

Gurango Angelliqua

"Too Ill /Killah Hill District"

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[Chorus]

"Too Ill, I represent Park Hill" -> Cappadonna

"Killah Hill District" -> Streetlife

"Killah Killah Hill" -> Inspectah Deck

[Polite]

Yo where I come from, you coward niggaz are scared
to come

Where my dogs blast guns that'll leave yo' ass numb

Live niggaz move silent, come recognize 'em

Yo, you don't bust, yo toss 'em off the Verrazano,
nigga fuck 'em

Stakes is higher, never trust a fuckin liar

Send him to his moms tied up in barbed wire

You fuckin bastard, everything we spit is hazard

Master this rap shit, another Killah Hill classic

Nuclear weapon, come on, we gotta hear the recipe

Hit you with the same slug that killed Kennedy

We do this for the Hell of it and my wolves ain't smellin
it

Killah Hill nigga, all that bullshit's irrelevant

[Profes]

Killah Hill smacks flames out you, speak fire

And deep fry you if you want beef like Meyers

Smash you like car tires, shoes stars buyers

Playin us close, shouldn't have jumped off the wires

Y'all rappers is a bunch of faggots, tellin war stories

If you're a real live warrior for two full moon halice

Creap through like Wallace, you ain't the wildest

Son you're feminine like hair stylists

Staten Island, slugs tear through ya palace

Packed guns have you in Wonderland like Alice

Any nigga step to Profes get embarrassed

My wolves let 'em have it, Lounge Lo mackin his
carriage

[Chorus x4]

[Lounge Mode]

Yo, you fake fucks duckin the ratchet, we see the big

hole

That cannon ball type, let's fight to make ya wig blow
Though Wiggs knows I'm still Loungin at the Ooh
One crew, Baby Vern, Clocka Dot and Boy Blue
But still, I'm Too Ill I represent Park Hill
Swear them niggaz like to spark but in the dark they kill
It's on, you know the style, word bond, you know we
wild
Perform on the song, I brought along some extra arms
It be the work of the slang spit with WP
And Cream Team, the O.T.F. is in me
The elevator shaft BlackOut! Leatha Face take the Mac
out
Polite get 'em, L.G.P. count the stack out
We bounce out the back door and smack son
Clap him with the four, make sure you push back dunn
Cuz where I'm from my niggaz don't play
And by the way my niggaz won't say
who spit ten in the gun blaze

[King Just]

Eh-yo I came from the place with perfect MC's
The best weed rollers when it came to the trees
The baddest hustlers to the worst car thieves
When delf breathed first, jumped out, the wrong keys
Since the Paris Crew and Avenue had me
I was rappin in beast, had my name in the streets
Killah Hill-a, was all in Park Villa
If we didn't stay in town and you wasn't down nigga
How you figure they gon' make a Hill track
And don't put K.J. back on the map?
He's back! It's gon' take a nation to hold us
Just as highly to score 10304 and King Just

[Leatha Face]

We ain't came from under the stairs, when facin peers
It's a rare scene similar to the bloody version of
Shakespeare
Trap snakes in a snare, precussion flares
My function here is the discuss to strength, don't talk
Spray sidewalks, yap him, cut his hair
Why your jaws higher than the law?
Ya force spit by the scorpion's Tai
Scorched ya flame torch, train of thought blazed off
Mock waterized, FAM Othorized, flame off the side
Die by the scorpion's eyes
Pull the five, acquire the metal, get side of logic
We deposit flame generators, from Clifton Projects
Heart of darkness, frame twisted in the figure eight
position
Engrave an incision on ya face big as the state of

Michigan

[Chorus x5]

[Chorus x4 - Cappa only]

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