

## King Diana

### "357 in My Holster"

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[Slush "The Villain"]

I'm getting high til the day that I die like I'm suppose ta  
I use the lethal weapon 357 in my holster  
Pull it ready to pull it then pull it  
No hesitation kill or be killed  
It's ain't going to be me your life I'll be takin  
Life or death situation now tell which do you choose  
No matter which of the two get me through you lose  
See I know you hate pain and I make pain  
Comin at you full steam ahead just like a freight train  
Endin life eyes flushed red in a state of mind  
Fuck the senerio cause I'm fuckin high  
Can't you see I be screamin that I can't be defeated  
Packin that heater intoxicated and weeded  
Motivated in all of my speeches  
I be preachin and all of my teachin  
I'm creating masterpieces like Leonardo Devinchi  
Lyricaly and get with me cause I'll stomp ya  
Weed and hennesse helping me get this game  
Sedated and controled and cut

Chorus

I'm getting high til the day that I die like I'm suppose ta  
357 in my holster  
Repeat 4x

[Knightowl]

They got me posted on a poster on a telephone pole  
It says wanted step witch caution because I'm haunted  
Every enemy that I've done has in the past  
Never came through again they droppin eggs like hen  
We some soldiers see I told cha don't fuck with us  
You'll never be able to mess around with none of us  
Slush The Villain Knightowl and 357's don't mix fool  
We explode and make hits mothafuckas  
We be some bald headed felons  
Crackin fools up in the dome just like Al Capone  
I'm braggin about it abut you can't do a thing about it  
Cause if you try to creep on me you're getting routed  
Mothafucka all yap wanna nap and never wake up  
Then land in side of a box with bullet holes and make

up  
I'ma continue getting high and drink til the day that I  
die  
Til I see maggots crawling out my fuckin eye

Chorus

[Slush "The Villain"]

I'm hearing choppers on top of us cause that's what I  
heard  
Looking out the window smokin into it's the ghetto bird  
Damn I hope they ain't comin for me  
Damn I hope they ain't comin for my plantation of weed  
Better get on if not off on top of sells  
G sacks Key Sacks pistols and shells crystals scales  
But fuck it cause I know the high life I live  
Might be fun and games but it has consequences  
But it seems to me that I always end up alright  
The other day I was in a truck that flip over 7 times  
I'm alive mothafuckas and I can't be killed  
I'm alive mothafuckas and my blood won't spills  
You see eternally my life after I die  
Immortalized by the devil and praised for my prime  
I stacked my riches into lyrical promotions  
High off that weed when I speak  
That's why I scream with emotions

Chorus

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