

PackFM

"Kilt It"

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[Intro]

Put your fist up, swing around left-to-right
I ain't talkin bout a show, this a mothafuckin' fight
Fuck yo kicks up, put ya shoe through his eye
If the nigga gets up, then you ain't do it right

[Verse]

I rap like a nigga, you rhyme like a bitch
Son's actin up, go find me a switch
Got my mind in a ditch, keep ya eye on the kid
Five nine, buck fo' five, grimy as shit
I'm what's really hood in Brooklyn, and hella poppin out
in Compton
Call me FMak, a.k.a. Somebody Stop Him
Got security stompin at every show I'm rockin
Crowd response is "son, he kilt it" like a Scotsman
A force to be beat, can't be done, knock you off ya feet
King of the Hill, you live across the street from
Dawson's Creek
So make ya'self at home, Why?, cause you finna drop
In a coffin with locks filled with four cinder blocks
When my crew's in the house, we abusin' ya spouse
She thought I was Paul Wall, I put my jewels in her
mouth
Move-em-in, Move-em-out, raw hide mothafucka
Quick to the draw, if you ain't raw, Hide
Mothafuckaaaa!!

[scratches]

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