

Killa Kyleon, Hood Hop

(*talking*)

I'm fin to give you half a brick
Of Killa Kyleon nigga, and the other half
Gon be the legend himself Bun B
Nigga H-Town in this motherfucker, run it

[Hook]

I'ma slang my caine, swang my swang
Pop my trunk, bang my bang
Grip my grain, recline my leather
H-Town hoe, they can't do it no better

[Kyleon]

I'm a Mack like Goldie, game like Kobe
I'm real and you shady, like Eminem and Obie
The game's hottest thang, since a iced out Rolley
I'm Shaq in the paint, motherfuckers can't hold me
Somebody please show me, a nigga mo' liver
You H2O flow, Killa flow like lava
Ain't nothing but riders, in my click bitch
And just like Rick James, I'm rich bitch
My flow like bronchitis, I'm sick bitch
So when you listen, you gon say that this some sick shit
I'm a G but, Killa ain't that boy from the Clover
Like P, you don't wanna go to war with a soldier
I'ma aim thangs, that'll put your brains on your shoulder
Then send you up to heaven, to go hang with Jehovah
Now the game over, go find a reverend
Cause niggaz coming up dead, like 9/11
Now your mama in the church house, crying and yelling
He fucked with the wrong niggaz, we was trying to tell him
Whoa, niggaz know that Killa Kyleon harder
I upset these niggaz, like Antonio Tarva
I cut up the beats, like a motherfucking barber
I'm a 17 shot, you just a six shot revolver
Fin to run the game, like Nino did to Carter
Houston's unorganized, I'm finna put it back in order

(*talking*)

Yeah, now that's what I'm talking bout
That's that boy Killa Kyleon, right there
Repping for Boyz-N-Blue, H-Town stay down
I'm fin to do this shit right here
UGK style my nigga

[Bun B]

I got's the eye of the tiger, and the call of the wild
When guerillas back down, niggaz fall in the fire
So put out your black and mild, you fucking with G's
That don't do shit but stack and smile, pistol packing pow
Up in the truck and ride down, on your whole hood
The cut throat's on the creep, up to no good
You got somebody you can call, then you sho' should
Cause I'ma come through and burn your ass, like slow wood
Work on the highway, doja on the plane
Pills through the UPS, I'm thoed in the game
Got the drank from the drugsto', and hoes on the corner
It's money on the street, and I'ma get it like I wanna
Anytime you need to see me, it ain't hard to find me
Fingers on the side of me, Boyz-N-Blue's behind me
Fuck niggaz in front of me, we shutting 'em down
Treat 'em like a Jay-Z shirt, and button 'em down

[Hook - 2x]

