

Rhymefest "Chicago-Rillas"

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[Chorus: Rhymefest + Mikkey]

Meet them Chicago-Rillas

Yeah..And we some cold hard killas

Meet them Chicago-Rillas

Yeah..We came to get that scrilla

[Mikkey]

Uh, point blank Charlie, I'm that nigga

Been killing them Kanye tracks before Jigga

Hooked with No ID when Kanye moved to NY

I was in the hundreds runnin' around totaled semis

Left Cash Money and started my own empire

And we don't do no bird call, bitch we been fly

And we won't kiss another man in the mouth, we

GANGSTA

But we will run up in your house and stain ya

Close range murder remain ya

Empty the whole clip plus what's in the chamber

And if this won't help you Joe you know what we aim for

Lower that ice boy you know what we came for, nigga

Act like it we gon' put you to sleep

We owe everything worth some even your teeth

And beef, you don't want, it I promise that

This is south homicide of Chicago, honor that

[Chorus]

[Rhymefest]

You could never hold this block like I do

You grew up with a house full of women and let your

momma pussify you

Started gangbangin' in high school

Got your ass whipped and you stopped gangbangin' in
high school

This is something to ride to

Bitch ho wonderful

Twista, Common and Kanye look real comfortable

Bump, Fest and Mikkey fin a snatch it from under you

I'll help a nigga bag dependin' on how my numbers do

Huh, and this ain't Wayne talkin' greazy, greazy

This is just your mannerisms and they need me, need
me

I'm a gremlin out the 12 ho feed me, feed me

Girls we got it's too hot for TV, TV

THAT'S RIIIIIGHT, Naw it ain't Jeezy, Jeezy

Them Chicago-Rillas gon' snatch ya freebie
Wear it around the hood, believe me
And when you want it back the price moved up like
George and Weezie
I will never sit, y'all will never tell
When the heat is on, I will never bail
I will, never--let a stud extort me
I'll run up in your house with my leaking wing fin a spit
poetry
I'll put a punk head with a floor beat
I'm like bullets flying through the hood, you can't
ignore me BITCH
[Chorus]
[Bump J]
My crew is thorough
I see life through a barrel
I'm clean 'cause I make green like blue and yellow
I got a deal, I ain't flash-you'll ball out
I went in cops with crates of guns and passed 'em all
out
I'm that hood, make rappers call it quits
I've been good, Atlantic just made it all legit
It's all real, y'all rappers just act hard
And we spend money like it grows in our backyard
The MAC-11 is with me, I'm going well over 80
In that navy blue 760
And I'm headed towards the hundreds, the king of the
city
Going to get this money (with Rhymefest and Mikkey,
NIGGA)
Crossing them, you're dead wrong
I will grab that chrome
Put it on your head like some head phones
You don't want Bump to squeeze 'till the legs gone
Block bloody murder, redrum (redrum, NIGGA)
[Chorus]

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