

T. Rex

"Killa Hill Niggas"

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[Capitan Pingaloca]

"Esto no me gusta. Aqui la gente, la gente no sirve pa' mierda.

Aqui yo soy, yo soy Capitan Pingaloca. Y to' mundo aqui,
me sirve a mi o va pa'l carajo. Oye... revolucion compadre!"

[B-Real]

In the midst of the madness no question, who's the baddest

MC's in the game runnin for the status

Take a few seconds to review the crews

Sittin on top is the Hill lookin over you

Killa Hill Niggas, cream in my dream

Cookin up a scheme for all them big bank figures

The world is yours, but it can be mine and his

Bust you out the frame, I don't give a fuck who it is

Number one mission, opposition

Get thrown sent home in dead position

In the casket, best wishes

At the bottom of the lake, sleepin with the fishes

Full out search for the body

of the MC's who be comin to disrupt the party

No wins, no ends, no way

that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again!

[RZA]

Check my dramatics, brains get splattered, dreams shattered

Sabas get blasted for words he packaged

Peep the sequence; crab adolescents, on his defense

Power-U niggaz talkin fast like Puerto Ricans

What you seekin, son I catch cream like Dominicans

Last Mohican, lyrics I'm speakin, wild as Indians

Tomahawk - Shaolin slang, the violent talk

Upstate New York, where chumps get extorted for

Newports

What you thought?

[B-Real]

Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
.. that that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again

[Capitan Pingaloca]

"Y ya esta dicho. Todos los que no les guste mi 'rebote'
van a morir
Yo le voy a meter una bala a la cabeza a cualquier
maricon,
que no me persiga a mi a la 'singadapuerta'. Oye, hijo
puta!
Quiero quemarte la cara!"

[U-God]

Words drop in chant, the cheeky-eyed slant
I'm takin these cannabis plants yo for grant'
Exotic, narcotic, tunes slam soon
From a dune in the desert Mega-Babylon pleasure
Comin out the domepiece, smell my aroma
Warrior nomad, put you in a coma
Comma, llama, smash-crashin your armor
Drama, I'm a, stealth aircraft bomber
Here is where I dwell at the gates o' hell
It ain't where you're from it's where you're in the
mentals
And if not yo, credentials are essential
I see reality, few things surroundin me
Three like a spread, precise strikes the lyric
Not frontin or braggin, hundred percent red dragon
Pine fragranced lyrics, the rhymes you can't imagine
The globe-trotter, call me Meadowlark Lemon
Five part criminal, two part felon

[B-Real]

- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
.. that that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back.. ease back..
Ease back, ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger
- that I'm ever gonna let ya come back again
Ease back or I squeeze up on the trigger..

[Capitan Pingaloca]

"Esta dicho! Aqui, la revelacion! No se la ve por television.
Todos los maricones del norte, que los voy a matar yo.
Va a ser aqui en nuestro pais. Y todos los 'singamasones',
que estan singando un mundo. Tambien, van a ver la muerte
de ellos mismos, lo en las manos de ellos. Un dia, va a ser sangre,
mucho sangre. La peste de los cuerpos muertos, vas a oir,
que se va a hueler. Hasta los Estados Unidos, estos cabrones,
que con la democracia, que nos 'tan singando en el culo.
Todos son unos mismos cabrones..."

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