

## **Killer Mike**

### **"Re-Akshon Remix - Bone Crusher"**

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Aye, aye, Bun who did this man?  
So me and you got, T.I.P., Killer Mike, Lil Jon, and Bun B  
So that's the king of the South, the Underground King  
The king of Crunk and King Kong all on the same song  
Heheh, aye, Jon, they ain't ready  
We takin' it on back to the trap my nigga!  
I got them 'bows on my 'lac, swervin' on these niggaz!  
I got the hoe up in the back, bumpin' niggaz figgaz!  
I got the weed in my sac, smokin' on that killa!  
In the hood where I'm at, trappin' with my niggaz!  
I got the new, new  
(Killa k-k-kill, killa)  
I got the new, new  
(Killa k-k-kill, killa)  
I got the new, new  
(Killa k-k-kill, killa)  
New, new, niggaz don't wanna touch the killa  
(Killa k-k-kill, killa)  
Man we been throwin' raps for too long  
Aye whatchu wanna do homes?  
I'm finna pull this heat and have you fetal like a new-  
born  
T.I.P., Mike, and Bun B, scared whatchu better be  
We was just the kings, now we heads of a legacy  
Leaders of the new south, fake niggaz move out  
He talkin' loud and proud, but he scared with a tool out  
I'm the nigga they be askin' what we gon' do 'bout?  
Mike told me "Fuck them niggaz, bring that new new  
out"  
Tank the Chevy, buy the Caddie, bring the 22's out  
Put the city back on top, just seperate the fools now  
We had lots of misrepresentation but hey, we cool now  
Can't keep playin' both sides of the fence, you got to  
choose now  
The realest of the real or the fakest of the fake  
If ya got it on ya chest, shawty say it to my face  
When ya hold ya nuts in hatred, ya only rushin' til ya  
wait  
And we gon' show them people what it really is in the A  
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Straight from Atlanta, the hog hand-ler  
Grown folk trap, scramb-ler  
Knee deep, means to get them G's to my manager  
My Mack-10 made for action, body-baggin' and throat  
braggin'  
I'll drag 'em threw the river like a bad yellow nigga  
I'm mashin' with pops fashion, bustin' first no questions  
askin'  
You gon' off that waterboat and thinkin' you can hold  
me  
I'm, King Kong on every track, no cap-sule can hold me  
I'll thump, thump, thump, thump, when I bump, bump,  
bump, bump  
It's woofers, tweeters, speakers, geekers, all in yo,  
trunk!  
My dad ain't raise no fag, my mom ain't had no punk  
We don't hesitate or negotiate, we pop Chevy trunks  
From the home of Coca-Cola, I'm not referrin' to soda  
I'ma grind 'til I shine, or die going for mine  
Sick Sawyer buy my side, swervin' and blowin' pine  
Don't be a victim to a killer, be a father to ya son  
This Re-Akshon, Killa Kill, T.I.P and Bun  
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Bitch I'm comin' live from the trunk and I thrive on the  
funk  
'Cuz I'd rather die like a man than survive like a punk  
I'm no coward, I'm 'dro-powered, you gettin Twin-  
Towered  
Devoured, it's a shit-storm and you 'bout to get  
showered  
From Broward county to Harris, Pasadena to Paris

I embarrass niggaz on chrome wheels as big as the ferris  
'Cuz there is, now way now how, I stay low-key, low-brow  
In that black on black on black in the 'lac, 'cuz I'm so wild  
I get, drunk off that, I'll be high off this  
I might pop one of those, it don't matter my nigga, I don't miss  
They put me hot on list, where players are posted  
But them players we posted up on corners  
When they say and get roasted  
And the prayer get toasted, 'cuz I keep the flame on  
The face for the game on, leave a stain on anythin' I puts my name on  
Disrespect and the tech'll peck a player like Woody  
'Cuz cain't nuttin' keep a trill nigga down, ask Khujo Goodie  
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All I gotta say is sucker emcees better run  
The debate is now, who's the greatest emcee?  
T.I.P., Killer Mike, or Bun?  
We are not doing this for fun, this is a bloodsport  
Emcees are dyin', mothers are cryin'  
And wack-ass niggaz will go out tryin'  
It is officially a new day, I am officially the new mouth  
And these are the emcees of the new south!

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