

Lilu

"Be a Witness"

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[Chorus]

Killa Klan, come get this, big business, motherfucker
be a witness

(K-Rock from Killa Klan Kaze)

Now I was coming in up in Memphis on that
muthafuckin real shit
Bullets in chamber, fill it with anger, paid all my dues to
Triple the 6
Scan Man might take your ass, slowly grab the pistol
grip
See Crunchy Black up in the back loading up my extra
clip
Coppers got me in a chase, I can't catch no murder
case
I pulled over, grabbed my glizzock, took my hand and
popped tthe car
DJ Paul looked at me, nervously without a sweat
Carlo Haywood got his check, robbed the dope mane
broke his neck
Ox and vogues put up on hoes, stinging like a bumble
bee
European Chevy Thang pop out woodgrain leather
seats
South Memphis Killa Playas, we got brand new tapes for
sale
"Mystic Stylez" bumpin loud, in the South we bring a
crowd
Chevy Thang finna go clean, car jack wit the fuckin
pump
Cuz show me love, K-Rock locked 'em in the fuckin
trunk
Damn I'm going crazy mane, razor blade cuts on my
hand
Maybe I'll be savin babies, fuck my lady I'm the man
Rappin' aint no fuckin thang, triple 6 be biggity-bangin'
Shootin' up me block, witta me glock, it woulda been ol'
K-Rock
Finna be cockin', attackin' and poppin'
and droppin' these coppers like enemy niggas
That can't pull a trigger, I figure this pimpin'

that's leavin' them limp the Triple 6
Now I'm back when I been on the track wit the
Scarecrow
Cuz the DJ Paul pop in the clip, no slippin' you're trippin
I'm taking no lip
Niggas are droppin their musical styles
Killa Klan gonna blast them bitches, catchin 'em when
they ??? pimpin'
Triple 6 done warned your ass, bitch we have no fuckin
witness, fuckin witness

[Chorus] - 4x

(MC Mack from Killa Klan Kaze)
I got a street sweeper just to keep these playa hater
niggas up off my back
But yet I'm always the center of attention, pimpin' ass
nigga known as MC Mack
You best believe I'm packin ammunition for these busta
snitches
Stangin, robbin, ain't no thang, a pimp done went from
rags to riches
Hustling on the track, my ends is stackin, cuz I'm
breakin heifers
Make my cheese, bitch break your knees (god-
DAAAMN!) the pimpin mack is clever
Bustas trying to playa hate me, but they cannot
aggravate me
Droppin salt off in my game, but MC Mack will never
change
I'm chiefin like an Indian and thats the type of stage I'm
in
I'm blastin wit this ??? trick, we stingin like a fuckin
wasp
Provoke me, joke me, play me, make me, buck your
bitch ass, pull your card
We creepin late at night with them thangs on the roody-
poo,
trick lets see who's hard
I ask myself the question why these watermelon niggas
want test my pimpin
Jealous cuz I'm ridin on gold and sweatin these hoes up
out they clothes
So brace yourself for the impact of the Mack, this aint
the first of the month
And we breakin bones in half, and blastin bitches
Hoe so be a witness, be a witness

[Chorus] - 4X

(Scan Man from Killa Klan Kaze)

There's no love up in a nigga when I'm creepin for a
killing
When you bitches slips, the Mac-10 clicks, buckin
bitches with no patience
So in a minute that's when you lie dead , runnin
through your crest, bullets
fled Ripping and stripping ??? and worn to shreds
Pimp shit killa Scan the Man, I leave them bitches
scared from horror
Of the corpses that I torture sufferer, in them chambers
The mourning, the crying, cuz eternally they torment
The burning (shhhh) in the bottom of my pits bitch
I'm raising back up on you niggas real quick just like
the evil dead
My master whatever powers to devour you bitches that
burn in hell
I'm clickin with madness from the Triple 6 killa demons
The anger that's in me has got me spittin bitches
crazed man
I'm lurkin I'm creepin, here come the Scan Man
Sneakin in to drop a Mac-10 bomb and leave bodies in
a slum
The Killa Klan massacre, leavin them bitches to rot in
them ditches
When vengeance of demons slit young bitches and rip
them, in pieces
No love bitch

Chorus till end

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