

Silkk The Shocker

"Ain't Nuttin' Personal"

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Kill kill kill

[Snoop]

How many killas you got on your mother fuckin pay roll
nigga?

Snoop Dogg, C-Murder, and Silkk the Shocker
No limit (biatch)

[C-Murder]

Nigga nigga I'ma rida

Ride with G's

And ship keys over seas by the three's

Keep an eye on my enemies

Snoop and Silkk

In da back of the Lac

With that AK

In da blue tint, with a infer-red

Mother fucker gonna die tonight

That's why I smoke weed, get high tonight

Cuz I'ma No Limit soldier

With TRU datted in blood

I went to jail for years, for movin, burnin da drugs

Murda murda, kill kill

If you put me in danger

I aint trippin noo

No limit niggaz no strangers

I'ma tank representer till im history

Making playa hatas into a mother fucking memory

So throw'em up if you a soldier

And Snoop Dogg pass tha mother fucking dolja

I know you mother fucking feel me

C-murder aint gonna die, till a bitch nigga kill me

[Chorus x2]

Kill-kill-kill

Murda-murda-murda

Ain't nut'in personal tru

See it's all about respect

Kill-kill-kill

Murda-murda-murda

Im never got slippin

Keep my heat on the dash

[Snoop]

Now, how many niggaz you know that can fuck around

And die and come back

They get hooked up with the number one rap label

And rap, like that

Shit I can't be duplicated

But I'm highly playa hated

And I been reinstated

And I thank god that I finally made it

Fated many niggas, just to get one back

Remember im that young nigga

That put gangsta rap on the map

Never craps, only five duices

Mix that moet, white star, with them orange juices

I hang o

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