

Lil' Jon**"Killas ft The Game & Ice Cube"**

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Hey Hey Hey, Bring it on mutha fuckas, Bring it on
mutha fuckas, Bring it on Mutha fucka
They ain't scarred of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin wit
You fuckin wit the killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fukin realist niggas
(Lil Jon)
Now what's your mutha fuckin word, say something
Fuck around and get your goddamn ass whooped
Nigga I feel like start some shit, and I might just snap
to piss
all the pussy-ass niggas like you, nigga fuck ya
Take a 45 across the head go butcha (Yeah!!)
Ya'll pussy-ass niggas ain't hard, stuff that ass like that
nigga named mart
Sawwed off shot gun hand on the pump, finga on the
trigga
ready to duck
Go mutha fuckas bye bye
wouldn't make way, yeah niggas gon' die
That's why I never leave the tril wthout packing my gat
Strap on my vest, put on my hat. Mutha fuckers I lied
Gettin laid out flat, let me show you how a real nigga
act
(chorus)
Hey! Bring it on mutha fuckas
Bring it on mutha fuckas
Bring it on mutha fucka
They ain't scarred of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin Wit
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
(The Game)
It's 3, The hard way
Black Lambo, No passengers
Black Ski mask, Chain Saw Massacre
Kill fast wit the Ak-four 7

(Blacka) Yellow Take the intersection
Loaded clips, Lock 'em in
Got a black four five
Call it Pac's revenge
I'm a mutha fuckin animal
Lil Jon be canibal
Every nigga in Atlanta Know
I'm psycho inasne about my cash, nigga we open alpa
trash
And sentance with a life without rehabillitaion
Fuck up in a schortsi nigga
It's my stament
Dear Mr. President Barack Obama, Righ after you catch
Osama, Tell Mr. Waso
Please let oprah know that I won't ever stop sayin bitch
and hoe
(Chorus)
Hey! Bring it on mutha fuckas
Bring it on mutha fuckas
Bring it on mutha fucka
They ain't scarred of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin wit
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
You Fuckin with some killas you fuckin with the mutha
fuckin realist niggas
(Ice Cube)
Dirty Mutha fuckas tryina clean hip-hop, but it don't
stop, like L.A grip Lock
If you did pop, your shit will stop
Clostamy bags, for all these bags, I don't wanna hear
that shit
Hue Heff's a prince, Mesh Gwan's a pimp
I learned the word bitch from you, so why can't a nigga
get rich from you
These are English words
Scarred to be used by geeks and nerds, Mad cause I
flip these verbs and pull that phantom away from the
turn
I think they jelous of the hood fellas,hot dogs make
alota relish
Remember a world without
hip-hop, Lord used to believe these bitch cops
(Chorus)
Hey! Bring it on mutha fuckas
Bring it on mutha fuckas
Bring it on mutha fucka
They ain't scarred of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin wit
You fuckin with some killas
you fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas

You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas

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