

Kardinal Offishall "Ol' Time Killin'"

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INTRO [Korry Deez]

E'rebody ah talk 'bout sound killing

When they dun know, we are original sound killer

Fassyhole you know we

Anytime we start dance-dance a fi lock

Girl follow back a we

We have e'rething pon cock

Can't chant to we

We start dance from 19-o-long

Pick a only firefighter a we collect

A dub plate we have

Anytime we drop Kardinal, IRS and Wio

A blood clot big tune dat

[Kardinal Offishall]

Yes

Oh me oh me oh my (what)

Them a try run Mr. Kardi-ni, flavours you can't deny
(what)

'Cause them Circle cats rhyme so fly

Them tracks stay do or die and (what) as (what)

When them write a murder song before a cats can't
turn around

I jump and beg for they live (what)

Lick off a style, me-a-fi put dem all back

Rap from T-dot to the Bronx and Bricks and come back
(Will you wake me up?)

[Wio-K]

If an emcee step outta line, I feel them affi get cut up

But up, lick up, fist up, sound get brek up

Beat up and kick up until they boy start hiccup

(Girlfriend what's your name?)

How ya look, so sweet with your horse legs acting like
you're strange

It's full time, now you come off on dat range

My name's Wio, bareback rhyming in the plains

[Allistair]

Blessin' this, effortless, mess with this, eff with this

If you think you got a chance to dance with your
devilish messages

Stressing this can only lead to battery

You rattle me, request to battle me I take as flattery

I see ya, grip your bible, I'm the lyrically homicidal idol

Who's liable to take your title with a single recital, it's vital

You respect the steez, I get vexed with ease
Don't make me ask you to respect me please

CHORUS [Jully Black & BlackKat?]

It's an old time, ol' time killing
We a deal with, run and get your money clip
For another day in another way
De man dem, nuh take the ray ray

We are a murderahs

Killas...murder

[BlackKat]

Yo, 1-8-7

Cold blood I meant to do it ruthless
Knew it was murder since Da Grassroots produced it
Now we got some ax-murderers upon the track
Burning murder onto wax

So you can witness the attack, it's Black... Kat

The nigga who writes to burn flavour

So hype the Source should give us 5 mics and 2
turntables

We spitting this with beats so ridiculous
And rhyme style limitless, let's see if they can get with
this

[Kardinal Offishall]

Wio - you're crazy, your tough talk don't amaze me
Imaginary gats busting just don't faze me

Lick a shot, wave your flag, gunfinga in the air
Headstone on your 12" says Mr. Kardinal and the
Monolith was there

From '94 to now, the beats run wild in the East
Leaving 'nuff man decease, I got two middle fingers
that's made for 5-0

Babylon fi get dust and let my people dem go

CHORUS

[Kardinal Offishall]

Call me a sound (killa), gut (filla), rhyme (spilla)

Don't date vanilla, hip hop guerilla

Mind (chilla), don't drink Miller Lite

Night thrilla, spite might fill ya

Bite and you invite with a recite to kill ya

[Wio -K]

The tox licker, shot licker

Girls flock quicker, since my crop got bigger

Get yanked like a glock trigger, just to make the plot
thicker

Girls got thicker, I'm run up in the spot quicker
(Don't let them watch me so)

I'm the nigga your son really wants to chill with and
know

You must think it's me that make that nigga act so

Vexed 'cause your church friends gossip on the low
(Wio - let me say)
Now for the people who don't know what's gwaning
They sleeping on the whole city, stretching in your
heart
Not knowing that T-dot's about to shake your ass out
your dreams
So (wake up) before you end up in a pine box
Seen
CHORUS
You better run go and get your money clip
[Jully Black]
Run go get your money clip
Run go get your money clip
The emcee killa, killa killa

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