

Boytronic

"Thou Shall Not Kill"

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[Verse 1: Wickett]

A lot of niggaz got a bitch in their blood - but they claim
to be hard
Till they get hit with a slug instead it - explains it all
While everyone in the hood used to - think you was
hard
But it's hard to think with your - brain in the gar-bitch
I'm off the the chain when I - blast the mag
I put what's left of your frame in a - casket bag
I put what's left of your brain in a - plastic bag
And what ever parts remain - hell, the rats can have
'em
You catch hell in the Ammo City scum streets
They full of monkeys and money-hungry zombies
We don't spit regular shit on a crunk beat
It's boring watchin' bitches eat lunch meat
I'd rather see a big teeth get sunked, rippin' out chunks
of meat till
there's a dundee
You don't want it with me, you wanna smoke bomb G
Jump head first off a building and hit the concrete
Now, can I get an Amen?... Amen
If you fuck around wit' me, we can get your face caved
in
I'm the black Wes Crav', and my staff just crave
And the crack just blaze, when they act that brave, aah
Come, I'll let my bullets +Moby Dick+
Let me put 'em inside of you
Nuttin', bustin' the blood (spish) inside of you
I'm really dishin', put them bullets inside of you
Is what I would do, if I was you
I really wouldn't fuck wit' me
Playin' me like a bitch, your shit'll get dirty
If I up the thang-thangs, finna get ugly
Shit hit the fan mayne, shit get bloody
And when it go down - of course you're scared
Your brothers they want some - the more the merrier
If they run up, it's just to go to the - morgue
And step into my world - at the mortuary

[Verse 2: Big Pimp]

I leave your block wit' your head wide open
OUT THE WINDOW, with my AK smokin'
Bro' close your do', expose ya to the hocus pocus
And you motherfuckers know its bogus
(And you know it's bogus... that's how it is, that's how it
has to be)
And I'mma stop all you motherfuckers from laughin' at
me
When I bust all the glass in your classic Caprice
Instead of blastin' me, where was you? Runnin' your
lyrical catastrophe
I hit the block with the glock, 'cause that's how it has to
be
You ridin' partial, blow your brains in the passenger
seat
You got that program and schedule, shit fucker, pass it
to me
It's a tragedy, how I run up in the church where your
pastor be
Or I'mma have to see, how you layin' right beside him
in your casket bleedin'
Tell them sucker emcees we havin' mass this evening

[Verse 3: Wickett & Twist]

Baptized in the blood of Tupac and Jesus
Hollows from my glock and your glock releasin'
Niggaz from my block and your block deceasin'
Can't stop and won't stop because we still breathin'
Cock back and pop, niggaz drop, it's so easy
Run up and burn up a nigga house when he sleepin'
Cut up and turned out that he's alive when he screamin'
Run up in your house and snatch both of your neices
SAWED-OFF PUMP, PUSH ALL OF YOUR TEETH IN
One nigga jump, BITCH ALL US BEEFIN'
One of y'all jump, BITCH ALL Y'ALL BLEEVIN'(all y'all
bleevin')
Never knew the real reason what I'm shootin' for
Get off your knees, why you prayin' to God?...
It's too late to repent, you better off prayin' to Lucifer
What I'mma use you for, ten G's I'll do you for
Another five I'll do your gul, I'll lose your gul
I ain't killin' y'all by myself
I'm like O.J. - it's two of us(Get it..two of us)
I won't hesitate to numb you bruh, won't hesitate to
burn you bruh
I got a message... when you get to hell..
Ask that bitch nigga what he kill my uncle for

[Verse 4: Mr. G-stacka]

I come through strapped with two tec-9's
I wish a motherfucker try to come and test mine

I put this gat so close to your back spine
When I clap iron, bitch your back flyin'
I'm kinda gettin' tired of sellin' crack dimes
Or sittin' up in my house tryin' to sack pine
Or runnin' through my hood from the one-time
Who sometimes, supply the dime, for me to grind
I just wanna know, do you "Feel Me Ni"?
Cock that thang, throw it in the sky
I'mma let this bitch loose if you niggaz try
Tell them hoe-ass-niggaz I ain't scared to die
I ain't scared to ride, I ain't scared to taunt
My semi-automatic leavin' niggaz burnt
A couple motherfuckers got hit with the gun
The other motherfuckers wake up from the oak tree
hung
Bitch, I'm dirty slum, so I ride 'round with a rusty pump
I keep it kinda close, fuck in the trunk
When the war pop off I'm the first to dump
Throw them bows in your chest like Olajuwon
Ain't no stoppin' when we ridin' - comin' at you chump
I'm the reason for the bleedin' - why you actin' dumb
Cause my hollows have you hollerin' at the top of your
lungs - you filthy scum

[**Pause - Mr. G-stacka continues**]

My 'K'll heat-seek and knock a nigga off his feet
And leave him face down on this hot concrete, if this
bitch want beef
Then me and my niggaz creepin' knockin' off his whole
street - good grief
You get the picture?... Now motherfucker get your issue
Cause soon as I get you, I'm usin' my pistol, to carve
and split you
And scare up your tissue, you bitch you

[Verse 5: Lil' Twist]

Jackin' other niggaz for dollars, that's my motto
Eliminatin' pussy niggaz with pistol poppin' hollows
To say I would never - fuck your bandana, here the
block go
From bustin' concussions with simple motherfuckin' pot
holes
On the offense, a pussy eater want get to even know
what I hit like
In the mist of the trigger clickin', niggaz bitchin' for
dear life
Be prepared for war cause I'm tellin', gunnin' you all
Carry my coat with clip, that's what the clip said and
blew you roof off
ROOF OFF, shit was haul by U-Haul
You jump, and hit the trunk up with the pump and I do

y'all
You fuckin' faggots can't hack it, ass backwards like
RuPaul
Remember my nigga, you tremblin' get your chest blew
off
These rules and regulations, to you, they do apply
So cuz is poppin', your other option is to die
You couldn't resist, and get blitzed at the drop of a
dime
But I came for the cheese, so motherfucker why try
Niggaz I never heard of, get murdered
I'll pull your skirt up and show the world that you're
pussy
And just show what this uzi - a' do
You motherfuckers ain't gon' believe that I'mma gut ya
Blow your bones out the structure, gonna show ya that I
can touch ya - FUCK YA
Gunnin' y'all, then I hit 'em hard
Split 'em apart when I let it off, but you'll be better off
With flesh floatin', open, in a ocean
Holes poked in your throat and still smokin'
H-V nigga, Riverside - I get you motherfuckers hog
tied, if niggaz try
I give a FUCK - what your men do, what you been
through
why you went to the pen dude, or who you kin to
Simple, I'm a fool black, shoot back where your kids go
to school at
It's hard to react when the Mac go click-clack
Four shots in your skull, and your bitch back - get that?

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