

## **Kadafi**

### **"Killing Fields"**

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Hey who ya'll wanna fuck?  
K say he wanna fuck da brat  
Yak said he wanna fuck somebody in the?  
That nigga malc said he wanna fuck a leo, fuck it  
Mutah said he wanna fuck Toni Braxton like a  
muthafucker hahahaha  
That's right nigga, get paid

Who's that?  
Big Malcolm  
Living like a G  
Hollywood  
Up top with a 5th of Hennessey  
Mutah  
Said you love beating bitches live  
K-Dog  
On the real gettin high  
Label us the young thugs  
Niggas leave with much mail  
Fuck hoes, fuck the law, and fuck jail  
Young niggas never had a prayer to prevail  
These killing fields can be hell

You see it's uh complicated  
We grew up crime related  
From watchin them old folks smoke dope  
Yo it left us faded  
But on the kiling fields  
As real as some niggas chill  
Realize and recognizin  
You survive if you got bigger steel  
Then it was only a minute till our time was coming  
Yo it was at the point  
Don't have no run ins with those fucking youngins  
See all the grown ups was dead or smoked up  
Left with no game to soak up  
We said fuck it and loc'd up  
Back to the street to escape it  
And to make beats  
But then there would be those who'd be rich if we didn't  
did it

Murder but ain't nobody feel us  
Still now it's too late  
We ain't nothing but bait for them killin fields

Gotta keep my eyes on the steal  
Can't be the victim but killing fields  
But if I must, then I guess I just will  
So I'm a bust, and kick dust when it is

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I came through lookin up to who  
The high rollers with the gold chains  
But now as I look back and think about my wishes  
Seeing them same killin niggas turn to snitches  
So I stay high and suspicious  
Oh these fields can get real fuckin vicious  
I know you feel me  
If you nigga how you can't  
I'm gettin hot and lick a shot when I'm amped  
And I ain't got nothing on my mind but my riches  
Bury me a G ain't got time for no bitches (biatch)  
Thinkin they fuckin with a nigga on heels  
Baby I must keep it real  
For my niggas on these killin fields

Now I can get through this  
Ain't nothing to this  
Matter of fact many if not plenty more  
Muthafuckas be alive  
If they knew this  
I keeps my shit wicked  
Throw your hands in the muthafuckin air as I kick it  
Tryin to see a meal ticket before I'm gone  
Papa never got the chance to tell me it was on  
So now I? m torn  
Trapped between the devils curse and a hearse  
Left with nothing but childhood pictures in my  
grandmamas purse  
Now I strap up for the showdown  
Grab my four pound and some more rounds  
Bet these thugs would love to slug  
So get low down  
Words can't express how I feel for my steel  
On these muthafuckin killin fields

