

Dieter Krebs & Gundula**"I See Faces"**

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[Killa Tay]

Take it, how you want it, tre deep gettin blunted, in a circle

Purple haze, got me in a daze, evil ways

We blaze back to back, puttin' it down L.A. to Sac

Cali 'til I die bitch, all about my scrilla scratch

Fuck a hoe fa' sho', unless she tryin to do some dirt

I got to patch it down, wit' a triple deuce

Another strap up under the shirt, see

She might fuck one of the homies

But I cant sweat that, pussy got more miles than Southwest Airlines

Walkin' like a penguin, but she bringin home

Fat stacks, so daddy cant complain

But if she get shady I takes a bitch up out the game

Same, shit different day

Hit the liquor store, spend it, it wasnt my intention, but end up swervin'

Cause I'm pervin', servin', corners, on the way to pick this broad up

Po-po see mobbin, a nigga done fucked around and got caught up

But aint tryin' to see no jail cell

Still aint got no L's, but fool I got my strap

And a zip of hydro weed, I'm kied down for the high speed

in a V8, automatic shakin' the P's

Like Dukes of Hazard, murder gettin' colder, moves up tonight

Im lettin' 'em have it, murder

aint nothin' but a thang to me, we just some thugs

On the grind, livin' dangerously

I cut my perm off, switched up my name again

Nuts danglin, cant trust this game I'm in, the shit is faulty

So a nigga be on the down low, off indo

Same shit different day, young killa tay

Gettin' that cash flow, we riders

[chorus: Mississippi]

I cant sleep at night, things just aint right, I see faces,

lookin down on me
I cant sleep at night, things just aint right, I see faces,
lookin down on me

[Killa Tay]

See I scheme and plot, on my dreams in life
sometimes I wake up to gun shots
Aimed at me, I never claimed to be, to great to touch
I'm livin' dangerously, and aint nobody to trust
I'm doin way too much, but I dont give a fuck
we can keep it real, and get 'em up, or we can buck
No love lost, you know I never been a punk
Better hide your newborn, if your family got funk
It's on, watch your front, watch your back
cause I be creepin from the blindside
Peelin caps, got 'em sleepin with they lights on
thus runnin through your house
Like a cyclone, duck and cover
but I pop 'em like a rubber in the process low profile
No smiles, wild, wild west, we shoot 'em up, on every
track, murder mind
every time, Make 'em take it back, hit rewind
til its broke, we smoke rope I got the plug
Now my folks got the most dope, around March of 97's
when the drop hits
But all my niggas still flippin' new outfits, im tryin' to
get a grip
Ballin' like a 1st round draft pick, fuck what you heard
about, nigga
This is cash click, bitch!, down and dirty 'til I get rich
I, wet 'em up like liquids when I spit this lyrical sickness
(my evil ways)

[chorus]

[Killa Tay]

Mr. Mafioso, thats what they call me,
style hella saucy, back the fuck up off me
They die if they cross me, death is what they ask fo',
fuck wit my cash flow
Blast your ass, and bend the block,
be prepared when it cock, 'cause I never miss
I'm the type of nigga, make a white man prejudice,
keep it underground
Never switchin' up on you, bring your strap
and some scratch if you come to California
'Cause money talks, bullshit walks, and hoes gaffle,
west coast mafia
Ballin wit no askin, busters in my mix,
actin hard, nigga give me that, get the game twisted,
I'ma smoke 'em like a 50 sack, never shed a tear

Even when my close folks died,
but aint no tellin when its time for a homicide
Retaliation is a must where I come from,
me and my nigga Sip be lettin' 'em have it
So if you want some, come get some

[chorus]

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