

## Twista

### "Kill Murder(feat. Turtle Banxx)"

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[Turtle Banxx]

most of you motherfuckers is comical  
the rule like me is impossible  
verbally illogical I took the heat and then followed you  
to your residence  
and spread your molecules blood floods your follicles  
damn right we don't acknowledge you  
the streets got eyes of leopard for telling niggas to up  
weaponry  
when they see your ass blast and feed your ass to the  
fish  
life's a bitch that'll suck ya dick  
and tell them guys we hit that cash  
kick ass nigga they coming for the whole pie  
old time guys that wont be satisfied till you lay in a  
grave  
wont be satisfied till the location of the safe cave  
some were shining too much so I hide in the shade  
the minute you made this move gave him one to his  
brain

[chorus]

kill kill kill murder murder murder  
kill kill kill murder murder murder  
in every video its  
kill kill kill murder murder murder  
in every studio its  
kill kill kill murder murder murder  
and tell me who ya know that  
kill kill kill murder murder murder  
in every video its  
kill kill kill murder murder murder  
in every studio its  
kill kill kill murder murder murder  
and tell me who ya know that  
kill kill kill murder murder murder

[Turtle Banxx]

now I roll like minutes and foes with killers that fold  
idiotic motherfuckers smokin 'dro by the O's  
more by the box so whats this is how we rock it

beats by Cayex and Toxic  
China White find a mic  
imagine you cant stop it  
enough of profit haters make me sick stay on the dick  
talking like they made me rich bitch please face it  
legit ballin gave me this and you cant take me  
cause you cant make it in this game you gotta hate it  
niggas kill me with that weak shit come around on  
street shit  
guns that don't reach shit in a talk of insanity  
deaths wanted at your ass blast your identity  
ain't no hoes over you ain't know  
we don't fold we monopolize and ostracize hoes  
bitch ass niggas that try to rise  
I'm sick of the die sick of the knives sick of the guy that  
say

[chorus]

[Twista]

I had smoked three fillos falling on these spindles  
its Twist and T Bizzle  
when i blast heat metal he like like beat bittles we little  
niggas act like the heart and the heartless  
that still bust contrages that rip through cartilage  
turn these mortals into gods and goddesses  
I bury ya slug in them haters claiming they veins pump  
up  
burying blood turns out y'all the scariest thug  
on my nutsac thats how I get into sack  
sorrow hollows I spit at ya jag if he don't die he gonna  
shit in a bag  
from K Town to V.I.P. ain't no V.I.P.  
ain't no three I.D.'s  
that'll get you to a place where we got keys and peas  
off our trees  
controversy wild niggas thats thirsty and bodily fluids  
smoking terror that'll smell bloody hands on your soul  
like mascara  
disciples of death  
you wont even hear fears in they cry  
don't you hear that cold in they throat and see they  
tears in they eyes  
my niggas rhyme thats all I love  
put a bullet to the sky but a nigga gotta die if he call my  
blood  
so watch it when you say

[chorus]

kill kill kill murder murder murder

kill kill kill murder murder murder  
kill kill kill murder murder murder  
kill kill kill

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