

## **Apu - The Simpsons**

### **"Kill or Be Killed"**

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[Intro: Doc Doom (Warcloud)]  
(Get bank on it)  
Yeah, Killa Bee Gang, nigga  
(Still runnin)  
Black Knights, nigga, what what?  
What What, nigga?  
West Coast, test what?  
West Coast, nigga what?  
Bring it on, nigga  
Get gone, nigga, what?  
I don't give a fuck  
We don't give a fuck, nigga  
Nigga what what? Nigga what?  
Nigga, bring it on, nigga  
Nigga what what? Nigga, bring it  
I don't give a fuck  
Bring that shit, nigga

[Warcloud]  
Monkey dragging hammers down Indonesian stone  
steps  
Walk in America, medicine man fever  
Snorkle in the rat's nest, hitch hiker junkie  
Where is the side walk end, knuckles drag  
Julian Po, Armadillo duffle bag  
Juice stars and fudge sticks  
Roller coasters and ferris wheels  
Two large revolvers, rock fights in alleys  
Farin' more dough, meet Mr. Constrictus (muahaha!)  
Roll up a blunt on my passport  
Hittin' like a grasscourt, fabricated verbal crash course  
Last horse that gallop through snowflakes  
White feathers with red tips  
Died yesterday obey what the weapons say  
Pointed at your face, shoot your screamin' briefcase  
man  
Dear Niagra, 'Death of a Salesman'  
Tip-toe on 'Barbwire'  
Dirty maggot sausage, fat minds of peddlers  
Newstand editor, Archibald the Lecturer  
Me, man, Archibald Kray, call 'im Arky

Holocaust awfully, sippin' vanilla coffee  
There's a 'Trap Door' tarantula living behind my right  
eye  
heavy as a slug bust, life is a Holocaust  
Architect medic, crystal bullets that flare though  
Hangin' back to back in a field with a Skarecrow  
Later call it elbows, spittin' the same lead  
A White Humming Bird, how roses came red  
Drive-in in the swamp.

[Crisis]

'Kill or Be Killed'

It's me, back in the flesh, packin' a Tec  
Crackin' in ya vest, tappin' ya chest, half to the neck  
Struggle with breath, wrestle with death and ass on the  
set  
The Knights shine while you faggots reflect  
Half-step, hold my own, Crisis never regret  
The scuba jet with knowledge  
Runnin' traitors, all Devils get demolished  
in the county of the Lost Angels  
Niggaz chant the Black Knights like 'The Star-Spangled  
Banner', ghetto grammar, cut you off the David Banner  
Blue and roll with banners, slicky than a bleek is as  
bright  
When I rest up in 'em, death to criticism  
It'll get 'em, my niggaz plot patiently waitin' to set it  
Line for line rhyme for rhyme you'll dull and pathetic  
Synthetic, artificial, generic, my darts'll split you  
Vertically, I know you faggots heard of me

[Doc Doom]

Heard of me, heard of me, heard of me

[Chorus: Doc Doom]

It's 'Kill or Be Killed' in these cold streets of Compton  
and Long Beach  
That's why we dont sleep, hold heat and roll deep  
Low key, gang bang with OG's  
Bee Gees, YG's, TG's  
Who want beef? Who want beef?

[Sandman]

It's the hillside strangler, Sandman the dream keeper  
Eliminate your team with the streetsweeper  
Spit a rap doct-erine, ash and graffiti text  
Come on and get put to rest, who wanna see me next?  
The street vet from the North-side, pack a black Tec  
Let my pants hang, use gang bang dialect  
Sew you in, every mornin' "Wake Up" in front the liquor  
store

Loo dump those karate shoes up and hear 'em roll

[Doc Doom]

It's 'Kill or Be Killed', that's why I sleep with my steel  
Cautious, 'cause niggas out here kill at will  
In Killa California, where niggas put flames upon ya  
So put them things up on ya  
Smoke weed, and bang corners  
Bang on ya like what set you from?  
Better have ya gun at close reach  
'Rollin'' through Compton, L.A. and Long Beach  
You might get ya life took, fuckin' head shook  
These Cali streets is full of killers and crooks  
Gangstas and cops, semi-automatics and glocks  
Niggas don't scrap no more, them was the days of my  
pops  
Niggas that box, nowaday they twistin' on tops  
Killer Cal, nah don't think it's ever gon' stop

[Monk]

You feel the steady impact of the mighty bomb jack  
Blew a gold ass hat and five ones of chrome gat  
I love to gang bang, pants hang ridiculous  
Kick it with these high heads that's off the hook  
I don't fuck with hooks, I'm straight from the streets  
Kid what y'all eat?, prepare for warfare  
Step and you'll get laid there, dead on the spot  
RZA signed us fresh off the block  
Make sure you know my hammer's cocked  
And at all times still on the grind trying to get mine  
Ask me how I get paid, my verbal switchblade  
Ask me who I'm 'Rollin'' with I say the Iron Brigade  
Follow along, we stop like a comfortable raid  
Anybody in our way, it's for sure to get slayed  
Group or solo, solo my poop  
We only recruit, real soldiers, Iron Brigade soldiers  
Real niggas, smash buildings, blaze glocks, so fuck  
feelings  
Lace up the chucks, get on the average start the real  
dealing  
'Real Shit' make my money flip Compton, Cali

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Doc Doom (Warcloud)]

Faggot motherfuckers  
The Gang, nigga  
The real G's, where you from (Compton)  
The niggaz bitches, what? Fuckin' wit us  
Boy (L.A.) The Black Knights  
West Coast Killa Bee Gang, nigga

Wu-Tang nigga, when we bang this, hear?  
(Linwood, Killa Beez) Nigga  
Nigga, Watts, all that, nigga  
Straight up, nigga (Inglewood)  
Where y'all niggaz from, man?  
(Malibu) Hey young'n (Hollywood)  
Out here tryin' to be like the G's, nigga  
Straight gangstas, man, we gangstas  
Homeboy, nigga, just gang bang rap  
It belongs to us, homeboy (Right, right, right)  
You know I mean? That bullshit you speakin'  
is on some other shit, boy, and I mean it.  
'You Don't Wanna Fuck Wit Us'  
(That's exactly what we be sayin')

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