

## Kash Killaz "Hatchet"

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(Dirty Box)

Time to bury the bloody hatchet in your  
motherfucking back  
I laugh when I hear yo rib cage crack  
I'm breakin you down  
fuckin you up like sprack  
you always mixin up yo fiction with yo facts  
now i'm'a let you know what the soul for real is  
come correct, let me know what the deal is  
bro, pack your bowl, with my flow  
shit just aint workin out  
now i'm'a have to let you go

(Spyda)

Cant mess with us, better run you must  
junkie ass niggas hands will be cut  
the hatchet pierces your heart and soul  
motherfuckin baby niggas cryin, wanna go home  
we aint done with your bitch-ho-ass  
I spit so hard the flow comes out real fast  
since Halloween I been all up in your ass  
ranked last at school in my motherfuckin class  
but I done never gave a fuck so I make nerve gas

(Chorus)

Time to bury the hatchet,  
Make that shit go deep  
Your ass we attack it,  
So you cant sleep  
We're not your friends,  
Thats why the knife will go deep  
And if you cant take it,  
Then go to fuckin sleep

(Kriminal)

Niggas cant breathe, niggas dont believe  
that niggas go black-on-black, cuz niggas cant see  
we all the same niggas, even though some cant read  
we should fight the racist bastards, instead of the  
niggas  
ya see?  
what the fuck are you german? Fuhrman? your ass aint

learnin

we for real nigga we kill like Persians  
all the Kash Killaz ridin in a Ford Excursion  
shoot up the suburds, and shoot up the urban  
racism is alive and the Bush folk denyin it  
political talk nigga and I'm tryin to fight it  
wont stand for this bullshit, thats why we do shit

(Da Sorcerer)

Use my black motherfuckin magic  
I'm a motherfuckin cocaine addict  
and I've had it, fuck tampax dont pad it  
that shit will bleed like you sporadic  
been 5 days you aint dead? bitch your crabbin

dont get that shit on me bitch I'm like Aladdin  
your ass will be clappin, I scare you make you crappin

(Chorus)

(Crooked Ed)

I'm just a god damned sideshow joke like Bob  
motherfucking saying 'Whoa!' like Black Rob  
hell I'm just trying to get in the hood, dawg  
I might not be of your type, but I praise the same God  
God also known as the late great Tupac

(Rahim)

The flow is filled with metaphors, and heteroes  
homos and my bros, fight with trench coats  
shoot up you m-fuckers like I shot up Elmo  
Big Bird in the trunk smokin weed like a punk  
this style I rhyme with aint been used since Kings of  
Krunk  
but we dont get it crunk, we get it fucked up  
drink so much liquor, you'd think we'd have cups  
a 5th of vodka followed by fuckin this bitch named  
Rhonda  
screamin help me Rhonda, when my shit is stuck  
dont matter nigga if it breaks off, nigga your fucked  
so I pull the gun and out and this slut I shoot up  
nothing positive here motherfucker, tough luck  
my ego is so big its already squashed some kids  
I went to the deep south they callin me nig  
shit like that you can never forget, and never forgive  
thats why I'm always up to stab some redneck  
motherfuckin shit

(Chorus)

(Dominique)

Aint got a chance to spit? well I dont give shit  
your mom is givin me brain in your own crib  
I took your damn car and got it lifted  
your little sister's pussy? shit I already ripped it  
no spinners that shit is gone nigga its now thrifted  
your ass got hemeroids nigga now you gon shit it?  
I dont really pity your ass so tough shit  
I bury the hatchet in your ass, fuckin bitch

(G-Mony)

Thats the K to tha A to tha S to tha H  
yeah and K to tha I double L and A through Z  
motherfuckers cant fuck with me  
Kash Killaz represent

(Chorus)

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