

## The Explosion

### "Stone Kold Killa"

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\* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

I'm a make a club track 'cuz the people love that  
Naw fuck that, I'm a keep it all where my loves at  
I step up in the club, even Puff starts ta jump  
Cuz I buck from the booth wit a rifle I'm a sniper  
On the dance floor throwin' 'bows in your grill  
At the bar in your drink got dissolved little pills  
In the VIP where they poppin' that Cris  
Wit my fists around the magnum I crack 'em, I slap 'em  
Bouncers runnin' up lookin' bigger than Chewbacca  
Sprayin' me wit mace I eat that shit like binaca  
Punchin' people out wit brass knuckles on each fist  
Throw em down a club, watch 'em cook like a deep dish  
And peep this why dem kids sellin' them rolls  
Take all they loot, and extort they hoes  
When I'm up in the club man I just don't play  
Even Ludacris said move get out the way

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Stone Kold Killa  
Stone Kold Killa  
I don't give a  
Motherfuck about anyone

[Verse 2]

Kickin' in doors, yellin' get on the floor  
Ima stone kold killa and I'm ready for more  
Duck tape ya mother to a chair rape her wit a plunger  
All because I'm just a ruthless motherfucker  
You so funny man I'll do it for cheap  
Naw I'll do it for free I just need some fresh meat  
I got peoples heads in my closet and they rotten  
Sometimes I take'em out when I wanna make out  
I abduct young hoes, tie'em up in the woods  
Or sometimes I let 'em run cuz it's even more fun  
Gotta gun but I only use that shit for pistol whippin'  
I got more creative type ways of kold killin'  
I'm lost in my demented thoughts and  
I'm on Stone Cold and Steve Austin

I'm forcing my way into the game  
Kickin' much ass and takin' names  
You'll never be the same once you've heard Q Strange,  
Ima

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I took Freddy's glove and I stabbed him in the chest wit  
it  
Took Jason's machete and I stabbed him in the neck wit  
it  
Took Michael Myers mask rocked it to the mall  
I let my little boy play wit that chucky doll  
Even Stephen King read my lyrics are bugged  
I'm the next Bundy I ain't talkin' bout Bud  
I love what I do, there ain't no signs of stoppin'  
I'm stoppin' over half dead cops I shot dead  
I'm hot than, I'm illmortalized here forever  
A Stone Kold Killa and I'm just too clever  
Ain't got the cheddar but I got somethin' better  
The fact that you can't fuck with me naw never  
Sever limbs from torsos, head from necks  
I'm foaming out the mouth barkin' at DMX

[Chorus] - 2X

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