

Die Kellox

"Pure Anna"

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[DJ Paul, Project Pat, Juicy J. (Chorus x4)]

Pure Anna for you hoes, Pure Anna for you hoes,
With the - with the hollow-point shells, man,
Man, nobody knows.

[Project Pat]

It seems like I might not even make it out here on these
bricks,
Might have to murder a chick, might have to kill a bitch.
Maybe they gon' knock me up for dope ass lyrics that I
spit,
Like they did my nigga C-Bo, stressing gangsta shit.
Look into the pit of my eyes, feel my anger,
Seventeen rounds out the clip, through the chamber.
I heard you cowards, mane, would love to see me and
my niggas,
Die a violent death from a gun, your hand on the
trigger.
Nigga you can do whatever the fuck you think you
need,
Snort you up some lines to build your heart, I'm gon' hit
this weed.
I procede, hoe, I'll die for mine, I'm ready to catch a
caper,
Most my niggas either on parole or some kinda paper,
Fakers out here, mane, they hate.. Real niggas with a
passion,
Project ain't yo' friend, motherfucker, label me
assassin.
Strictly blastin', casting', bitch; made niggas straight to
hell.
Fuck them laws, 'cause if I get caught.. I ain't scared of
jail.

[Scan Man]

Please don't test these murderers,
Push our slugs to your mug, ate your skin up with no
love.
It is I, the almighty Scan Man, from the Killa Klan,
Insane in the brain, still throwin' bodies off the train.

In the sky, mystic, black; time for a rib clench,
On my victim because he tested, madness,
And my tech 9 got me aimin' at your spine,
My 357 blast and at the written right on time,
They never find.. Your body parts, buried in my
backyard,
Daddy's hanging from a tree, granny has no fucking
spleen.
Mommy's in the garden, pregnant, fixin' up the soil..
So I took my knife and ripped her fetus out so it was
for..
No more, her bustas' rip a rim around the chest,
Now it's me, with the Anna that put you hoes to rest.
But they call me crazy 'cause I said I ripped her fetus
out her belly..
It's not that I'm a psychotic, I'm just takin' cares of my
business.

[MC Mack]

Hopped off in my T., yo, Monte Carlo, whoa, roll things,
These bustas must back-up, and bitches must
maintain.
The Mack, I gotta express myself,
And break it on down for these folks that don't hear
me, though,
Counterfeit smile, Mack-hater you ain't wild,
Triple Six and Killa Klan got them thangs to your
temple.
Why these smoked up bitches all upset, is it 'cause it
went state to state?
Getting calls from a broad that I fucked in the past,
Still mad 'cause your man got this song on tape.
Murder, murder, weeds and rum, the outcome left a
body numb,
Putting it down for all the Macks, with a killer in-track
with fire-arms.
I see your jealous envy from them diamonds glistenin'
around my neck,
From trick to treat, we done played your bitch, smokin'
green, stackin Gs,
From morning-checks; purse first, ass last, you wanna
know who's under the mask,
Another dirty thug from the south, and I'm breaking
backs,
I'm chiefin' like an Indian, and the dust, that's the type
of stage I'm in,
Still blastin' with this, y'all, come say hello to my little
friend.
From the streets of Memphis to the world, this clique
done hit the top,
The whop-bop straight from the Glock 'til your blood

clots,
MC Mack and I got..

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