

## Killa Kyleon

### "Hood Hop"

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(\*talking\*)

I'm fin to give you half a brick  
Of Killa Kyleon nigga, and the other half  
Gon be the legend himself Bun B  
Nigga H-Town in this motherfucker, run it

[Hook]

I'ma slang my caine, swang my swang  
Pop my trunk, bang my bang  
Grip my grain, recline my leather  
H-Town hoe, they can't do it no better

[Kyleon]

I'm a Mack like Goldie, game like Kobe  
I'm real and you shady, like Eminem and Obie  
The game's hottest thang, since a iced out Rolley  
I'm Shaq in the paint, motherfuckers can't hold me  
Somebody please show me, a nigga mo' liver  
You H2O flow, Killa flow like lava  
Ain't nothing but riders, in my click bitch  
And just like Rick James, I'm rich bitch  
My flow like bronchitis, I'm sick bitch  
So when you listen, you gon say that this some sick shit  
I'm a G but, Killa ain't that boy from the Clover  
Like P, you don't wanna go to war with a soldier  
I'ma aim thangs, that'll put your brains on your  
shoulder  
Then send you up to heaven, to go hang with Jehovah  
Now the game over, go find a reverend  
Cause niggaz coming up dead, like 9/11  
Now your mama in the church house, crying and yelling  
He fucked with the wrong niggaz, we was trying to tell  
him  
Whoa, niggaz know that Killa Kyleon harder  
I upset these niggaz, like Antonio Tarva  
I cut up the beats, like a motherfucking barber  
I'm a 17 shot, you just a six shot revolver  
Fin to run the game, like Nino did to Carter  
Houston's unorganized, I'm finna put it back in order

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, now that's what I'm talking bout  
That's that boy Killa Kyleon, right there  
Repping for Boyz-N-Blue, H-Town stay down  
I'm fin to do this shit right here  
UGK style my nigga

[Bun B]

I got's the eye of the tiger, and the call of the wild  
When guerillas back down, niggaz fall in the fire  
So put out your black and mild, you fucking with G's  
That don't do shit but stack and smile, pistol packing  
pow  
Up in the truck and ride down, on your whole hood  
The cut throat's on the creep, up to no good  
You got somebody you can call, then you sho' should  
Cause I'ma come through and burn your ass, like slow  
wood  
Work on the highway, doja on the plane  
Pills through the UPS, I'm thoed in the game  
Got the drank from the drugsto', and hoes on the  
corner  
It's money on the street, and I'ma get it like I wanna  
Anytime you need to see me, it ain't hard to find me  
Fingers on the side of me, Boyz-N-Blue's behind me  
Fuck niggaz in front of me, we shutting 'em down  
Treat 'em like a Jay-Z shirt, and button 'em down

[Hook - 2x]

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