

Killer Mike, Home Of The Brave

(Big Boi)

Yeah

Its going all the way down

Aquemeni Records, Killer Mike, Slimm Calhoun

Just because your wearing a Braves' jersey

doesn't mean we on the same team you playin' on bitch

Cool and Dre on the track, run it

(Verse 1: Killer Mike)

Since last heard I'm still Randy Moss

and I still catch a beat runnin' when its tossed

and often light green kiss my ass to coffin

Cut the bull in Harlem on sloughths(?) and

cut the bull then I'm seven duece Impala whore dance

Ambidexterious juggle pretty girls and they friendly fifty friends

hit Jamacia rollin' papers turning up spotta benz

City corners I've been in a duece double O three Benz

I'm sittin' on those dubs twins

I'm from the city where kiddies ride on dope rims

It's where niggaz snap shot and they ain't takin' pictures mista

I'm well equipped to hit ya', same birthday as Hitler

I'll getcha

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Hey we rep that A

A T L A N T A state of G A

G A G A home of the brave

home of the brave G A G A

home of the brave

(Verse 2: Killer Mike)

I got a Tahoe, and a Tahoe

she work out fit like Taebo

Get my findy(?) Air Force Ones

shit wait I'm so old

Last one to Louie Fitoine skins on my timbo's

Gettin' blown in a limo, that's my M.O.

Roll next presidential, get a pistol to your temple

I'll let it faint, leave your brain lingering in limbo

Southern fried that's how I ride, creed on simple

Kill 'em all let God seperate good from evil

You faggots do it for glory

Y'all's just do it for my people

I'm grand national built beautiful and legal

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Slimm Calhoun)

A town down Braves started cap from the land of the made

ain't no hard atrap after depts of the dungeon

We livin' artifacts where niggaz rip chickens

talk bricks, keep an artist strapped

Flame throwers got us hot in the spot

wreckin these dog tails through red dog stripe

It's like all hell, block cells

make bail and it's back to these crooks and cakes jumpin' at next cell

What you know about the way the whales

kiss it your body scaled

I'm 'bout to hit by the box of tens through the mail

then reply beaten twelve sickness spinnin' on twenty-ones

We produce many guns, we spittin' at anyones

Disrespect (?) little bows

and I'll cock and explode up

Take me to the grave, grave, home of the brave

(Chorus)

(Killer Mike)

So slums, so sligh, nigga (i'm) straight ducked
you can ask my baby's mother she'll tell you niggaz shit
He the type to fuck a bitch
rob that bitch's baby brother

(Slimm Calhoun)

And I'm the type to rip ya bitch leave the shit up under your covers
(?) blessing from sin
New recrutes we in it again
rap so hard we flippin' again
walkin' dubs on the benz

(Killer Mike)

One, two, crack fiend
three on boys street jeans
Four full blown hit the scene
five like trap (?)
Like a thick hoe in sassy jeans
rub her right she'll cream
Fuck her right moan and scream
killer kill out on (?)

(Slimm Calhoun)

Swervin', servin', bouncin' the buttons
like 5 5 9 truck somethin'
Two glock nines round dumpin'
round my hip strap ain't jumpin'
Keep my bitch dunkin' somethin'
be outlawed bangin' 'em down for bustin'

(Chorus) - repeat to fade