

Killem

"Urbanauthentic Soldier"

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I'll strangle you with you blood vessels surrounding
your tissues, come to your funeral to do it again and
make it officail,
I know what's on the menu but you don't want beef with
me, I'll come with you to prison so I can beat your ass
legally,
They find it inconclusive, although they found your
spinal fluid and enough of you brains to fit in a glue
stick,
This situation getting a little dramatic, you posting
whack flows, with your weak newbie tactics,
When we come through it's similar to Hiroshima and
Nagasaki, You heard now see if you can stop me,
I like to use food in my rhyme scheme, so think about
my shotgun turning your kidneys into collard greens,
I'm devoting my time proportions to scorching your
organs,
I'm all about cremation and holocaustal events, I'll give
you a vest to test your lyrical defense,
I mold my gats with crystals, similar to World War I so
gentlemen hold your pistol's,
I see you, coming through with your new shoes, you
can get two through your FUBU,
My gun is never in the truck it's always on my waist,
and if I was to go to the car it's to run-over your face,
they know you dead 'cause your eyes are closed or
maybe it's just those 4 to 5 holes that's consuming the
space.

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