

# Killa Kyleon, Yeah, Yeah

(\*talking\*)

Ok, this is DJ Dick-In-Ya-Mouth  
And this is D-A-Y-1 FM, 102.9 on ya radio dial  
And we looking for the real freak right now  
I'm gon take my first call  
First caller, you on the air  
(hey man, you think you could play that  
New Kyleon for me mayn)

(Kyleon)

I make a bitch say yeah, like Ush' and Jon  
I like to put it in they face, when I bust my gun  
It's big dick'ing over here, I can touch your lungs  
And when it come to bad bitches, I done fucked a ton  
Day 1 Fam playa, Kyle, Mack and Pretty Tony  
We take niggaz bitches, you looking pretty lonely  
You say you a pimp, but you looking pretty phony  
I heard your chick eat dick, and she looking pretty hungry  
Got bitches that'll dome me, all the way in Wyoming  
Cause the whip so clean, and the shoes so chromey  
Stop fucking with me homie, unless you ready to die  
Cause my bullets like pilots, they ready to fly  
And if you ready to buy, Killa got that work  
I got that ki that O-Z, I got that verse  
And that number one spot, Killa got that verse  
Cause I'm a pimp not a simp, how about that chuuch

(\*talking\*)

That's what you wanted man  
This is DJ Dick-In-Ya-Mouth, mayn  
And that was my boy Killa Kyleon man  
It ain't over, he got that heat  
For the streets man, him and his boy  
Dre Day, them Day 1 Fam boys  
Over there on that No' drive  
What's up Beelow, and all rest of them boys  
Dee-Wee and Ron-Wee man, come back  
Tell 'em some'ing Kyleon hey, (hey)

(Kyleon)

I'm getting money, continuously  
That's why, these niggaz envy a G  
Want me to breathe on your track, gon head send me a G  
And if the beat sound good, I might do it for three  
But, Kyleon can't do it for free  
Put yourself in my shoes, would you do it for me  
Now you looking, for some shit to start  
The only Free I know, host 106 & Park  
Mayn, this ain't no video show  
You niggaz can't fuck me, I ain't a video hoe  
Nooo, it's not finna happen  
Before I do that, Killa gon stop rapping  
Truth in the booth, there's no more excuses  
So all you other whack lil' cats, just useless  
Get on your note, go home and regroup G  
Why you looking at the General, you need to salute me

(\*talking\*)

That's right, Killa Kyleon ladies and gentlemen  
And this is, W-D-A-Y-1 FM  
102.9 on your radio dial, caller come on in caller  
Tell me some'ing (hey man, that's what I'm  
Tal'n bout man, that's the kinda shit I like to hear  
Right there man, the way boys be coming through

Wrecking them flows man, that's what I like to hear)  
Yeah alright, and we out of here mayn  
Killa Kyleon, Boss Hogg Outlawz (\*gun shot\*)  
I wanna dedicate this underground, to my cousin  
LeAndre Prescott, AKA Stankis, AKA Houston Stank  
We missing you forever, nigga I love ya