

## Killa Kyleon

### "Bodies Hit The Floor"

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Killa Kyleon

(Yuh) (Hey, run it)

Killa, I am it 187 when I write this shit DOA, get a black bag and a toe-tag 'Cause I'm finna good night this shit Ignite this shit, set it on fire My car like the bar, I'ma set it up high Wet it up, why? 'Cause I like that candy Haters do, too, so I keep clips handy Send 'em to the ER, then to the morgue Put 'em in a box, then put 'em in a car Carry 'bout six, you can put 'em in the dirt RIP, you can put 'em on a shirt .223s, send 'em through yo' body Send 'em to the wake, they can view yo' body Dressed in all white, hey, you lookin' Yo Gotti I'm a real nigga, nigga you know 'bout it

Let the bodies hit the floor I kill this shit like Drowning Pool My paint so wet sittin' in that slab I make this drownin' look so cool Keep that K for the haters that hate 'Cause the haters that hate wanna see me fall Never liked walkin', so I quit walkin' Got in that slab, you can see me crawl

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Just like an infant, sittin' on inches Mario and Luigi, I keep me a princess King of the slab, y'all niggas just princes Gettin' to the money like a nigga be printin' it M-o-e 'til a nigga need mo' Rollin' up kush, so I'm finna meet Dro Keep lean on me, so I'm finna meet Joe Headed to the bank, so I'm finna meet dough Can't be po', so I gotta get paid Need a brown bag just to hold my shit Add a little mo' to the dough I just made? Need a rubber band just to fold my shit That's why ya hoe wanna hold my dick No nuts to the fo' when I pull my shit M-O-M, y'all know my shit Money on my mind, yeah,

right, no shit, bitch!

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Bun B

Well, it's the Trill O.G., er'body know me in the hood as  
well as the burbs Big-body slab fish-tailin' the curb, so  
fresh, so clean, I'm smellin' superb And yellin' the  
words (What's that?) UGK for life, RIP P-i-m-p (M-p)  
Disrespect that, boy, and I'll fuck you up, just to put it  
plain and simply (Simply) When you see me comin'  
around the corner, sittin' in a foreign that you never  
heard of Leather seats so fresh that the cow just died  
and PETA want me for murder (Say WHAT?) And the  
wood inside that bitch brand new 'cause we just killed a  
tree (A tree) So you already know that the  
motherfuckin' EPA ain't feelin' me (Me) But I'm in the  
buildin', G, matta fact, I'm on the lease (The lease) And  
it's already understood when I step the fuck out on  
them streets (Them streets) Tough guys start tuckin'  
they tail, and all that talkin' cease (Cease) 'Cause they  
know them gladiators comin', so all they want is peace  
(Peace) You don't want it with B the nigga, so stop  
pretendin' 'Cause B done robbed from the start of it 'til  
the fuckin' endin' I pull a pistol and pop it and leave ya  
stankin' On the ground, face down, stiff, nigga, like  
you plankin'

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@KillaKyleon, @SmokedOutLuger, @BunBTrillOG Big  
Dick Cheney, RIP to the Trill OG P-i-m-p C Trill niggas  
don't die, we get fly, get mo' money You get no money,  
you know what the fuck this is Run it! (Run it, run it!)

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