

Kimbra

"Stone Kold Killa"

Visit "[Stone Kold Killa](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

I'm a make a club track 'cuz the people love that
Naw fuck that, I'm a keep it all where my loves at
I step up in the club, even Puff starts ta jump
Cuz I buck from the booth wit a rifle I'm a sniper
On the dance floor throwin' 'bows in your grill
At the bar in your drink got dissolved little pills
In the VIP where they poppin' that Cris
Wit my fists around the magnum I crack 'em, I slap 'em
Bouncers runnin' up lookin' bigger than Chewbacca
Sprayin' me wit mace I eat that shit like binaca
Punchin' people out wit brass knuckles on each fist
Throw em down a club, watch 'em cook like a deep dish
And peep this why dem kids sellin' them rolls
Take all they loot, and extort they hoes
When I'm up in the club man I just don't play
Even Ludacris said move get out the way

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Stone Kold Killa
Stone Kold Killa
I don't give a
Motherfuck about anyone

[Verse 2]

Kickin' in doors, yellin' get on the floor
Ima stone kold killa and I'm ready for more
Duck tape ya mother to a chair rape her wit a plunger
All because I'm just a ruthless motherfucker
You so funny man I'll do it for cheap
Naw I'll do it for free I just need some fresh meat
I got peoples heads in my closet and they rotten
Sometimes I take'em out when I wanna make out
I abduct young hoes, tie'em up in the woods
Or sometimes I let 'em run cuz it's even more fun
Gotta gun but I only use that shit for pistol whippin'
I got more creative type ways of kold killin
I'm lost in my demented thoughts and
I'm on Stone Cold and Steve Austin

I'm forcing my way into the game
Kickin' much ass and takin' names
You'll never be the same once you've heard Q Strange,
Ima

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I took Freddy's glove and I stabbed him in the chest wit
it
Took Jason's machete and I stabbed him in the neck wit
it
Took Michael Myers mask rocked it to the mall
I let my little boy play wit that chucky doll
Even Stephen King read my lyrics are bugged
I'm the next Bundy I ain't talkin' bout Bud
I love what I do, there ain't no signs of stoppin'
I'm stoppin' over half dead cops I shot dead
I'm hot than, I'm illmortalized here forever
A Stone Kold Killa and I'm just too clever
Ain't got the cheddar but I got somethin' better
The fact that you can't fuck with me naw never
Sever limbs from torsos, head from necks
I'm foaming out the mouth barkin' at DMX

[Chorus] - 2X

Visit [Kimbra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.