

# Killer Mike "Butane"

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[Featuring: El-P]

[Killer Mike:]

Looking for the truth, yeah it's me,  
Everythang polo to the floor, go even at the grocery  
store  
It's so perfect, take a photo  
And take the pic you buying bitch and so stitch you logo  
Bitch you with the quatro, but my girl Mercedes  
With the Audi say the quatro was a [?]  
You can put on killer kill or fat boy or just Michael  
Call me what you want but still never call me rival  
They will call you dead and I will call you gone  
The loss with Jesus we be will be we'll be calling you  
home  
An underground rap [?] what I'm meant to be  
Then I will be the shit and you ain't shit to me

We won, we the ones with the champagne, champagne  
At the end of our campaign  
Spit fire, main true like the blue flame, like the blue  
slang  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Let me see your hands up if you do say  
[?] and we both like Husain  
More money, more problems, more butane  
Burn the motherfucker down, down,

Life's a bitch so I'm mack on her immaculate  
I don't wear no market watches Rolexes to accurate  
My rhymes actually accurate, meaning I don't fiction in  
my diction  
To the masses this perfection is perform through many  
practices  
This like prostitutes to mattresses this shit just come  
naturally  
Easy ass osamas, bamas, taking many casualties  
Like Columbine I'm down for mine [?]  
Killing them or killing me, this is my senility  
Iller than the iller then the illest be, I will spit this illest  
shit, from right here to infinity  
Till I reach the dirt, I will search the earth endlessly

Looking for the [?] ain't nobody lyrically, as I'll as me  
As eazy e, come back from the A-I-D-S yes, get a beat  
from E-O-P, ghostwritten from my partner T-I-P cube  
Every time, travel back to 95, jumping in a 63 Impala,  
playing Cuban Linx

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At the end of our campaign  
Spit fire, main true like the blue flame, like the blue  
slang  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Let me see your hands up if you do say  
[?] and we both like Husain  
More money, more problems, more butane  
Burn the motherfucker down, down,

[E-I-P:]

Yo, I'm a grinch with a grin, I will shit on your kids  
Get a light, get a grip, get a hold of my dick bitch  
Make a wish  
I'm the knife, I'm nothin' that's nicer than gettin' sliced  
up, the switch, the machete, the fetty, yeti, the sheister  
icer, gettin' closer to Christ, ya might just find a design  
to your life, the angel hair short of the divine love  
I stink, I just stunk up a truck with 12 bricks I'm a  
Sphinx, snort so much my nose just broke off, think  
I'm alone again clutching a loaded glock soaked in  
chromium hoping the thought police just don't bust in  
my home again  
Life is tough, you'll get snuffed on the buff so  
dystopian, rough, rough, hear the call of the copper  
mutts on the hunt,  
What the fuck, this is not what my mother said I'll  
become  
Star spangler wranglers got my hopes on the run,  
getting closer now  
Maybe our society's supposed to drown  
Middle finger up on the Titanic as it's going down

We won, we the ones with the champagne, champagne  
At the end of our campaign  
Spit fire, main true like the blue flame, like the blue  
slang  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Let me see your hands up if you do say  
[?] and we both like Husain  
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