

Big Pokey, Ain't No Killaz

[Hook: Toya]

Ain't no killers, like the ones I've got
(no one can rush y'all better)
Red light beaming, have you scheming a lot
(M.O.B., get the cheddar)
Boys pop noise, till you show em the chrome
(ha-ha, ha-ha)
All them haters, catching shots to the dome
(shots to the dome, shots to the dome)

[Kyleon]

I got a chopper named Glenda, that cut up niggaz like blenders
I put in work on contenders, and to your maker I send ya
I push you up but I spin ya, and put AK bullets in ya
You bring a knife to a gun fight, with a cake click to defend ya
I make em fall like September, have fucked off family members
I bring heat to the beef, now a Paramedic gon tend to ya
Eating out a straw, and IV's going in ya
And a closed casket and tombstone, is the way they remember ya
My brothers'll smother ya, let the coroners cover ya
Reach out and we touching ya, now we bled and busting ya
Wig twisted and touching ya, AK bullets is busting ya
It's a must that ya, think twice before you come fuck with us
Who survived we slam, six feet under our land
Put him to sleep with a piece, while you run from him and damn
I create mayhem like bonfires, at Texas A&M
Leave him breathless and chestless, the AK sprayed him
Do away with him, and ain't no doctor saving him
Let him rest stop shots to him chest, the flat line's paging him

[Hook]

[Grimm Reaper]

I could give it to ya raw, and punchline it out
Squeeze one off in ya mouth, and see what ya talking bout
Share ya thoughts nigga, all on the wall
M.O.B. Style shit, and I swear I only live around
Shooting shit, that'll wake up the block
I gotta keep a mean heater, cause you know I'm trying to take up the block
I'm a Yellowstone nigga, with the new J's on
Sixteen shots nigga, with a beam on my chrome
Bitch niggaz, better leave us alone
Cop killers penetrate ya vest fool, and then break up the bone
And this lovely knife work with the shank, I got the chest
This feather-weight Tre-8, will take care of the rest
Penetrating, different blocks and sets
Moving rocks and zones, a nigga gotta keep a glock or a tech
Give a fuck about icing my neck, I only care about my life and respect
Mobstyle know I rep's my set, I rep's my set-I rep's my set nigga

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

Two clips with 17, that's 34 shots
Call all the Paramedics, we gon need 34 cops
It's 34 pits, 34 rots
That's 68 dogs, but only 34 locks
I keep my 4-4 cocked, one in the head
Pistol grip nice sights, trigga under the red
One move and ya dead, hit in the head numb in the legs
C-4 for damage baby, it's a bomb in ya bed
I hope it's another nigga with em, who wan' pump up lead
Be ain't gon get the AK, he ain't come with the bread
You know how we play it, silent and violent

You know what we did, cause them sirens is hollering
Before you disrespect it, pump ya breaks
When my pits jump the gate, chumps get ate
Don't make me confiscate, your life lil' daddy
I'll have you soul hunting your wife, lil' daddy M.O.B. you know me

[Hook]