

# Killa Tay, Hard Ball

This game  
Is to be sold not told  
Pay styles, pay pay styles  
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Feds tappin in on shit  
You know, playin hard ball

(Killa Tay)

I never liked to sign autographs, I mash for all the cash  
My third eye shine like brass, my life flash  
I blast, when I ride past, pervin and swervin  
Off the cream soda and bourban, puttin in work like service  
It ain't no get back punk, my mini spit back chunks  
Won't be caught up in no scandal, we gon' handle the funk  
I'm representin for the Yay cause, ain't no love  
For none of these pretty-boy ballers, they just some fake thugs, wit a Yay plug  
We them niggaz runnin up yo house regulatin  
Do or die, down for the scrilla, we cheddar chasin  
Momma gave birth to a killa, premeditatin  
????, ready to resurrect my thug nation  
Creepin while they sleepin like gorillas in the mist  
In Y2K hits, my niggaz spray shit  
Every solution, it's revolution, so we all shootin  
Fuck the system, I refuse to be the victim of an execution  
It's ??? from prison, that I'm tryin to stay livin  
And givin no gloved out, we thugged out  
Until the death of me, I'm thinkin bout some treachery  
On the click I get sick, like a nigga wit leprosy  
When they step to me  
It's smash murder

Hook (C-Bo)

It's Hard Ball, yard call, up against the wall  
People my enemies envy me, write on the walls  
Wit ya life in draws, blue bandanas and stand tall  
When the dope pop unlock, it's war til we fall  
(Repeat)

(Killa Tay)

Twistin tongues, get em sprung, like the crack rock  
I gets love from the gardens to the Mac block  
I ride hot wit my strap cocked, coast trippin  
Started servin stones, now we rappin for chickens  
Bloody victims, camouflaged in ditches  
I'm ridin wit the little homie, dodgin you bitches  
Mobbin these switches, bouncin through the light in the rain  
My niggaz mafia connected, spendin life in the game  
No turnin back, we burnin sacks, to try to deal wit the pain  
Before the feds shoot me dead, I put the steel in my brain  
I bet they bury me a down ass G, so until I see  
Prison or hell, I'm thug livin for mail  
Wit clientele from the ATL back to the Bay  
I bubble up, to servin double ups, back in the day  
Mr. Packin still got the spot, crackin today  
Unpluggin niggaz, mean muggin niggaz, passin the J  
My block, I keep my squad tight, we make them nights  
Ridin dirty through the MIA, shakin vice  
Murder all hoes that go in my way, protect my life  
Wit these warfare machinery, high blowin greenery  
Touch em like a comedy  
Tickle the spine, twist they mind like Geometry  
On my momma I'm a G  
Any shit that benefit, I represent  
Like a Nazi, til somebody pop me

Throw up the dub

Hook 2x

(Killa Tay)

It's been a long time, the West Coast got it crackin now  
I'm smokin MC's like Black & Mild  
Tryin to copycat my rappin style  
Bomb status, savage tactics, gettin my money stacked in piles  
I flow like the Nile River, living sermon like a preacher  
In the pull pit, still pack a full clip  
Told you I'm a fool bitch, I stay high  
Killa T-A-Y, and hear the pound down for the drive-by  
These G's ride, and it ain't no fear in my heart  
You talkin loud, wolfen threats, but I know you a mark  
Playa hatin so I'm waitin, for the ride to start  
I come creepin like a ninja when it's quiet and dark  
We playin hard ball, so if you soft step off  
Cause ain't no hoppin up outta this game, once these shots let off  
We rippin they heads off for tryin to cross  
Attackin like a wolfpack, I push back brains, you know my name  
It's the K-I-double L-A-T-A-Y, call me the Locsta  
Can't be runnin up in these stank routes, and my bank fat like Oprah  
Gank sacks to smoke off, we all high  
If the funk jump, we Loc up cause, we all ride  
You know my niggaz down for the homicides and rapes  
Po-po catch me bailin, while I'm sellin these tapes  
I make my money legit.....Sike!  
I'm makin G's pushin ki's, and bustin raps on the mike  
We chippin weed at the studio, what's crackin tonight  
I hear the Lord callin my name, tryin to get back in my life  
I see the devil's face deep in my dreams, lookin friendly  
But I recognize the public as my enemy  
Cause I'm coast trippin

Hook 2x

Yeah, West Coast Mafia  
For my real folks  
Everybody else suck a dick  
Nigga this Fresno  
Penzoni for life nigga  
All the rest is phonies  
Big ballin respect that