

Buddha Monk f/ Mozart

"Kill a Man"

Visit "[Kill a Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk (Mozart)] Here is something you can't understand (How I can just kill a man)
[Buddha Monk] (Mozart) Here's the situation (what is it?) my occupation is to stand by the liquor store and get rid of this raw (You know I'm coming with the heat if it's beef) of course, my nigga (Hit the nigga with no pause) and (buckle his jaws) No doubt, before you do that, hold up, let me move back Before you use that, and loosen up his baseball cap (Open up his head, watch his brains ooze back) then what (One to the eye, consecutive six to the gut) if you slip Then we fucked nigga, for it's a chance that he might Get to slip one of those hot things off, nigga (Nah, dog, I got aim like Jordan, game on sportsman And I believe, my plane gon' scorch 'em) Here that, it ain't where you from, it's where's ya gat (Point it at, how to kill this man, dressed in black) Whoever thought as we crept, that this nigga, got six more And his friends, be coming to get at us nigga (Coming to get us? Shit, they better get rid of us My, can-I-bust, reverse like clutch) Fuck seeing a burner, the'd rather do like Turn'her Spit off in here, duck from slugs going in her (They don't wanna fuck with this four/fifth that you burnt) Uh-huh (All night server, ghost turn, get her) These those cats They don't learn from the first dead Revenge for the man, 187 on the head, huh (But that's alright, we got plenty clips, police grips Tighten souls like vicegrips, break nuts and strip) You got 'em? (Man, I got this nigga) You wanna rock him? (I'mma rock this nigga) You shot at me? (I'mma pop this nigga) Here come 2 more of them, nigga, what's your aim? (Eyes, nose and brain) Mines is the rest of the frame (One down) Well done Reck Low, his shirt got a red glow Here's one more to go (and two more by the Pinto) Then, let's get this, so we can get that (Then nuff said, blast this nigga, so we won't blast back I shot at him) Word (rocked him, popped him, before he knew what got him) Then (loosen his bell bottom) damn (hit him in jaw, his girl got him) And now the depths of the world got him, laying next to Solomon Waiting for the return of a thousand born as him But never be born again is him,

damn dog We slaughter him and we still gotta deal
with two more of them (It's not a game, for the love of
the money, it make me do things All in the corner with a
new name, slaughters for whoever came) Sometimes I
think is it worth selling cocaine (stop talking stupid)
What? (Stay with me dog, don't lose it) Never will I lose
it Pick up the nine and use it, recruited on a nigga
named 'move this' Real quick (that's what it is, let's do
this, here go the deuce-deuce trip It's bust reload clip,
hit and don't miss) It's double impact, is where we at
But as we doing it, I'm seeing the shells releasing from
their mask (Spit off, being ducked back) I get the front
(I got the back, and remember that) What? (It's til the
day that we get clapped) Say that and get back (No
doubt, dog, hold position til mines is soft) He's in place
now Move on 'em, shake the shoes offa them (lay them
on the car window With the name, we moving on up,
and who want it with him?) That's it, it's five of them (If I
could remember, it was six of them When we got at
them, oh shit, look out) Oh shit, I'm shot by him (Damn
you aight?) It went in and out, so let's finish it By
rocking him out of his Timbs (grasp yourself, I got him I
got two more clips to rock him and put him a world
where people can't yell 'stop him') Take this dog, cuz
this one's more sneaky then them all Might take more
than what you got, to finish them all (Don't worry hold
on, I'll be back in a second and that's when you hear
the gun go off, that's all)

Visit [Buddha Monk f/ Mozart](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.