

Knightowl, You Wanna Bang

(Slush the Villain)

It's all good baby
It's all good to the wheels fall off
I thought you knew bitch
This problem's world wide across America
Bitch

Sawed Off's here to anilahate anybody trippin
Watchin with percisily with night vision
On my oposition
Try and take on my position
Master mind the right descision
So we gon creep solidy lock a knife insicion
Boy your fuckin time is tickin
But your clock of life don run out of time
You're next in line to die don't cry
And if you're scare cause here's why
You're shits the filla now down the scrilla
Sawed Off Killa here to make a meal plus
While you're wastin your time tryin to kill us
And you still can't hang wit it
Try and bang on us
And we gon bang wit it
Have a thang wit it
Remain in it, like my dick in your bitch
And when you lickin her clit
You really lickin my dick
Need to get rid of all you mothafuckas
Ain't no favors on my label
No one's above us
So when you the Sawed Off
Anterage come walkin through
Get on them knees with quickness
Boy bitch shine these shoes
Ha Ha

(Chorus: Chris Gun a.k.a Black Gun)

You wanna, we can bang
You wanna throw them thangs
We can throw them thangs too
What you wanna do
We can set it off dog
Bust shots until the casket drops
On all ya
(2x)

(Mr. Skrilla)

Now this is murda for your mind
If you try to step to mine
It's like you hatas brought a knife
And you tryin to step to millionares
That'll tear up in your flesh
Ff you think you really hard
We get to bustin collectin bodies
Like them Pokemon cards
No hold bars leavin crews
With perminate scars
Makin hatas wanna retreat
Before I finish 16 bars
I'ma light my cigar
I guess I'm like a czar
Comin with Godfather status
Pumpin lead up in your car
While you're drivin in it (Boom)

Now I got em
Leavin your face layin flat
Like you're sleepin on your steering collar
Trench in this Cali sun shine
Who am I? Do or Die
I feel like I just came from Columbine High
Feelin high to the sky
Is the optimo smoke
Just enough to have you aimin at your throat
Ain't no steppin to the Sawed Off
Slush we all bust
Enough slugs to turn your bodies into saw dust
Boy we gon crush

(Chorus)

(Knightowl)
The Knightowl's comin with it
I'm sick like Al Pachino
A lyrical gambino
And I'm drinkin lots of vino
I got the party on and crackin
All you bitches I be smackin
Don't you ever fuck around
Or it's you that I'm kidnappin
I never fuckin play fool
Like a little kid with a gun at school
I'll brake the fuckin rules
And rob you for your jewels
The Knightowl, Mr. Skrilla
And Slush be fuckin killas
We don't give no one a brake
So best not ever make mistakes
We got that kind of shit that makes you move
That kind of shit that makes you grooves
That kind of shit that makes you jump
And shake your fuckin rump now
Come and do this dance I hope you can
Throw them hands up in the sky
But if you don't fool you ain't shit
Now let me tell you why
You gotta wave them hands in the fuckin air
I'm the deadly like a fuckin chair
The Sawed Off Family won't stop
Until we full if millionares
We be nothin but the baddest fool
My beat always the phatest
I got the fuckin paper
Gettin high like a sky scrapper

(Chorus)