

## **Friedl Hensch & Cypres**

### **"Killing Fields"**

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\* please send corrections to THIS typist

[Gunshot. Crickets. Heavy breathing.]

Never will another try to play  
on another killin' day.  
So, if you want to come around our way,  
you know C-Town's where slayers play.

[Sin]

Wonder what they gonna say,  
when I raise from the grave on the last day,  
and it ain't no more. Pray,  
I done sat and watched away,  
and how you slay like it was no thang.  
a natural killa, the way you made  
separate with the double blade,  
just a little insane games you play,  
had to beat 'em for the demons  
judge revealed 'em, then scripted ya,  
spend your life in the pen  
having visions of revenge on a darker nigga livin'  
within you  
shoulda never sold your soul,  
want to pull 44 bulletholes  
on the surface of your dome.  
and your never going home,  
done slip, became a victim of that chrome.

[Gates]

Got the gauge for the murderous trip,  
where them Cleveland niggas strayed on the click.  
Clair soldiers starved for days in the land where the  
gangsta niggas roll, on  
the darkside, snatchin' souls.  
Them soldiers thumpin',  
dumpin' slugs in the body pumpin'  
up blood, in a puddle of blood.  
Hell's up under that mud.  
They I know I'm gonna pull it.  
My sawed-off draws them bullets.

I'm being pressured by these niggas up on me before  
the twelve jumped from  
my gun, but when the buckshots come,  
momma's son a bloody murderer must be the evil one.

[Tombstone]

Mobbin' deep, like a com full of trucks,  
if you get stuck, you outta luck,  
can't duck,  
can't run from the cuts,  
ah fuck, better grab them nuts,  
for the murderin', layin',  
you can run from the rock,  
but the rock is gonna cry out,  
"There's no hiding space."  
Nineteen thousand white gamma rays,  
bomb the place,  
blowin' off the face of men,  
rippin' the skin,  
'cause we are the soldiers of the world again and  
again, my friend.  
Punk-ass niggas can't stand us only 'cause they fear to  
challenge us. War,  
we be living so scandalous.  
Head the fuck out, they 'fraid they can't handle us,  
killa feelings and vandalous.

[Tombstone]

Even when you creep so deep, Shifters got you by six  
feet,  
'cause we see when you creep so deep.  
Mo Thug plays for keeps.  
Dark days you see.

[Gates]

Creepin' the stroll, but kill, try takin' the soldiers,  
oh no, caught livin' them criminal ways in the last days,  
wantin' them bodies to rot, drop into eternal flames,  
what a (?) went blaze,  
you desire to be killed,  
here to reveal the devil's appeal to the world of  
madness,  
no gladness, leavin' a nigga insane.  
They came up out of them heavens,

[Sin]

Oh, I'm quick in ways illegal, became a casualty at war,  
pump was unleashin'  
slugs, blood came leakin' from your gut.  
Let the gun be the judge.  
Well, then in that case it's murder.

For the night fall down Clairtown,  
rounds connect with the target,  
hit the ground,  
ain't no chances of survival,  
when the killin field,  
gauges be blazin',  
ninas with infrared lasers,  
set the weeds afire.  
We them killas for hire.  
We kill 'em for scratch.  
Some niggas gonna die.

[Tombstone]

Tombstone got the high TEC shit,  
let's split,  
got at the enemy racin', facin'  
caught up in the wrath of the red eye,  
red water, cold bloody murder chasin'.  
If it's up to the Shift, you know we'll chill.  
Here comes the rivals straight for the kill.  
Best believe they come to flex them skills,  
gotta get in they ass for real.  
I don't give a fuck about your feelings.  
I'm down for the peelin'.  
I'm down for the strippin'.  
I got to be ready for the body dippin' down to the earth.  
Done seen so many niggas turn to dirt,  
and the (?) that we play this game for keeps  
'cause this shit hurt.  
Don't mean to leave mom's in prayer,  
when in the midst of the Clair slayer,  
turnin' the nigga on the need for prayer,  
when the bomb gonna drop X-rays,  
everybody gonna fade--it's the killin' day.

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