

Killa Tay

"So Serious"

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f/ Brotha Lynch Hung, Marvaless, Lunasicc

* Thug Thisle version has a re-mastered beat and shorter ending

[Killa Tay]

I'm mastermind in the plot, you ???? the spot

Wicked intentions, sensin friction, when the funk gon'
pop

I tote my heat, and hold my ground

They know I clown

Pistol whippin and strippin em

Down to they riches, rapin they bitches

Nigga it's a, jack move, 187, count yo blessin

Hollow tips fire from all directions, leavin em wetted

Yo pieces deleted from existence, don't make no
difference

I'm bangin like Metallica, serve any challenger

With a tre 8 caliber, fuckin em up like Algebra

From Cali to Florida, call the coroner

I'm missing in action, packin a full clip, for the bullshit

I told my nigga Lynch I got his back face

What's up now, ??????

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

Killa Tay, and I'm jackin the ditch
From the shit that get spit to take a lock on the dick
Like a red nosed pick nigga
I don't really give a shit about they life man
Off that night train
Cut they fuckin throat wit a knife man
And that's right man
Leave em layin in the cut
With they guts cut up what up
Put ya nuts up, on the shelf with no help
I'm so hell I'm so stealth, (I'm so, I'm so)
Nigga, Mr. know where to be contacted
Just bombsack it, tell my momma how I'm actin
When I'm packin I got my practice
In, I'm off that gin, losin wind (What you waitin for)
I'm waitin for the show to begin, half past ten thirty
Reverend like James, straight up strange
Shootin range, twenty four feet
Leave you off the earth with this heat
Leave you in the street, human meat
Believe me, I still be workin this like a thug (Like a thug)
Put you in the back of the Coupe DeVille
Take you to the alley, shoot to kill
Fuck that I gotta buck back (Nigga)
Fuck that (Nigga)
I ain't goin out like no zombie

Nigga smokin all that bomb weed

You possess and yes, I'm strapped like tombstone

Ready to pull out the Rafe, man, clackin wit Killa Tay

Lunasicc, Marvaless

[Chorus]

Like Jason, and CamCrystals with a pistol,

chainsaw and merchetti when the funk start, we ready

Like Jason and CamCrystals with a pistol,

chainsaw and merchetti, we serious about that fetti

[Marvaless]

Paper chase, but still credit to large accounts

Survive by the ounce all in the mix

Just as deep as it gets, ??? no counterfeits

Strictly bout my six, but don't ever doubt it

My niggaz is bout it

For the love of the money and game

Shakin you niggaz is funny

It's just somethin about, the way the game get spit

Cali niggaz find a ??? in, for the scrilla strictly ballin

I figure a bitch nigga be the first to test

The first to get blessed

Not the one to stress I'm too complex

And my mind-state, no contest

Hot what I do so it takes a god to do what I must

Never had no trust

Cuz niggaz will snitch

Go on some other shit real quick

Scholar, bout that dollar, make you holla, make you feel it

Drop wit Killa, we the realest

Cali niggaz runnin the chain up

[Lunasicc]

Double C, the gangsta with the glock in the cut

Identify the busta, aim first, then I bust

Creepin with the mask, blast on any nigga that move

Put my bitch in the back seat, cuz my AP need room

I got a real crew of niggaz, ain't no punks in my squad

Bitch, to get away, drive, but don't leave till the bank get robbed

I wear Khaki Pants, Levi Jeans, and Hilfiger's

Puttin em on they back like they drunk off liquor

So throw them rags up

If niggaz trippin, we catch em slippin, hold them 9's up

Blast on they ass, flash on they ass

Light my weed up, I like to get away high

On the cut postin like Pac

Niggaz scream til I die, I'm no lie

[Chorus] - 2x

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