

Cortez "Killa"

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(Chorus)

if you aint know you better ask about me
they talkin lotta shit but one second bout me
they can tell you i'm a killa(killa killa)
everywhere i go, they already know
they know not to test me they know im about to blow
i try to tell them ima killa(killa killa)

(Verse 1 - Cortez)

im so benz ,so vaine ,the cocaine, the power
the propane ,from both planes ,that brought down the
tower
cowardville ,power, a close range shotta
blocka if you aint got no wins up in me casa
the trunk and the lining of a coke when he's lyin
tell these jokas im Heath Leger up in arc em n salem
took it well shottys ,9 hymies and 5 bodies
the mile strip n the content of a giant gally
the straight jackets ,hate tactics ,eight reges
talking 5 crackas on 1 black when slaves happend
ima killa ,im like elias plane crashin
fuck it im the game that gave magic his aid status
they know red im posted where they claim blue
kanye's mom on that operation tape(uhh)
so 6 torchin big swords knives
im the sick demented thoughts method jigsaw mind

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2 - Cory Gunz)

Uh ,but he dont really like to chat
a couple chest shots and he could had a rifle back
see im the cycle thats probally gonna recycle that

no witnesses no snitches how they gonna typo that
cuz i didn't heard these niggas talkin like if had
accused them
i talk the quick i pick a robberin to men reuse em
im off the motherfuckin rickadick the flow terrific
a dose is like a dose of rigaship of blow to sniff it
you know whats in my biscuit
you know whats on my biscuit
you could put it on the rinse
that i won't ever triss kit
let's be realistic
you get mine idealistic
you get hit with the fo fifth shit
but it aint nuthin but a 9 to 5 the ballestics
risk it, ride against us
and i'll witness our top
fine givin inches
vinch shoot him and again you can tella drim chotta
to get bend from a 4 pound bencher
militia, relax the game coincidental
i train to throw a train i thought you think they fuckin
get me
(Chorus)

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(Verse 3 - Ave)

Oh,i told em im a murderer i got it grime
lights out for anybody tryin to stop my shine
im a killa i told em don't get out of line
i went to school and pretend you tech and cowaban
im a trigga finger that aint squeeze the hollow
the swamp fluid cobow, the ether in the bottle
the hit n run driver, im speedin in the ty'ho
im sick , im the belymia disease that killin models
a sniper on the roof, know how to keep my aim still
one shot brain kill lick it 'n the pain pills
Eah,from the spoon by the dope hedge
the telephone wire with nikes broke chairs
reeboks adidas jordans fevers
a 6 figure debt that u owe to the dealer
the flat line, hospital bed and pillow case
i smuther niggas, take a chance on the realer fluid

(Chorus)

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