Hook 2x]

[Verse 2-Juelz Santana]

When the glock go bang, when the shot go bang  
All you goin' hear is kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em  
And I'm not no game, I pop those thangs  
All you goin' hear is kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em  
For them nachos, I'll kill ya, for my block yo, I'll kill ya  
Let this nigga know he's not no guerilla  
And that's not no chinchilla, that's a chopped up gorilla  
That they chopped up to get ya, and you bought it, killa  
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 a eight, like a muthafuckin' hand that  
you shake...bitch  
Give you five nigga, I'm alive nigga  
Who, what, where, when ,why nigga, I nigga...Kill 'em

[Hook]

[Verse 3-Cam'Ron]

What's my name...Killa, who I be with...Killas  
What them bitches say...Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa  
There go a cat fight, bitches they spar for dome  
In the car they foam, never seen cars with phones  
Santana, I give any part to homes  
eye ear heart or bone, back out the orange cones  
Even though I go right at the Sergant's dome  
Right with my orange stones, we aren't home  
Get moving and took out, I'm using the hood route  
Hustla please, man you was the lookout  
Man just lookout, I'ma raging bull, with amazing ??, so  
im Paid in Full  
But this no movie prop, doggy this the oozie rod  
That leave ya cutie rootie, tootie, lil bootie pac  
This my dutie doc, you try to sue me, stop  
How you judge me, I get Judge Judy shot  
Now sue me ox, I just lay and smile  
I'll rape ya child, they wont make the trial...

Killa, Killa, Santana, Dipset, Killa

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