

## Killa Kyleon

### "Bright Lights, Big City Flow"

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(\*talking\*)

Ha-ha made it ma, top of the world nigga ha  
I hear these bullshit ass raps, y'all calling hip-hop nigga  
And I must say, I am not impressed one bit nigga  
Nope, let's get to bidness though Killa hey

[Kyleon]

I'm a heat maker, no not a beat maker  
I write fire do you get it, I'm a heat maker  
I'm a grinder not a binder, but I keep paper  
That's why them freaks chase us, we turn em to skeet  
tasters

I'll skeet taste ya, but not a whole lot  
So don't confuse Killa for a trick, I give a hoe not  
Zip zero, stingy with that dinero  
Say it ain't my demeanor, I'ma leave that up to FEMA  
nigga

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I do the beats, like Ike treat Tina  
So I do a bitch bad, and treat a nigga worse than that  
Step up your verses black, get on my level hater  
But you gon need a staircase, and two elevators  
I keep some'ing on my waist, that'll levitate ya  
And decapitate ya, want me to demonstrate ya  
When that glock nine, give you a facer  
Straight shot to your dome, like Patron with no chaser  
man

[Hook]

Y'all dudes, ain't fucking with me  
Y'all dudes, ain't fucking with me  
Y'all dudes, ain't fucking with me

Tell you the truth, y'all ain't got nothing for me no  
Put these rappers in a line, let's see  
Put these rappers in a line, let's see  
Put these rappers in a line, let's see  
No, they ain't fucking with me nope

[Kyleon]

Put these rappers in a line, I run through em like push  
quick  
That's the truth, that ain't no bullshit  
'Gar full of presidential, smoking on that bush shit that  
kush shit  
Smell it inhale it that's that good shit, I'm on that  
neighborhood shit  
Run up in your house, gun up in your mouth  
Without warning, like Notorious B  
Killa move through the streets, so notoriously  
I'm on that Gotti Soprano, with the ammo I'm a G  
Dope than a motherfucker, I'm a ki that's me  
Download some'ing, get a c.d. and you'll see  
Take off yor glasses, get a good look  
I speak the truth, like I'm rapping out the good book  
Flows hot, like I got em out a cook book  
But I'm Emeral, you Martha Stewart nigga  
Ain't no bitch in my blood, I ain't feminine  
My heart don't pump Kool-Aid, my blood ain't cinnamon  
nigga

[Hook]

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