

## Cormega "Killaz Theme II"

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Heh heh, yea  
Hahahaha, right  
Part the crowd like the Red Sea  
Don't even tempt me

[Chorus]

We want to kill you (My niggas fight to this)  
We want to kill you (My niggas fight to this)  
We want to kill you (My niggas fight to this)  
We want to kill you (Y'all creeps can't dig this)

[Prodigy]

Aiyyo, peace to our way of life, hats off to all the trife  
This holster's for the autos and foot-long knives  
Especially for stacks of greenbacks  
My outfit'll perform, so blow all stain raps  
Now lemme take y'all niggas back to my basics of this  
Your anxious to flip fag, catch a facelift  
My shank do remarkable things for fakeness  
My whole mob got the same patience  
Throw on your track Asics, and make moves like a  
spaceship  
We pack places, Infamous bangs your nation  
You're light at the weight station, that weak shit need  
replacin  
Put this in heavy rotation  
Overdose music, it's therapeutc to the user  
Drive awhile under the influence of this  
Careful 'cause you might just crash and shit  
Total your whip and still pull my tape out your deck  
Me and Mobb tryna connect, like thirty-thousand dollar  
links  
Unpopable, unstopable, topple

[Cormega]

Yo, yo  
My drug clientele was bringin' me money well  
Smokin' buddha, L's, and weed so good they leave a  
funny smell  
Niggas scopin' me, hopin' police is close to me  
Mega regulatin', the way shit supposed to be  
Gold chain chokin' me, cocaine provokin' me

To live my destiny, ja'causezi waters soakin' me  
Floatin in a smokin Durango, doin my thing yo  
My mac-milli (what?) sweeter than a mango  
Son you know the drilly, the drama is a part of me  
Did time for, cocaine, knives, and armed robbery  
My rhyme rid graffiti as a live nigga prophecy  
Mega poetic, rhymes are like dimes but no credit  
I'll leave your mind paralyzed dunn, but don't wet it  
Scarface persona, I acquired a taste for drama  
And I embrace this spray shit, you banned from the  
projects  
Your love here (fuck it) ain't shit, yo I'ma see you  
Nigga you transparent, see through rhymes, fully  
automated  
You semi-crime related, Cormega and Mobb Deep  
rhyme amazin'  
Thug shit you can't fuck with, what

[Havoc]

Fuck your bullshit rep, nigga you ass bet  
Talkin' all that shit, don't even got cash yet  
Our flaws, try to get away no gats tossed  
Got drama with my clique I'ma take it to the source  
QBC representative, I'm just tryin to live  
If I can't get to you, I'ma take it to your kids  
Spray your crib, fuck it son, somethin' gotta give  
If I can't live, then ain't nothin' gonna live  
That's dead ass, 'bout to put this whole shit in the  
smash  
You real? Hit that ass up with 4 wheels  
The ?darkside?, you gonna squeal, like them other  
rappers  
You know we kick the truth, you wanna clap us  
I got this, strictly out the mouth, nothin' but hot shit  
Pop shit, couldn't fuck this when we drop shit  
You helpless, put your whole shit outta service  
We don't smoke shit (Thank God for this)  
Yo if it wasn't, for niggas like us, you'd just be assed up  
Hustlin' for petty get cats (come on now, you know I  
know)  
When it come to gats I'm a ho, never bite my tongue  
Let them playa haters know, how we comin'  
Straight comin' through while you runnin'  
Get dunnin', had that ass shakin' like a bitch when she  
comin'  
Wanted a mil, slipped that ass like a mickey  
It's 50-50 fuckin' with this nigga, just come and get me

[Chorus] 2x

(It's no doubt)

We want to kill you (that's right)

(It's no doubt)  
We want to kill you (that's right)  
(It's no doubt)  
We want to kill you (that's right)  
(It's no doubt)  
We want to kill you (that's right)

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