

X-Raided

"Return Of Da Baby Killa"

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You better pray
When you see me put that nine up in that pussy, ho
Cock it back slow
Rock it back and forth, wait for the nut, then let my
trigger go
BOOM!
Pussy-guts all over the room
If you ain't seen it,
Then you're fiendin'
For the meanin'
Of that nina of doom
2 inches in and, uh, 4 inches out
You back that nigga that pack that gat
And hit that indo-sack
It's like that
Cannabis and tea've, uh, got me stuck on stump, fool
All it take is a way, a fat, green-bud blunt and a stunt
Cause it's that nigga that work 'em nigga deep
And block creep
And witness murder, baby, kill a seed
Once it'll make you vomit
Guts in a mama's baby, nuts in a bottle, maybe it's
common
Biatches keep fuckin' and suckin' and keepin' it comin'
With they drama. POP! It's baby killa season
Put 6 in the clip, put it up that clit
And watch them baby's brains
Drip out that fetus
Bleed, it's that nigga that kill 'em
I'll fill 'em all full for that sicc reason
Season of da siccness broodin', got me trippin' for no
reason

Guess what daddy's bringin' home for supper
Nigga nuts and guts and slabs of human meat,
motherfucker
Now eat! Cause daddy's workin' hard for you, real,
huh?
Killas run around everyday that's why I'm hard for you,
nigga!
Now eat!

As I creep, picture every human that I seek
Slabs of human meat
Cause my kids gotta eat
I lives kinda deep, dark, up in tha cut
Where niggas load nines, and barrel-fuck a slut
Nigga, what? You ain't even seen me in my prime
Eatin' baby brains, baby veins, baby spines
I know they be cryin' when I'm cutti

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