

# Black Knights, Killa 4 Life

(Intro: Doc Doom (Monk))

Killa Bee Gang for life, niggas bang for stripes  
We will gang bang ya wife, then slang that bitch ice  
Stop playin' nigga (stop playin', Black Knights, what?)  
West Coast (west coast) Killa Bee Gang, nigga  
Yo Monk, Monk, get ya sniff nigga (Wu-Tang gang, get the shit started)

(Chorus 3X: Doc Doom)

I'mma be a Killa 4 Life, Killa 4 Life

(Interlude: Monk)

It's on, nigga, these niggas trippin'  
(Fuck that nigga, we..  
We might lose our life on this one, nigga)

(Doc Doom)

I stay on the grind like hustle men, raps Gitchi Dan  
Runnin' from police in Wu vans, stash the contraband  
Gangsta lime life, we smack niggas up that don't rap right  
On Black Knights, we take flight on suckas on sight  
The Killa Bee Gang for life, niggas bang for stripes  
We will gang bang ya wife, then slang her ice  
For the right price, I'll even take that hoe life  
Drop the money like hot dice, and I'll fix her up real nice  
The greedy type, runnin' through red lights and construction sites  
Just to get away from the cops, cuz I ain't doin' life  
Fuck that, if the po's dump, then Monk dump back

(Monk)

Trust that, if the po's dump, then Doc, I'll dump back  
Leave that ass wit no get back in broad daylight  
On Black Knights, I'mma stay down for life  
Bang in the hood, snatchin' mics and rockin' spotlights  
We live the hood life, that's why our attitude is so rude  
Stay down and do dirt, push work and punish fools  
Disrespect your crew, I don't give a fuck, you can get it too  
We stay true, til this Killa Gang, Killa Bee Click, is what I claim  
You talk shit, get ripped without a chance to see ya man split  
Cuz I'mma Killa 4 Life, Killa 4 Life, Killa 4 Life, and bang for life

(Chorus 3X)

(Crisis)

Who the realest on the streets? Is it the crips or bloods  
Pimps or thugs, niggas who just dent ya mugs  
For jealousy, envy, greed or lust  
High off the dust, I ain't the one, you play me close, you'll get touched  
I'm a street nigga, from the hood blocks, I keep the heat cocked  
Slapped up street bumps in the hood, to slow our speed knot  
Whether walk by, drive by, still go on  
Bodies drop like flies, when the heat get drawn  
Closed distance, long range, blow ya brains, it's all the same  
Index and thumb curve, simple and plain  
Hit you up like Black Knights, nigga what up?  
Shut up, before I get Doc to fuck ya off

(Doc Doom)

And dog I keep the block way hotter than Lil' Wayne  
When my pistols flame make you muthafuckas feel the pain my steady game  
Ya know, who's to blame, Doc Doom's the name  
From the Black Knights, West Coast Killa Bee Gang  
Hit 'em up, wit that real shit, that Cali cap peel shit  
That red and blue rag, body bags, zip the feel shit  
Real quick, we really ain't the ones you wanna deal wit

Cuz real quick, we have the homies pay ya ass a visit  
We misfits who run wit guns, that's unlisted  
And these guns'll run you faggots out ya own districts  
So don't get us twisted wit the next crew  
Nigga, this the West Wu, Black Knights, we specialize in gun, fool

(Chorus to end)