

Killa Kyleon

"Fifty Fifty Flow"

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(*talking*)

You know, Jigga Man had forty 4-4's correct

Ha, well I decided to do fifty-fifties

Pay attention niggaz, run it

[Kyleon]

That boy Killa, on that fifty shit

Get rich or die trying, like a 50 flick

On the block rock for rock, I'm fifty fifty

Want it all not half, fuck fifty fifty - 2x

New S 5-50, two bitches with me

Sucking me quickly, they split my dick fifty fifty

Hundred round drum bitch, and I'm bucking fifty

On the streets or the beach, you ain't fucking with me

Got my own style, I ain't gotta borrow 50's

Pockets full of hundreds, I ain't gotta borrow fifties

I'm in some'ing old school, frame out the 50's

Candy chrome grilling lady, rims out the 80's baby

Technically, can't nobody mess with me

You talking bout these other boys, you disrespecting
me

Put up fifty, and I'll show you quickly

That I'm finna turn H-Town round, and make history

This specifically, for boys slanging fifty packs

And jam Kyleon tracks, cause I'm sickly

Your style sound, like you stuck up in the 50's

I spit it futuristic, I'm so 22nd century

How dare you talk about my city, and don't mention me

I'm the best thang in it, pay attention G

K-I double L-A, K-Y-L-E

Open up your nose bro, I know you smell me yeah

(*talking*)

I can't believe it, the myth of the killer ape is true

Never saw an animal move like that

They just well look, they just kill

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