

Big Mello f/ Trae, Dougie D, Cl'Che

"KMJ Killas"

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[Big Mello]

Uh, we in your life motherfucker
Y'all done fucked around, with the wrong
motherfuckers
Now it's on, yeah you better get some gone
Fuck with us bad news, and beat your bitch ass home
Bar none fade all, and we deep as the ocean
You be floating down the brazzer, duct taped eyes
open
Fucking with KMJ, straight Mafioso
Nigga we bust, for J and Geno
Ain't tripping this time, all you hoes gon mind
Cross that line, nigga everybody dying
I go down, bitch ass nigga now move around
Can't swang on us, better not show some round
Shut you down, flip you motherfuckers like a pound
We the realest motherfuckers, down here in H-Town
Put this nine on your mind, everytime they out of line
Blow be the sound, when you fuck with one of mine

[Cl'Che]

Let me come through Big Mello, since we crunk in this
bitch
Yeah mo'fuckers it's Cl'Che, if you hearing this shit
So grab your cups throw em up, if you know some'ing
about this
A Southside thang baby, we show love to the click
Nigga we the realest, down fa sho the illest
About the money baby, give a fuck about your feelings
Remember I'm that Classifyd Lady, huh she bout to
drop again
Watch out she's gon flash, and thoed and crazy
It's on again, KMJ making niggaz back fin
You gonna have to come, two hundred plus ten
Yeah we on it, and we out to win
Cause in the pocket sixteen bars behind it, from the
Penn

[Hook - 2x]

Nigga what we the realest, nigga we the illest
Huh you don't wanna fuck, with these KMJ killers

Now it's on, what you motherfuckers wanna do
Nigga fuck you, cross us we buck you

[Trae]

Better bring it on, we ready for war
And if they start then we gon bomb, like in Vietnam
Quiet as calm like Sadaam, we setting it off
And it ain't no game, when we come we playing it raw
Don't nobody wanna mess around with KMJ, when my
SK finna spray
By the time you wanna mess with Trae, my enterouge
on the way
Big Mello, Z-Ro and 'Che, Dougo Geno and Double J
We killers up out the gates, that'll wet up your hallway
We ain't got nothing to lose, in the game we was
paying dues
But niggaz wanna disrespect, so now they singing the
blues
KMJ is my team, on the grind for the love of green
We'll put you bitches on lean, with a hot twelve in your
spleen
Or hat it's like that, with a verbal assault on tracks
While niggaz smoking the strack, ready to push your
wig back
And back it's gon go, till one of y'all hit the flo'
From beating my calico, you don't want no mo'

[Dougie D]

D-O-U-G-I-E, to the motherfucking D
Representer up in this bitch, KMJ the click bitch we be
Be me 4-4 one cock, nigga fucking around you hoes
get shot
Infra beams end up up on your knot, mash the gas
cause Diggie just won't stop
Bitch look we some grown ass men, with a click of
killers we'll part your playing
Fucking niggaz is up is the game plan, pulling out the A
the K and start spraying
Bitch look can't fuck with a team, that's straight from
the streets and all about cream
Garunteed to make motherfuckers bleed, by any
means we going hard for the green
Uh-huh said that represent that feel that, like the grow
wind beat that rip rap
Snap a ledge just to kill all the chit-chat, flipping rounds
ain't no way around that
Cross the line and you ain't gon come back, if I said
that lil' bitch I meant that
And I think just to knock your hair back, and for the
click I get down with that

[Hook - 2x]

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