

## Die Doraus & Die Marinas "Hard Not to Kill"

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[DJ Paul & Juicy J adlibs]

Chorus: DJ Paul (x4)

It's hard not to kill niggaz

It's like and everyday job not to kill niggaz

So what's a nigga to do

[Lord Infamous]

Me and my nigga had plenty a blunts and we had to get  
a half G of that Henn

I swerved up into the damn liquor store  
law hides, fucked up, I'm droppin' my yak in the stash  
pot

Forever it took the shit seemed

cause the trick most had sweated me full of the D

I was searchin' my pockets and then I heard poppin  
to run out and see that my nigga was bleedin'

Is was Indo G and MC Mack and the Lord in bomber

Hummer rollin' with the gun and Pat

Finna fix these fools up a little snack

toss a few Pat, cuz, blow 'em up off the track

They was talkin' shit the other day

Now the Prophet Posse got and offer now they gonna  
turn away

And the goddamn vomit out the stomach

Servin' one, the Scarecrow servin' Henn at the  
cemetary

I was sippin' on the brew, hittin' two true,

smokin' on the crew, got a call from the damn fool

Said he had the Three 6 held hostage

tryin' to get a blood pool spread on the evenin' news

Then we round up the squad got The Maf and The Kaz

We loadin' up the cars with the hollow tools

And we comin on a run through the yard and a nigga  
gonna knock

Triple Six wanna pop it at you

Now we've got half way over the back of this four  
stories 'fore he fall, ten story drop

Nigga wanna cross me, better get a sponge to wipe up  
your mangled-ass body

You better bring some danger toys

when you fuckin' with the Mafia boys  
Don't war wit' is we be causin' a scramble  
We blowed out your candle, and we come out  
victorious

Chorus: DJ Paul (x4)  
It's hard not to kill niggaz  
It's like and everyday job not to kill niggaz  
So what's a nigga to do

[MC Mack]  
It's seems that every fuckin' day I seem to dwell more  
by myself  
My competitors run, when I cock my gun, I blast 'cause  
I'm forced to live by my rep  
My Killa Klan Kaze, like the Nazi's, 'cause we takin' you  
for hostage  
MC Mack, ho, be my street name, 'cause I'm cliqued by  
Prophet Posse  
You can't stop me so just watch me, left you spooked  
'cause I flashed your set  
Too many muthafuckaz that know my face, but I din't  
know them, so I sport a vest  
Don't test my thugs, gon' show no love, remorse ain't in  
me, don't fuck with scrubs  
Get shot and robbed, 19 pull the trunk down point  
beam, dump those buck shot slugs  
Consist of killaz, cofins fillers, sign your soul to my  
dotted line  
Renig your sins and the death in the end  
Tombstone red, young nigga was blind  
Tryin' to see me, you can't be me, so just flex on the  
other directions  
If the milli miss ya, hollow points'll hit ya, in other words  
you fuck with no protection  
Smith and Wesson, go you stressin', tape his mouth up  
while he's restin'  
Put them yawk thangs to his dome, when he awakens,  
bet he with Satan  
Life was taken, death you facin', hollow points, they got  
you racin'  
Caught you slippin', like a magician  
On your ass, spray this nigga, WHAT'S UP!

Chorus: DJ Paul (x4)  
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So what's a nigga to do

[DJ Paul & Juicy J adlibs]

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