

Killa Tay

"Big Scrilla"

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[Killa Tay]

Uh huh, Yeah

We gone call this one big scrilla

For all my niggas out there thug pimpin

D-1A up in this muthafucka, ya' know

For yall sucka ass niggas, uh

Hollerin all the cheap shit, but you aint rappin right
nigga

Gimmie the mic, feel me like you appetite nigga

Supposed to be hard, but y'all ain't actin like niggas

Probably go both ways like a hermaphrodite nigga

Bitch mades cant get no love

I hit the highway like O.J, with blood on my gloves

I roll like young buck, homies wanna hang with me

But I'm a killa on the grind livin dangerously

I'm thug pimpin, from ?? to Australia

Never been a failure better believe it when I tell ya

Sell you nothin but the A-1 yeh

The innovator, pistol players manditory one shot

To end the story the glory days is over

If you dont work, you dont eat

All that talkin is cheap mayne, this hustle game is deep

Back from the ??, west cola till they burry me

With a bullet in my casket

To lift my soul and keep them scared of me

Work, like chemotherapy, when i let loose with the ??

So relentless, we sneakin, and creepin and keepin it off
the hinges

Bullys wit Fullys pullin strings like Jimi Hendrix

Fuck a trick biotchh, when it comes to my click, my love
is illest, lllll -stick em like syringes, hard, heavy and
devy

I do whatever it take in life to make continous fetti

Ready and willing killin them all off like nazi's

No time for the he say she say we stay sloppy of that
broccolli,

we mob deep

[Chorus]

Ride for my niggas

Stay on the grind down to die for my niggas

We real killas, big scrilla

Blazin up doja zips

Nigga, one false move and its over with, we blast

And mash hard, livin large like

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