

Kardinall 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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