

Michael Jackson F/ Notorious B.I.G. "Natural Born K.A.H"

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Nigga, it's the K to the A to the H
you ain't got no money for me
then get the fuck up outta my face
I got no time to waste
for no domestic charge
and the nigga came so far
to keep his name unscarred
but it's hard
when the bitch is all up your face
threatin' niggas wit their cuz
or a can of mace
I came to lace ya
cause you thinkin' that you all that
I beat ya down with a Eastern baseball bat
because I'm ma release all my frustration
cause they got me on probation
now I'm basein' chocolate cake
wit my niggas at the station
and now you wastin' time on child support
you went through all that shit
and didn't show up in court
you comin' up short
on everythang you do
and every nigga in my crew
got a name for you
so weed bitch you grew
and this kill-a-hoe
til the day that I die
I'm pullin' out nappy weeds
all bitches can fry

[chorus]

11/5 keep it real
11/5 keep it real
11/5 keep it real
I bet you never heard of a
kill-a-hoe
11/5 keep it real
11/5 keep it real
11/5 keep it real
I bet you never heard of a

kill-a-hoe

well out the military issues from the 442
now if you niggas want some funk
common, we want some too
we hit the club three deep
packin' major heat
representin' kill-a-hoe
drug trippin' in the streets
they want to shut us down
but I be quick to let off hella rounds
good to have them all in the ground
when the glock sounds
there still killin' going in the cold streets
don't even swear about it
shit you see on BET
sucka free
when niggas bangin'
slangin'
nade and cream
runnin' schemes
wit 100 million dolla dreams
I feel sorry for ya hatas on the wrong team
cause it ain't a thang for me
to let the dirty gat sing
cause I bring
the funk to ya town
regulatin' on you
like the g funk sound
I was born to clown
havin' mind in every round
tryin' to get my skrilla on
by the pound
cause I'm hell bound
we keep them trippin' like James Brown
before I go
I got to let the bitches know
that I'm a cock hound
but when told to savin' these hoes
pussy is pussy
nigga stay on your toes
trust me
and be aware of these busta's ridin' dick
cause a bitch is a bitch is a bitch is a biatch
I'm a kill-a-hoe

[chorus]

just imagine if you tryin' to get your creep on
when you park your ride
then you come back outside

nigga it be gone
this type of shit I like to speak on
strap wit a tech and a vest
nigga the beef on
ready to shoot the first thang you see
it's plain to see
you hear the boom
now they inflict the wounds
they blame the streets
the game is deep
cause niggas like to speak on your grip
you slangin' deep
you can't afford to sleep on your shit
cause you like the way she's lookin'
it was warmin' your dick
don't ever let that be the reason
you don't form on the bitch
cause it's the K I double L 8 dash H O E
from the H I double L
sucka free H P nigga

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