

Killer Mike "Akshon"

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Let's do this shit
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
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
Monstrous music to beat in your 'Lac
1000 watt amp with woofers in back

Lean to the left if you burning a sac
Baby got back and it's in Baby Phat
Pardon me dog for chasing the cat
I'm hittin' all kittens meowing like that

I like the front but I'm loving the back
I like to bite and I'm hoping she scratch
Escalade dipping I'm holding the lane
Mama's a scholar, she blowing my brain

Ain't this the life? Snapping and trappin'
And rappin', and frappin' all night
'Lil mama's a plumber she handling pipe
Ill wit a pill she handle it right

Like Iver son, smallest thing on the team
But the livest one
Cocked loaded bust like a gun
Y'all better run, one, one

Thump, thump, thump, thump
(Yeah)
All in your trunk
(Yeah)

Grinding and hustling and getting at mine
Swerving and token and grippin' on pine
(Yeah)

Bump, bump, bump, bump
(Yeah)
All in your trunk
(Yeah)
Woofers and tweeters and speakers and geekers
Crawl in your bunk
(Yeah)

How we gon' stop?
(Whoa)
How we gone quit?
(Shit)
Brand new shoes and socks on the Chevy
I came through swerving like this

I'm 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 Seville's through Dixie Hills
My car do wheelies they drive on three wheels
First round pick like Michael Vick

Quarterback status throw passes at chicks
Santana Moss when catching the ball
Get it like Moss she catches the ball
Perfectly tuned my engine don't stall

And I'm equipped with nitrous y'all
Ready to rip, burn, roar
Ready to tear through your city an' tour
Took The Whole World and murdered that shit

Caught the beat running
And dipped with that bitch
Later for now I'm hustling hits
Flipping my words like bricks, trick

(Yeah)
Thump, thump, thump, thump
(Yeah)
All in your trunk
(Yeah)
Grinding and hustling and getting at mine
Swerving and token and grippin' on pine

(Yeah)

Bump, bump, bump, bump

(Yeah)

All in your trunk

(Yeah)

Woofers and tweeters and speakers and geekers

Crawl in your bunk

New, new that new, new

New, new for you, you, new, new for you, you

That new, new, that new, new

New, new for you, you, new, new for you, you

That new, new, that new, new

New, new for you, you, new, new for you, you

That new, new, that new, new

New, new for you, you, new, new for you, you

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