

Killem

"Akshon"

Visit "[Akshon](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Andre 3000]

Yeah! Killer keeps it honest
Cause reality is perception with a weak stomach
Bubbling uneasy like the bowels of hell (Boo!)
Enough to make a black ghost turn pale

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

[Verse One]

K-I-L-L

This is the name that came to alter the game
Not like these rappers who spit it the same
Separate lames from they chain
My mind don't slack
I'm totally focused on beating up tracks
Monsterous music to beat in your 'Lac
1000 watt amp with woofers in back
Lean to da left if you burning a sac
Baby got back and it's in Baby Phat
Pardon me dog 4 chasing the cat
I like the front but I'm loving the back
I like to bite and I'm hoping she scratch
I'm hittin all kittens meowing like that
Escalade dipping I'm holding the lane
Ain't the the life?
Snapping & Trappin and Rappin & Frappin all night
Mama's a scholar she blowing my brain
Lil mama's a plumber she handling pipe
Ill wit a pill she handle it right
But the livest one
Like Iverson, the smallest thing on the team
Cocked loaded bust like a gun
Y'all better run, one, one!

[Hook - Big Boi]

Thump, thump, thump, thump (yeah)
Grinding and hustling and getting at mine
All in your trunk (yeah)

Bump, bump, bump, bump
Swerving and token and grippin on pine

All in your trunk
Woofers and tweeters and speakers and geekers
Crawl in your bunk

[Verse Two]

How we gone quit (shitttt!)
How we gon' stop (whoaa)
Brand new shoes and socks on the Chevy
I came through swerving like this (errrrr!)
Good wit the game, gutter fo' show
Ducking you lames and obstacles
Don't get that ass in a hospital
Wrapped in a cast from head to toe
This boy he real!
Racing those candy Sevilles through Dixie Hills
My car do wheelies they drive on three wheels
Quarterback status throw passes at chicks
Santana Moss When catching the ball
First round pick like Michael Vick
Get it? Like Moss she catches the ball
Perfectly tuned my engine don't stall
And I'm equipped with nitros y'all
Ready to tear through your city and tour
Took The Whole World and murdered that shit!
Ready to rip, burn, roar!
Caught the beat running and dipped with that bitch!
Flipping my words like bricks, trick!
Later for now I'm hustling hits
[Hook]

[Outro]

New, new! That new-new!
New-new for you-you!
New-new for you-you!

New-new for you-you!
That new-new! That new-new!
New-new for you-you!

Visit [Killem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.