

Mathis Johnny

"City of Killers"

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[Bam]

Trying to feel my inside soul, cause a angel told me its cold

But ain't no way I can fold, with a pair of nuts this damn swoll

Cause where a nigga was raised, don't nobody play games

Its like your life is a sweet, and reality's the flame

So why the fuck you trying to torture, with that dip in the middle

It's like I'm swallowing mighty bites, while you be nibbling on skittles

Cause this city we in, it ain't no such thing as friends

And once it comes down to paper, you down to bump off your kin

You think I'm lying, what thoughts be in my head as I walk around

So now you know when you see me, why my face is quick to chalk a frown

Cause I don't trust nobody, nope not a god damn soul

So now you know I'm a hog, from high to a deep level of cold

Thinking why niggas let me broke, in this city of Houston

But ain't no stopping Bam, I'ma keep my ego to boosting

Cause I got a bunch of fans that love me, and bitches that jock

I got killas in my click, and I keep thugs on my block

[Hook 1 - 2x]

I'm just letting you know don't test me, I'm with my chrome

I'm still in my ghetto peel, I'm more than your average nigga

From that Maab, lookin out the house with a bed with a bullet in the way

That click your spine and now you crying, cause you realize

That your dick, can't even get hard

[Trae]

Who the hell could it be, peeping on me
T to the R to the motherfucking A-E
Killas that's like mad trucks with a bust, better duck
Who the fuck running up so nigga what, 'fore I leave
my star full of that heat
Gotta watch my back, 'fore I be alone
That shit is gon fall, and the while back me up
To the sides shapey grin, gotta know get enough for
them
That T to the E to the E to the A
Its going down South Kluge, what you wanna do
Bitch throwing up my set, infrareds to your chest with a
mess
Now stop you drop, like sweat it out my face
What killas want right behind me, (I think you lying) so
try me
These hater-fied niggas don't play
Cut in all my killas, till the day I'm dead and deceased
It'll be, us niggas out Houston won't ever fade
What I'm all about, hoping with open kicking eyes open,
peeping
I gotta be scopeing better keep wishing, G's on these
streets be low
Till the point of my life I can't go, got hatred not cause
a hoe
K-I double L-A-K-L-A-N to the B to the A to the M, gotta
represent
Never know with a lifestyle, with a five dolla with a mile
Gotta get my life be twisting thoughts, a thought in the
vault
You can't forget and you feel the anger, with one in the
chamber
Grill in the back, but its your, me and T.A.Z. on the
regular
My K, fives don't give a damn to hustle so
Can't change on my feet to the dip, dropping tops
Till the playa get a hit, to the drink to the brain get me
crunk
Get a boost can't tougher shit, city of killas and it get
loose

[Hook 2]

Fuck around and pull out my AK, and bust yo ass in the
head
I'm trying to leave you dead, with an infrared
I never be giving a fuck abooooout, you
It got me going me crazy, got a nigga going crazy
Got me going crazy, crazy

[T.A.Z.]

T.A.Z. the all mighty devil, specialize in the methods of
torture
So stepping without a weapon's not a good idea, just
thought I'd warn you
I'm not your average nigga I'm a Guerilla, just look at
the frown on face
Running with the pack, ready to attack
Fucked up, and get your whole crew erased
If you think I'm playing, come test me
Better catch me slipping, to get the best of me
Deadly, when me toss this K to you
Focused and keep my aim steady, cause its serious
And I run with killas, dealas and guerillas coming to get
you
Better make a move fast, when I blast
With no feelings, with a firm grip on my trigga
Open fire with no hesitation, infiltrating start
eliminating
Your troops execution style, leaving em face down on
the pavement
A career with them here, look em up and let's see
who's the boss
Watching it get raw, coming home with three hitter
quitters
That'll beat you up from the back gone, making niggas
mind
Representing Guerilla Maab to the fullest, let me pull it
To the made a mistake, and try to give me a break
And then use it when you pull it, in the city of killas
Only the tough and the strong and those who have
hearts survive
Guerilla Maab's on the rise, nigga

[Hook 1 - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Got my glock 44, and I think to myself
A murdering, I'm gon grow
But I got the fever, for the favor of a big pocket
And a blue white, come with the look so sneaky
I major in at 175 pounds, ?then I'm gone in a few
minutes?
Around when I come around, in red Chucks
But a nigga can't even see me or hear me, fear me
When I'm in a zone of depression, gotta get a crib
Gotta get a Lac, but I can't get a job
But I really gotta get a weapon, then I be stepping
Really be stepping, and a motherfucker temper
Start motivation draining, really bumping the fat
And your shit'll get up out your purse
Everything I see, I'm claiming as mine

With a motherfucking nine, you don't give and dump
Nigga we got good skills, and running endo in
You don't wanna meet that E, really beat your feet
Cause I don't hesitate, to pull a tre-8 to the chest plate
Then I want a rake to scrape the plate, with a mouth full
of diamonds
And the fifth wheel, be steady reclining
Cause I got ends on a All Star Lex at first
84's and boulder blocks, elbows shining
Charging don't give it up, what it takes don't never
retire
Gotta get the glock, cause I gotta be making my money
By robbing and stealing, drug dealing try to make a
million
And plus thinking bout feddy, and running my city
In the city of killers

[Hook 1 - 2x]

[Hook 2]

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