

TKA

"Southland Killers"

Visit "[Southland Killers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: [MC Ren]

Yeah, y'all know what the fuck this is
MC motherfuckin' Ren up in this bitch nigga
Yeah, all y'all bitch-ass niggas out here talkin all that
shit
We 'bout to drop this motherfucker on y'all like this
(*gun being loaded*)
Punk ass niggas out here, nigga
We some Southland Killers in this motherfucker (*gun
is cocked*)
(*GUNSHOT*)

[MC Ren]

Niggas all acrosss town, up in the suburbs
While niggas makin' faces like The Rock on the curb
Nigga People's Elbow, the loud-mouthed hold
And groupie niggas bangin' for passes to the show
(Can I get in?)
Big-ass cheques wit' plenty of O's (O's)
And hoes wit' big lips doin' what they suposed (yeah)
Didn't have shit 'till I started to bust
And y'all got shit 'cos of my balls are cussed
Ren and Cypress Hill, they ain't liver than us
Nigga Legendary Villian, who started the fuss
Nigga double glock, cocked, get your shit rocked
Get your crib knocked, nigga have that rib popped
Under bosses and trouble, they under my rubble
Clone motherfuckers, always the villain, like The
Hubble
Fuck your bubble, I bust them shits
Plaques and shit, grab my dick, spit these hits

Chorus [B-Real]

All, my niggas, do you wanna ride wit' us? (Do ya
wanna ride wit us?) (Killers!)
Throw your clips up, man we's about to bust (Man we's
about to bust) (Killers!)
Cy-press, Hill click, yeah we ready for war (Yeah we
ready for war) (Killers!)

All y'all niggas, better just hit the floor (Killers!)

[King Tee]

I'm close to the best thing, on the West Wing
Blown out your set, flames when the best sing
It's a rep thing, haters feel they chest pain
They feel it in they heart, I was there to test things
Didn't arrest (?), the bullet-proof vest team
These niggas shoot first they they askin (?) names
It's less strain
It's all real, I bet fame, it's a chess game
Wrong move and it's checkmate (That's right)
I might sound funny out here
But really, niggas get money out here
And hey, everyday is sunny out here
So listen, don't play dummy out here
King try for bust make your whole pack run
Stacked enough cash so now I stack guns
Fat ones, all cold and black ones
Southland Killin', it's just how that's done

Chorus

[Sen Dog and B-Real]

You can try to ride with the Hill, lie on the Hill
but when your shit (?) is when die on the Hill
We get, hot on the heel, rely on the steel
When your paper gets pulled and you design is steeled
Like you, signed the deal, or signed over your will
[Sen Dog] BUSTERS GET SLAYED...!

[B-Real]

...when you fuck around with Real
Take time to feel, what I'm tellin' you hoes (Tellin' you
hoes)
You couldn't fuck around with me if I was sellin' you
blows
Just goes to show the incredible skill tell
Bitch nigga, now you trapped under my wig well
Gettin trampled, DUMPED on and thumped on
Scraped on the six-five with the HAND ON THE PUMP
SONG

[Sen Dog]

Don't even fuck with these Southland grandes
We the vatos that run on Los Angeles
Call me Mad Dog, if you think you know me
If you're not sure then turn around and LEAVE SLOWLY!

Chorus

Visit [TKA](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.