

## Killem

### "Home Of The Brave - Slimm Calhoun"

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[Big Boi]

Yeah

Its going all the way down

Aquemeni Records, Killer Mike, Slimm Calhoun

Just because your wearing a Braves' jersey

Doesn't mean we on the same team you playin' on bitch

Cool and Dre on the track, run it

[Verse 1: Killer Mike]

Since last heard I'm still Randy Moss

And I still catch a beat runnin' when it's tossed

And often light green kiss my ass to coffin

Cut the bull in Harlem on sloughths(?) and

Cut the bull then I'm seven duece Impala whore dance

Ambidexterious juggle pretty girls and they friendly

fifty friends

Hit Jamacia rollin' papers turning up spotta benz

City corners I've been in a duece double O three Benz

I'm sittin' on those dubs twins

I'm from the city where kiddies ride on dope rims

It's where niggaz snap shot and they ain't takin'

pictures mista

I'm well equipped to hit ya', same birthday as Hitler

I'll getcha

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Hey we rep that A

A T L A N T A state of G A

G A G A home of the brave

Home of the brave G A G A

Home of the brave

[Verse 2: Killer Mike]

I got a Tahoe, and a Tahoe

She work out fit like Taebo

Get my findy(?) Air Force Ones

Shit wait I'm so old

Last one to Louie Fitoine skins on my timbo's

Gettin' blown in a limo, that's my M.O.

Roll next presidential, get a pistol to your temple

I'll let it faint, leave your brain lingering in limbo

Southern fried that's how I ride, creed on simple

Kill 'em all let God seperate good from evil

You faggots do it for glory

Y'all's just do it for my people  
I'm grand national built beautiful and legal  
[Chorus]  
[Verse 3: Slimm Calhoun]  
A town down Braves started cap from the land of the  
made  
Ain't no hard atrap after depts of the dungeon  
We livin' artifacts where niggaz rip chickens  
Talk bricks, keep an artist strapped  
Flame throwers got us hot in the spot  
Wreckin these dog tails through red dog stripe  
It's like all hell, block cells  
Make bail and it's back to these crooks and cakes  
jumpin' at next cell  
What you know about the way the whales  
Kiss it your body scaled  
I'm 'bout to hit by the box of tens through the mail  
Then reply beaten twelve sickness spinnin' on twenty-  
ones  
We produce many guns, we spittin' at anyones  
Disrespect (?) little bows  
And I'll cock and explode up  
Take me to the grave, grave, home of the brave  
[Chorus]  
[Killer Mike]  
So slums, so sligh, nigga (i'm) straight ducked  
You can ask my baby's mother she'll tell you niggaz  
shit  
He the type to fuck a bitch  
Rob that bitch's baby brother  
[Slimm Calhoun]  
And I'm the type to rip ya bitch leave the shit up under  
your covers  
(?) blessing from sin  
New recrutes we in it again  
Rap so hard we flippin' again  
Walkin' dubs on the benz  
[Killer Mike]  
One, two, crack fiend  
Three on boys street jeans  
Four full blown hit the scene  
Five like trap (?)  
Like a thick hoe in sassy jeans  
Rub her right she'll cream  
Fuck her right moan and scream  
Killer kill out on (?)  
[Slimm Calhoun]  
Swervin', servin', bouncin' the buttons  
Like 5 5 9 truck somethin'  
Two glock nines round dumpin'  
Round my hip strap ain't jumpin'

Keep my bitch dunkin' somethin'  
Be outlawed bangin' 'em down for bustin'  
[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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