

## **Killa Tay**

### **"Hard Ball"**

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This game

Is to be sold not told

Pay styles, pay pay styles

Pay styles, pay styles

Feds tappin in on shit

You know, playin hard ball

(Killa Tay)

I never liked to sign autographs, I mash for all the cash

My third eye shine like brass, my life flash

I blast, when I ride past, pervin and swervin

Off the cream soda and bourban, puttin in work like  
service

It ain't no get back punk, my mini spit back chunks

Won't be caught up in no scandal, we gon' handle the  
funk

I'm representin for the Yay cause, ain't no love

For none of these pretty-boy ballers, they just some  
fake thugs, wit a Yay plug

We them niggaz runnin up yo house regulatin

Do or die, down for the scrilla, we cheddar chasin

Momma gave birth to a killa, premeditatin

????, ready to resurrect my thug nation

Creepin while they sleepin like gorillas in the mist

In Y2K hits, my niggaz spray shit

Every solution, it's revolution, so we all shootin

Fuck the system, I refuse to be the victim of an execution

It's ??? from prison, that I'm tryin to stay livin

And givin no gloved out, we thugged out

Until the death of me, I'm thinkin bout some treachery

On the click I get sick, like a nigga wit leprosy

When they step to me

It's smash murder

Hook (C-Bo)

It's Hard Ball, yard call, up against the wall

People my enemies envy me, write on the walls

Wit ya life in draws, blue bandanas and stand tall

When the dope pop unlock, it's war til we fall

(Repeat)

(Killa Tay)

Twistin tongues, get em sprung, like the crack rock

I gets love from the gardens to the Mac block

I ride hot wit my strap cocked, coast trippin

Started servin stones, now we rappin for chickens

Bloody victims, camouflaged in ditches

I'm ridin wit the little homie, dodgin you bitches

Mobbin these switches, bouncin through the light in the rain

My niggaz mafia connected, spendin life in the game

No turnin back, we burnin sacks, to try to deal wit the pain

Before the feds shoot me dead, I put the steel in my brain

I bet they bury me a down ass G, so until I see

Prison or hell, I'm thug livin for mail

Wit clientele from the ATL back to the Bay

I bubble up, to servin double ups, back in the day

Mr. Packin still got the spot, crackin today

Unpluggin niggaz, mean muggin niggaz, passin the J

My block, I keep my squad tight, we make them nights

Ridin dirty through the MIA, shakin vice

Murder all hoes that go in my way, protect my life

Wit these warfare machinery, high blowin greenery

Touch em like a comedy

Tickle the spine, twist they mind like Geometry

On my mamma I'm a G

Any shit that benefit, I represent

Like a Nazi, til somebody pop me

Throw up the dub

Hook 2x

(Killa Tay)

It's been a long time, the West Coast got it crackin now

I'm smokin MC's like Black & Mild

Tryin to copycat my rappin style

Bomb status, savage tactics, gettin my money stacked in piles

I flow like the Nile River, living sermon like a preacher

In the pull pit, still pack a full clip

Told you I'm a fool bitch, I stay high

Killa T-A-Y, and hear the pound down for the drive-by

These G's ride, and it ain't no fear in my heart

You talkin loud, wolf in threats, but I know you a mark

Playa hatin so I'm waitin, for the ride to start

I come creepin like a ninja when it's quiet and dark

We playin hard ball, so if you soft step off

Cause ain't no hoppin up outta this game, once these  
shots let off

We rippin they heads off for tryin to cross

Attackin like a wolfpack, I push back brains, you know  
my name

It's the K-I-double L-A-T-A-Y, call me the Locsta

Can't be runnin up in these stank routes, and my bank  
fat like Oprah

Gank sacks to smoke off, we all high

If the funk jump, we Loc up cause, we all ride

You know my niggaz down for the homicides and rapes

Po-po catch me bailin, while I'm sellin these tapes

I make my money legit.....Sike!

I'm makin G's pushin ki's, and bustin raps on the mike

We chippin weed at the studio, what's crackin tonight

I hear the Lord callin my name, tryin to get back in my  
life

I see the devil's face deep in my dreams, lookin  
friendly

But I recognize the public as my enemy

Cause I'm coast trippin

Hook 2x

Yeah, West Coast Mafia

For my real folks

Everybody else suck a dick

Nigga this Fresno

Penzoni for life nigga

All the rest is phonies

Big ballin respect that

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