

T.I. "Killin Me"

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(TALKIN)

Paul Wall turn the bling in ya teeth down
Will you please turn the bling down in ya mouth
Nigga i left my shades in the car man could you please
turn the bling down in ya mouth

(CHORUS X2)

These niggas KILLIN ME swerin that dey trill as me
you gona see me in tha streets some drama what it's
finna be
talk all that shit you wanna talk imma let tha burna talk
We tha ones you heard about we show you what dat
murda bout

(Verse 1)

(Paul Wall)

You can catch me squeezin GLOCKS pullin triggas and
evadin tha cops you dont wanna see me squarading
the blocks so i suggest you that you vacade this spot
these boys be swearin they hard but you dont want it
with the clique i claim you talkin loud but you aint sayin
a thang man speak into the mic man CLICK CLACK
BANG BANG BANG

You need to be wearin panties cuz you packin pussy,
you better not push me, when Macboney unload the
result is

you're gonna be bloody, scabbed up and pussing.
Your talk is cheap I let my actions speak louder than
your

words, first I bite, then I bark, keep your cool before I
calm your nerves.

What you know about the place I'm from? (nuttin)

You dunno about the hood I rep. (nope)

You don't want me to unload the clip (no), sink your
ship, rearrange your lips. Watch your steps be careful
cuz you

stompin heavy on dangerous grounds, I got wind wit a
full

twelve rounds keep talkin down and you'll get stomped
down.

I don't play the radio and disrespect and attempt to
rearrange your thoughts, the end result is your brains

in a box so I suggest that you change your thoughts.

[CHORUS]

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(Macboney)

I'm hotter than lava straight up from the city
Wit somebody's baby mamma, how dey gonna kill me
when I'm ready for da drama? i ain't got nothin to loose
Imma blast all partners den dey ass gon wonder den
mash round the corner tryna crash my show, put a tag
on ya toe.

Ya'll ain't killas, ya'll just assholes with another hoe
nigga talkin trash like a hoe, this fag gotta go.

Let my trap niggas run up, knock him to da floor
let me punch him with tha ring, get the gators in his
throat

Should I let him live? If I gotta ask, hell no.

Hangin hard up his squad that's for dem to consume.

I don't take no stuff, unless it's yo girl wit her legs
straight up when I bust verse you were [unknown..]
spittin

booze out yo car, you a fool by the luck, cuz you finish
what you started and you loose, time-up, put yo brains
on

dust cuz you layin on the dust, thought you were bad
but

that rife hangin up come fight like a man but yo ass
ain't

tough, just a big fat chump. Nigga show em the part
where

dey be walkin on wheels, come past for me, I'm waitin
for

ya any day nigga, when ya comin? Fuckin with TIP, ask
him

how we done it, that was back in the day.

Now we got more banana clips ready for the dumpin,
respectin the streets so nobody sayin nothin, AKs so
cunnin,

never see me comin, just a bunch of people runnin.

Ya'll

niggas don't want it!

[CHORUS]

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