

Troy Spratt

"Who's Da Killer?"

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[C-Murder]

Who's da killer whos the motherfuckin nigga
The one that pull the gun the one that squeeze the
fucking trigger
The cops wanna ask me, wanna harrass me
About this dead body in the grass G
If you think Im gonna talk then your wrong
Cause in the ghetto, snitches don't live long
So Ima mind my own and keep stiffing
And don't ask me about no motherfuckin murder
weapon
My kids still ringin from the gun black
Because it all happened so fast
I guess my nigga Lil Mark going to heaven
Another black victim of 187
His mom might be crying but she aint shocked
Her son lived and died by the fucking rock
And that's how the story goes
Everybody in the ghetto getting sweated by the po po's
But I'll never help your ass in this game nigga...
Who's Da Killer?

[Master P]

Rat-tat-tat-Rat-tat-tat-Rat-tat-tat- quick to put slugs in
your cap
And walk through your hood with my mug on
Call me master p or call me Al Capone
A nigga with no heart
I was born in the ghetto, homeless in a shopping cart
Pushed up the street by a dope fiend
Took to a crack house and taught to use a triple beam
And ever since then Ive been crazy
Step to a nigga like me your pushing daisies
Cause Im quick this in that ass to the county
And while your dead wipe your blood up with bounty
From the corner to the hearse and that assed up
Put bullets in your ass like a garbage truck
Eliminating fools like a sewer rat
And floss my 380 married to a mack
And that I'll be a Mack 10
So when i run up on a set punk you know ima do you in

[Big Ed]

Late night in the cutti time to have some fun
Got a page on my beeper it was number 1
Reached for the mobile phone got it down to
Tuner called my lady "Yo, what's going out?"
She asked me were the fuck are you at, and yo nigga
Do you have your motherfucking gat?
Yeah im strapped, and i ran around the block
Then she told me my my older brother got shot
I got to the house and I opened up the door
And there was my brother lyin dead on the floor
And it has me tripped, my ace got popped
Cause they caught his ass slippng
Creep through the hood with my hand on my gat
I gotta get those fools who put my brother on his back
Seen some niggaz up the block, released the saftey
Oh when I leave someone is going to hate me
Boot it up take every fucking nigga
Out for revenge trying to find out whos da killer

[King George]

All the way to the county that's were they had me
They sent player one trying to bag me
They keep stressing had a bad bad attitude
He got the word from the order i was a bad dude
In the sell my mind did the linger
I kepted yelling im a fucking rap singer
But nobody listened to a fresh fits convicts
They bust me off like there ears got sound sick
Back to the saga coming from my jailsell
I move around when you hear the fuckin bell yell
I got involved in a scabble that's a fist fight
When the foo bust out with a knife
He started swingin i started ducking
Started moving It was a foo who was down
With the proven, I took a ride on the
C-2 sell block
I stay strapped with my rock in a sock
Waiting for a foo to come when it's my way
Sell lurked through you motherfucking didy date
Then he came promise he was down with the linching
Tear gas had the whole floor clinching
I couldn't breath I was lying in my tin bed
When a goon grabbed me by my fucking forehead
He picked me up and put me across his fucking
shoulder
I said Bitch you let me die like a soldier
Damn it was a trip King George could think
All my boys on the motherfucking paint
Everywhere I rome every all dead bodies

God damn I was like John Gotti
Locked in a sell i was like a big black gorilla
Many died, but nobody saw the killer

[Silkk]

You should of know your fucking with a motherfucking
lunatic

I aint playing with a full day, and my minds about to
click

I walked out the house to see if this shitwas fucking
TRU

Two slugs to the dome and his face was all blue

Retalliation fuck the penitention fucking gamble

Garb the tech, pump the facing amble

Called up my boy cause niggaz say some

Where he at?, Richmond jumped in the prowler

Rolling slow rolling slow, rolling fucking slow

Cut the lights off cause there the nigga go

Rolled on the set grab the mask point the tech out

Its a driveby sprayed the niggaz house I was

Letting em go you should of seen

But in the process I cut a motherfucking slug

Dead up in my chest, cops chase me investagating

A dead nigga, I gave the cops the alias

Now whos the fucking killer

[Calli G]

Calli G chourned out by society

I used to have a 95 even bitches find me

So I refuse to be a stray for the white man

So when you see me it's a gat in my right hand

Neighborhood Dopeman

Nigga from the base so you know me selling cocaine

You fucking with the dank man foo, start the funk

I do a drop on you and your whole fucking crew

So here's a last thanksgiving foo

No turkey cause you wont be living dude

You catch 17 rounds from my cap peeler

No when this is, now whos the motherfucking killer

[E-A-Ski]

A foo got smarks so they calling me the trigger nigga

Po po's got a snitch trying to frame me as the killer

Interigating me and I got them foo's spooop

I dre say ya fuck with me, then it's a must that I fuck
with you

Cause killers don't talk, gimme three hops in the county

Motherfuckers you figure it out, cause bout a nigga like
me

If I gotta smoke a nigga ima do it on the solo creep

Cause I be damned if I tell em my self trick

Some niggaz I'll sell you off like pussy on the bitch
But anyway, back to the story, ya have no nuts, no glory
No evidence to cut a nigga loose, and that nigga that
was snitching
Ws kuku for coco puffs foo, cause i mean a nigga
that's spook
Try to hide but everybody know he wasn't cool
2 weeks past and the snitches missing
They found a nigga dead, with two to the temple
Somebody put that boy to sleep
Gave the fool a big fist and put his ass six feet deep
It might have been me whos know nigga
Who's the motherfucking killer

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