

N.B Ryderz

"Big Scrilla"

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[Killa Tay]

Uh huh, Yeah

We gone call this one big scrilla

For all my niggas out there thug pimpin

D-1A up in this muthafucka, ya' know

For yall sucka ass niggas, uh

Hollerin all the cheap shit, but you aint rappin right
nigga

Gimmie the mic, feel me like you appetite nigga

Supposed to be hard, but y'all ain't actin like niggas

Probably go both ways like a hermaphrodite nigga

Bitch mades cant get no love

I hit the highway like O.J, with blood on my gloves

I roll like young buck, homies wanna hang with me

But I'm a killa on the grind livin dangerously

I'm thug pimpin, from ?? to Australia

Never been a failure better believe it when I tell ya

Sell you nothin but the A-1 yeh

The innovator, pistol players manditory one shot

To end the story the glory days is over

If you dont work, you dont eat

All that talkin is cheap mayne, this hustle game is deep

Back from the ??, west cola till they burry me

With a bullet in my casket

To lift my soul and keep them scared of me

Work, like chemotherapy, when i let loose with the ??

So relentless, we sneakin, and creepin and keepin it off
the hinges

Bullys wit Fullys pullin strings like Jimi Hendrix

Fuck a trick biotchh, when it comes to my click, my love

is illest, llll -stick em like syringes, hard, heavy and
devy

I do whatever it take in life to make continous fetti

Ready and willing killin them all off like nazi's

No time for the he say she say we stay sloppy of that
broccolli,

we mob deep

[Chorus]

Ride for my niggas

Stay on the grind down to die for my niggas
We real killas, big scrilla
Blazin up doja zips
Nigga, one false move and its over with, we blast
And mash hard, livin large like a rock star lookin out for
cop cars
Mob life is, money over bitch, fuck a snitch, we the
niggas hittin licks,
flippin bricks gettin rich off tricks

[Killa Tay]

I put it down for my homies, Fresno to Toronto
Imagine if im livin in dead, head haunchos
All up on your shit, westside represent,
money and dope fuck a bitch, im a balla and a pimp
Nigga we real ridas, aint no studio killas
Leavin them hurt, doin the dirt, puttin in work for the
scrilla
We mofioso, fuck the po-po, federali's and task
Got fifth cap, when i ride around and the funk down we
blast
Skid off in they ass like gas, and get my strike on
Hit the back route to my ?? cause im sleepin with my
nikes on
I'm seein facin hearin voices at my window
Maybe these niggas is comin for me or maybe its the
indo
Sometimes I feel like I'm the that's doin ??
Cause I'm shady to my own lady, smokin up all my
dank
Down to blow, been funkin wrong lately
I'm under pressure, with a tazer under my pillow
and a glock on top of my dresser
My bitch say I'm paranoid, and my momma think I'm
special
But fuck them, I cant trust nobody but Dan Wessern
Its a, cold game, they only know me by my code name
Agent 187, smobbin ?? sprayin cocaine

[Chorus]

[Killa Tay]

Damging bodies is a hobby they try to stop me but i
mash hard
Livin on the run like a track star so why act hard
You know we packin when its time for some action
These niggas never see me like revy jackson
We be taxin they ass like IRS, I bring death
They call me the grim reaper, creepin and sneakin em
with the left
Till they tone death my tank on F, I smash out

I ain't no punk smokin dope blunts till I pass out
I'm a rida, I love my momma mayne I'm puttin in work
And doin dirt, skeet skirt, off the block, fuck the cops
I'm the bully on the block, with fully on the spot
When you see us ain't no love, we some thugs on the
spot
Watch, these papers gone turn
Before the burn my im like a crooked attorney
My money dirty like a football jersey at halftime
Cause a nigga on a savage ass rhyme poppin my 9 for
my past time
But now I make mine the honest way
Cant let em fuck me like they did my folks ??
My momma say im in too deep, but i cant change
And it seem like my baby boy gone grow up doin the
same thang
Gotta gang bang, gotta make change
Caught up in this thug shit, busta catch a slug quick
It ain't no love trick
I got hoes, from the crest side to the east side O'
We get a sack and hit the track and ride slow thug livin
nigga

[Chorus till end]
I ride for my niggas

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